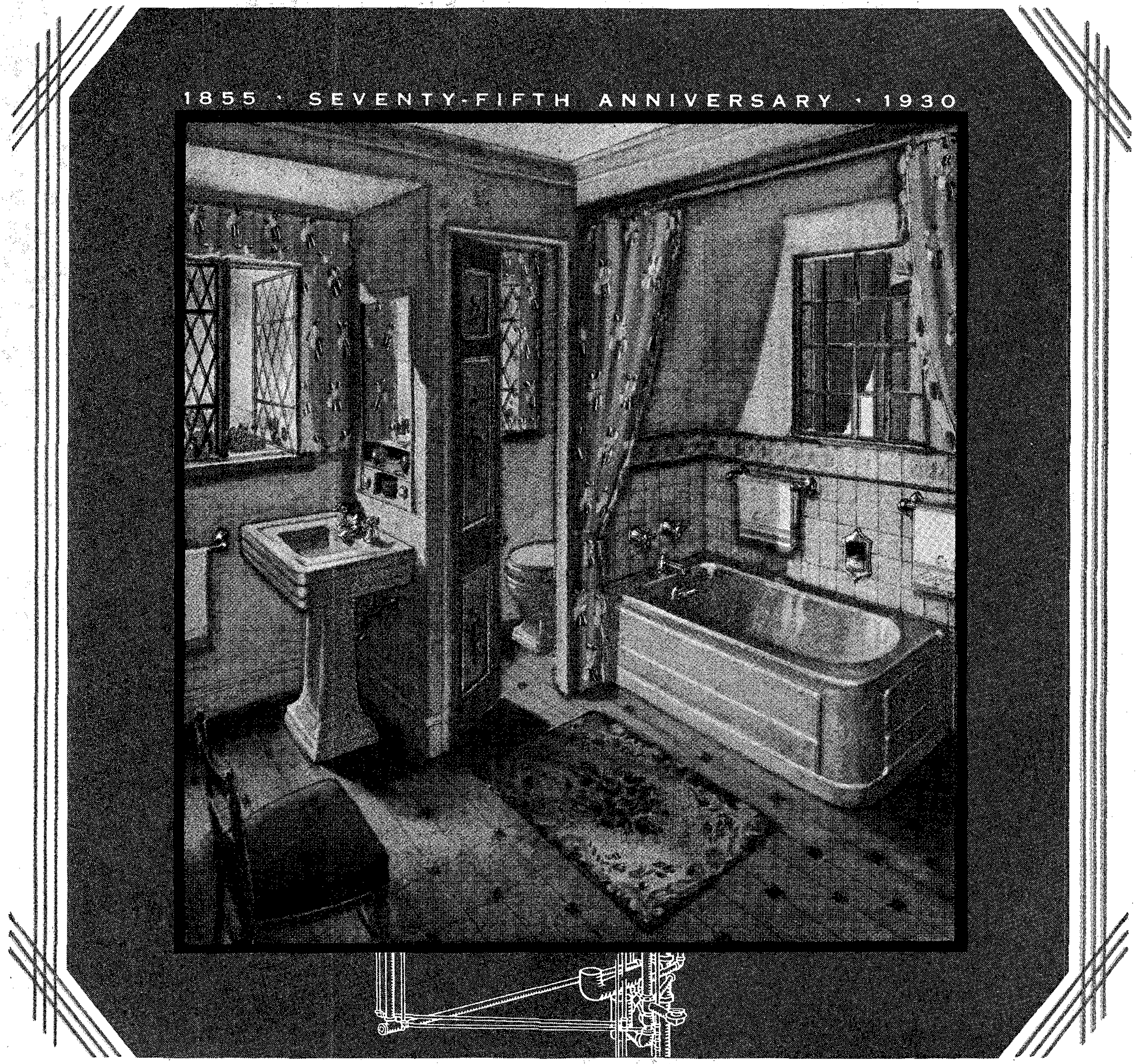
Sept. 20, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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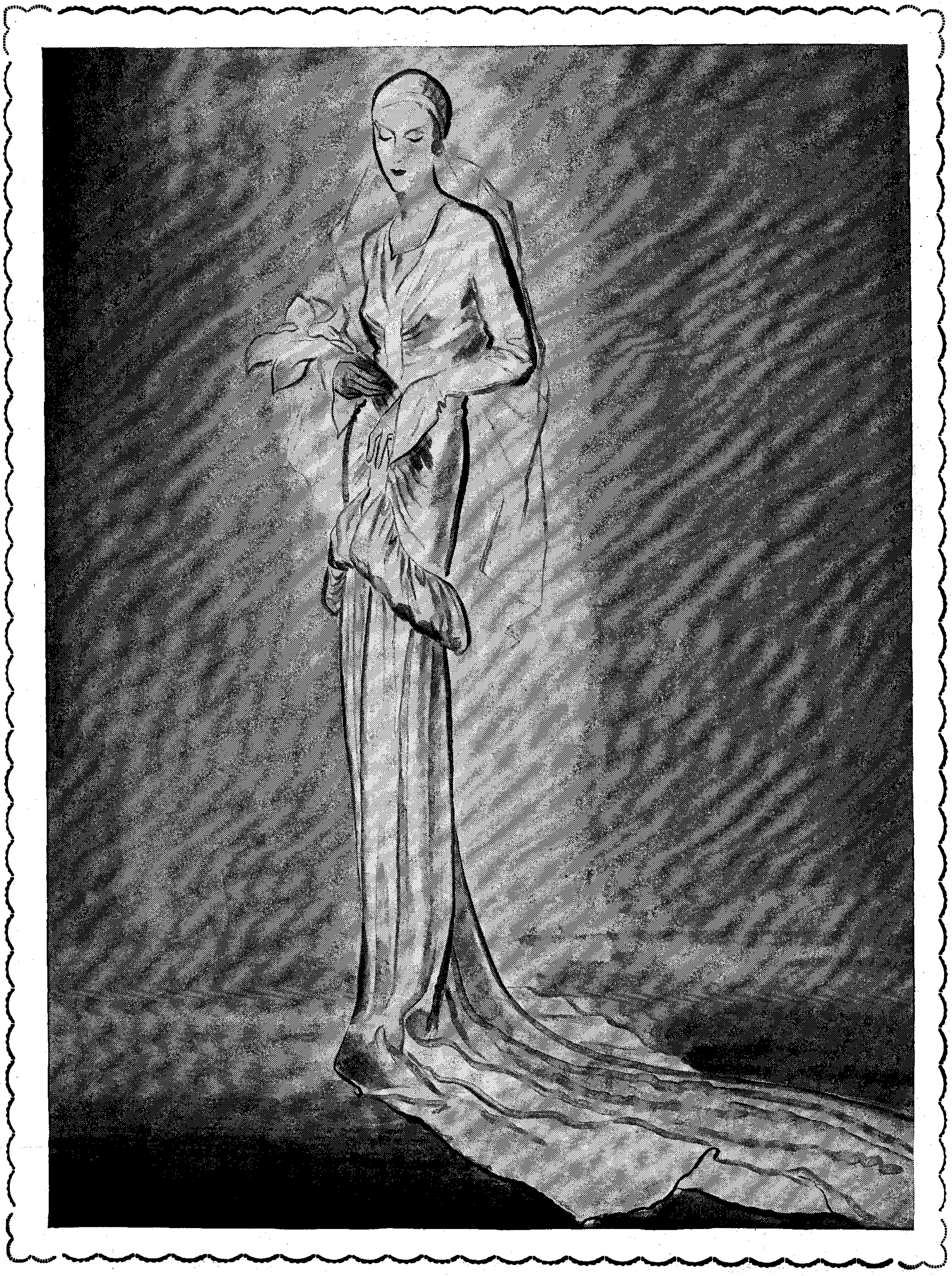

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TROUSSEAU ROOM—THIRD FLOOR

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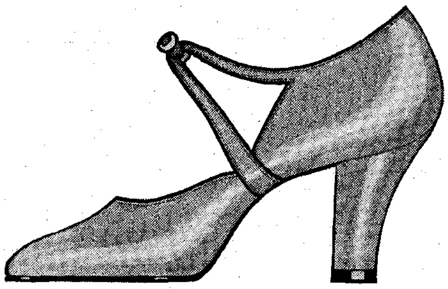

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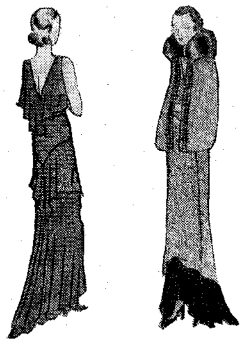
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 31, September 20, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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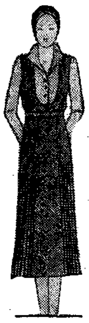

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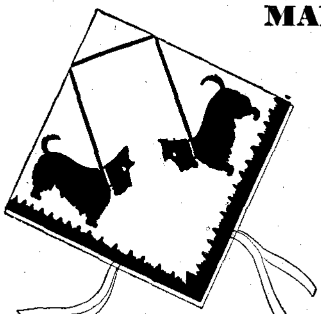

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2 towels
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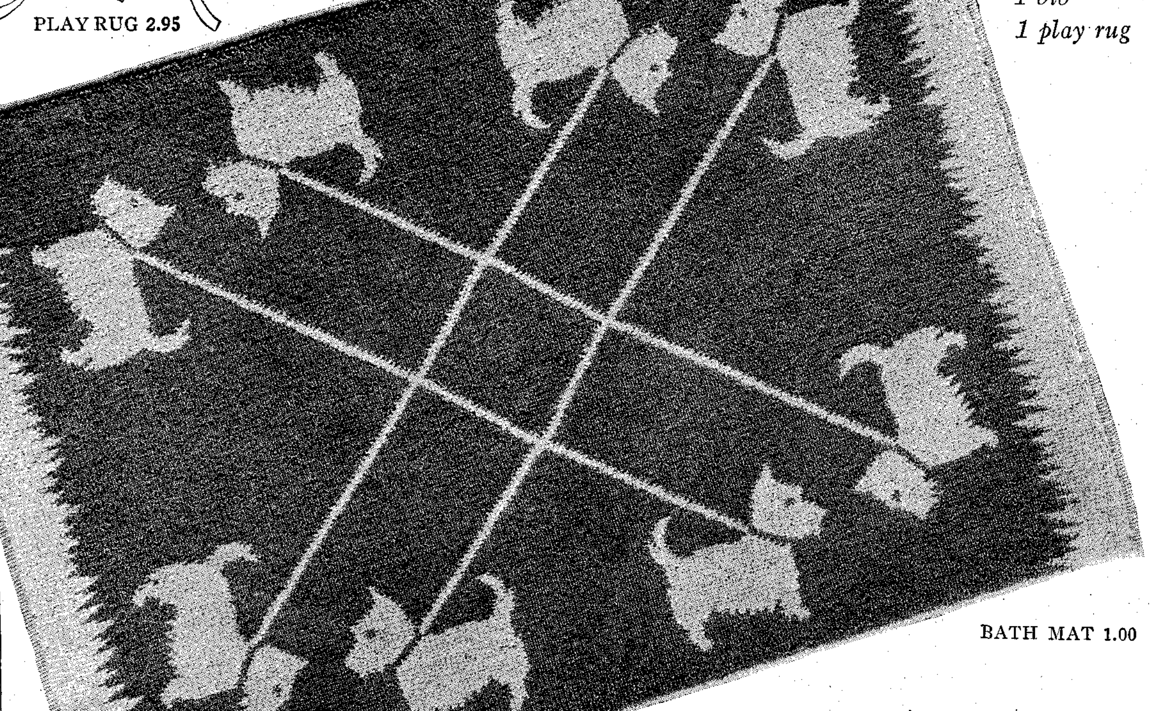
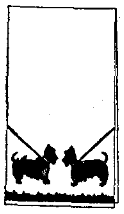
1 bib
1 play rug

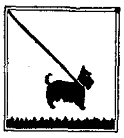


BATH MAT 1.00

TOWEL 50c



WASH CLOTH 19c



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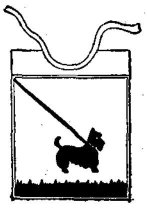

Colors are jade, peach, or turquoise with design in white. All pieces are reversible

You've seen the grown-up Cannon towel sets with the stars and dots and clouds and all that sort of thing, but you've never seen the child-size sets with the Scotties on them, have you? That was Best's idea, and any child that puts up with the plain or garden variety of towel after this just hasn't got his parents under control!

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FIFTH AVENUE

Westchester at Mamaroneck | Long Island at Garden City | New Jersey at East Orange

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The First Mrs. Fraser—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George and A. E. Matthews. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

The Green Pastures—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's book "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the past season. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Ladies All—The hilarious history of a complete amorist in a quandary. Violet Heming and Walter Woolf are in it. (Morosco, 45, W.)

The Last Mile—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. (Harris, 42, W. Moves to Ambassador, 49, W., Mon., Sept. 22.)

Lysistrata—Gilbert Seldes' adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy. Very bold but very funny. With Blanche Yurka, Hortense Alden, and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The Ninth Guest—A penthouse as the scene of some wholesale killings, all very neat and clean. Not exactly convincing, but something to watch in an amiable mood. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

Strictly Dishonorable—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

That's the Woman—A. E. Anson as the very, very keen lawyer who uses a little feminine psychology in clearing up what never was a very great mystery in the first place. (Fulton, 46, W.)

Topaze—A school teacher who learned how to be a business success, with Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Torch Song—A cabaret singer, thwarted in love, seeks solace in the Salvation Army and finds that it isn't as easy as it looked. Mayo Methot and several of the supporting cast give excellent performances. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Uncle Vanya—Return engagement for two weeks of Jed Harris' splendid production of Chekhov's fine comedy, if you call frustration and futility comedy. Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, and Osgood Perkins are still in it. (Booth, 45, W. Reopens Mon. Eve., Sept. 22.)

The Up and Up—The second act of this underworld comedy is laid in a racing-bookmaker's office and is worth sitting through the rest of the show to see; that is, if you like noise and excitement. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

Up Pops the Devil—You have heard the plot before, about the young couple who find that money is everything, but the lines are fresh and very funny. A good cast includes Roger Pryor, Albert Hackett, and Sally Bates. (Masque, 45 W.)

WITH MUSIC

Earl Carroll Vanities—A big, expensive show, with plenty of dirt and a great comedy backfield consisting of Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. Also beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

Flying High—One of last season's biggest hits, with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

The Garrick Gaieties—Excellent topical sketches, pleasant songs, and a general air of romping, all done by the young folks of, or near, the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

The Second Little Show—Suffers in comparison with the first "Little Show," but if you didn't see that, there is no reason why you shouldn't eke out an evening with this. With Al Trahan, Jay C. Flippen, and Ruth Tester. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

●

Vaudeville—Ted Healy, Harriet Hoctor, Gus Van, and The Three Sailors will be at the Palace Fri., Sept. 19. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

Nina Rosa—An operetta, music by Sigmund Romberg, with Guy Robertson and Ethelind Terry. Opens Sat., Sept. 20. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The Greeks Had a Word For It—A new play by Zoë Akins, with Muriel Kirkland. Opens Mon., Sept. 22. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Fine and Dandy—A musical comedy, book by Donald Ogden Stewart, with Joe Cook. Opens Tues., Sept. 23. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Stepdaughters of War—An adaptation by Kenyon Nicholson of Helen Zenna Smith's novel, with Katherine Alexander. Opens Tues., Sept. 23. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

Once in a Lifetime—A play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, with Hugh O'Connell. Opens Wed., Sept. 24. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

Insult—A play from the Dutch of Jan Fabricus, with Leslie Perrins of the original London cast. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Luana—Musical version of "The Bird of Paradise." Music by Rudolf Friml. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

The Rhapsody—George M. Cohan's production of a play by Louis K. Anspacher, with Louis Calhern. (Cort, 48, E. 8:45 P.M.)

Symphony in Two Flats—A comedy by

(Continued on page 8)

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. . . . . THIRD FLOOR

(Continued from page 6)

and with Ivor Novello. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Dancing to Emil Coleman's music; entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Reopened for the season, with dances by Cortez and Peggy and music by Sherbo's Continentals. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and new dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough but entertaining revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9 (recently reopened); The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Club Sadko, 100 W. 57, is the newest arrival.

NOTE—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are now playing in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.*

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Fri., Sept. 19; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The torrential Marx Brothers render their stage success on the screen with high success. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. With a story that isn't so brilliant. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—Warring airplanes and Zeppelins magnificently presented, the general effect somewhat lessened by a mediocre story. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LINCOLN—The great story interpreted by D. W. Griffith, and ably acted by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

MONTE CARLO—A lightly turned and brightly tuned little piece, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—Exquisite portrayal of an octogenarian by George Arliss. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ROMANCE—Greta Garbo, more beautiful than ever, as the opera singer who makes the clergyman forget his flock. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 20-22; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Journey's End," a very fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive; "Moby Dick," or interest for some of its sea scenes, with John Barrymore; "Raffles," Ronald Colman in a lively adaptation of Hornung's story; "Storm Over Asia," a powerful Russian picture about a Mongolian uprising.

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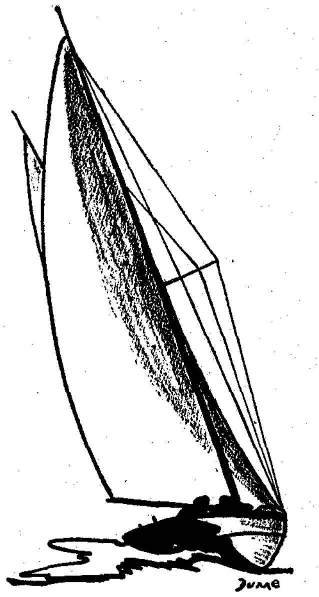


ART

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of last season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NEWCOMERS—Some lesser-known contemporary Americans in a new fall show: 6th floor, Macy's, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Sept. 21, at 8, over WJZ.

JAMES MELTON—Tenor soloist, Frank Black directing orchestra, in General Motors Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 22, at 9:30, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 22, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Sept. 23, at 9:30, over WABC.

HARRY RICHMAN—Soloist, in R.K.O. Hour: Tues. Eve., Sept. 23, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SIR OLIVER LODGE—Speaking on "The Reality of a Spiritual World," broadcast from London: Sun. Aft., Sept, 21, at 12:30, over WABC.

GRANTLAND RICE—Discussing the National Amateur Golf Tournament, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Sept. 24, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri. through Mon., Sept. 19-22; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27 and 28. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Tues., Sept. 23, at 3:15 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Jack Sharkey vs. Victorio Campolo, heavyweights: Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 25; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout about 9:45 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—First games of season: Sat. Aft., Sept. 27—Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field, B'way at 218, at 3 P.M. (Take B'way subway to 215 St.) . . . N.Y.U. vs. Hobart, Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181, at 2:30 P.M. (Take East Side subway to 180 St.) . . . Fordham vs. Baltimore, Fordham Field, at 2:30 P.M. (Take 3 Ave. "L" to Fordham Rd. or N.Y.C. train to Fordham Sta.) . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Long Island University, Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136, at 2:30 P.M. (Take B'way subway to 137 St. Sta. or Bus No. 5.) . . . Yale vs. Maine, New Haven, Conn., at 2:30 P.M. (Train leaves Grand Central at noon.) . . . Army vs. Boston University, West Point, at 2:30 P.M. (Ferry for West Shore train leaves W. 42 St. at 1:15 P.M.)

GOLF—National Amateur Championship: Merion Cricket Club, East Course, Ardmore, Pa., Mon. through Sat., Sept. 22-27.

HORSE SHOW—North Shore Horse Show, Smithtown, L.I., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19 and 20.

HUNT RACES—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 27.

POLO—Open Championship and Waterbury Cup matches: Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I. Games Sat. Afts., Sept. 20 and 27, at 4, and on other days during the week (not yet announced).

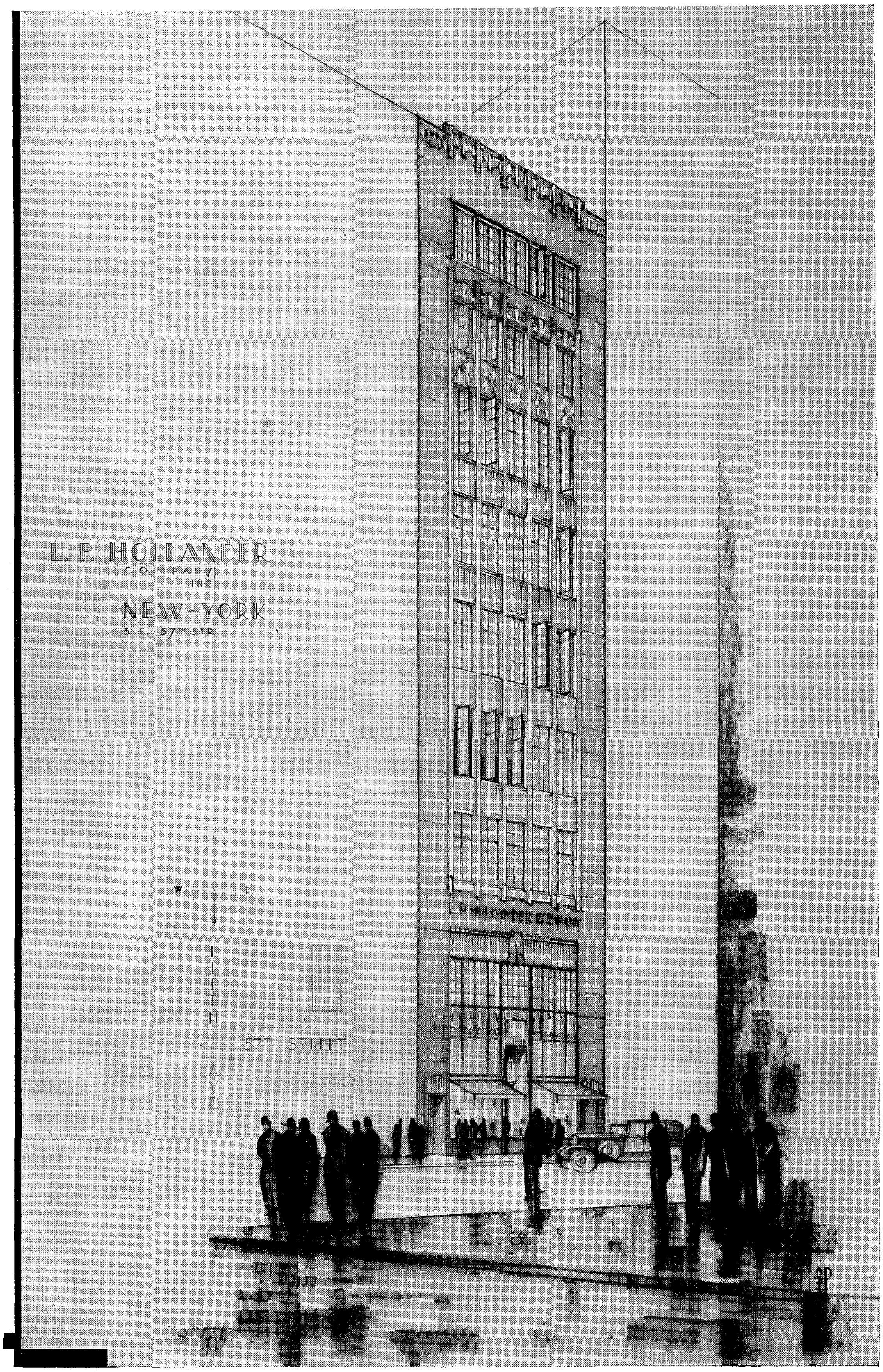
RACING—Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

YACHTING—America's Cup Races, U. S. vs. Great Britain, off Newport, R. I.: Races Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19 and 20, provided that neither "Enterprise" nor "Shamrock V" has already won four races. See daily papers. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 20; Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 27.

OTHER EVENTS

RADIO WORLD'S FAIR—Annual display of the latest for listeners-in: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., Sept. 22-27. Open 2 to 11 P.M.

MEN AND MACHINES—An exhibition of machines, models, photographs, etc., showing the developments of the last 150 years in contrast to those of the preceding period: Museum of Science and Industry, 4th floor, 220 E. 42. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.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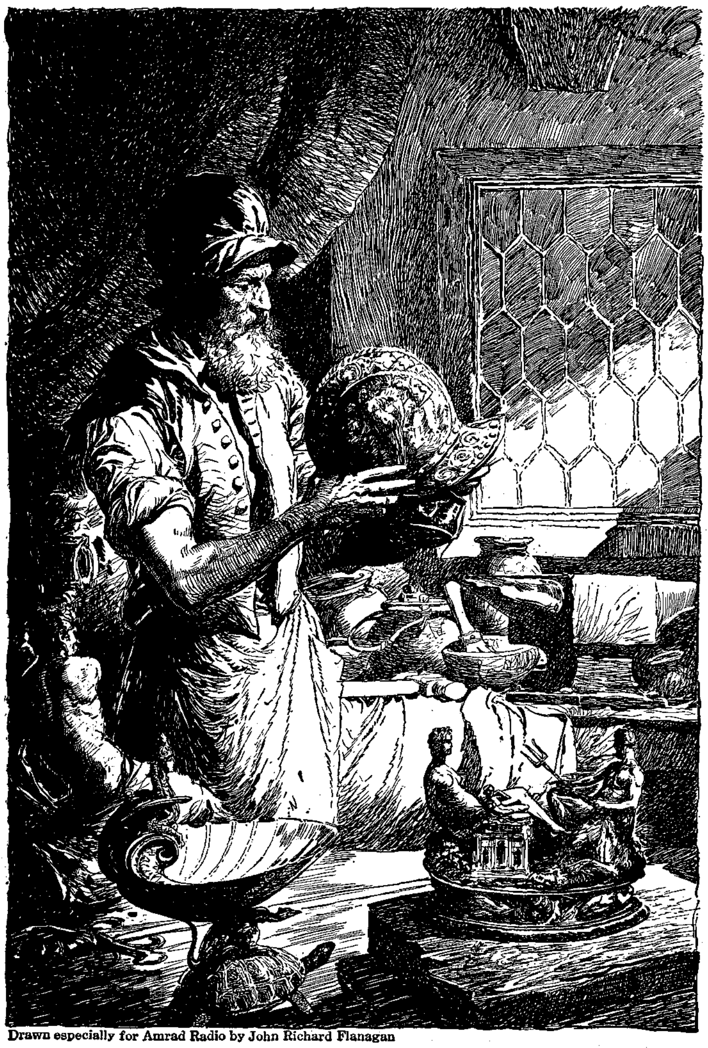

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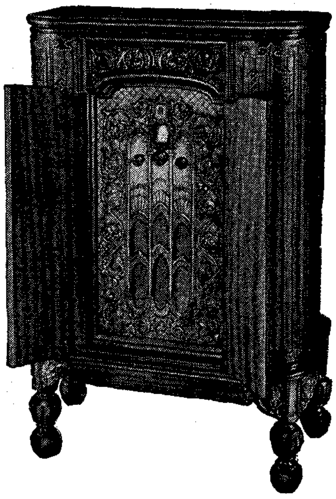
Distinction

(*Right*) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic-power speaker. The cabinet is the final word in radio cabinet beauty. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes



CELLINI . . . . Pupil of Michelangelo, the pet of Popes and Kings, this swaggering, eccentric, colorful genius of sculpture and design enshrined the haunting loveliness of French and Italian Renaissance in treasures of gold and marble. Francis I lured Cellini to France, and for five vital years his art developed, by Royal command, always more surely the work of inspiration.

Irreplaceable and priceless gems, zealously guarded down the dusty path of the centuries, rekindle for each successive generation, respect, mingled with awe, for his genius . . . . the elfin «Nymph of Fontainbleau», an outstanding treasure of the Louvre . . . . a bronze statue of Perseus, in the Loggia, Florence . . . . rare bronzes of Neptune and Cybele, and other mythical gods in Art Museums of the world.

There was no second Cellini . . . . there is no substitute for Amrad. As an object of art, its rich and beautifully designed cabinets might well have graced a Grand Salon at Fontainebleau, in Cellini's time . . . . its tone and great genius in bringing a million subtle variants of entertainment into your home, place it, as well, among the «immortals».

(*Left*) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet enlivened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic-power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

AMRAD DIVISION *of*
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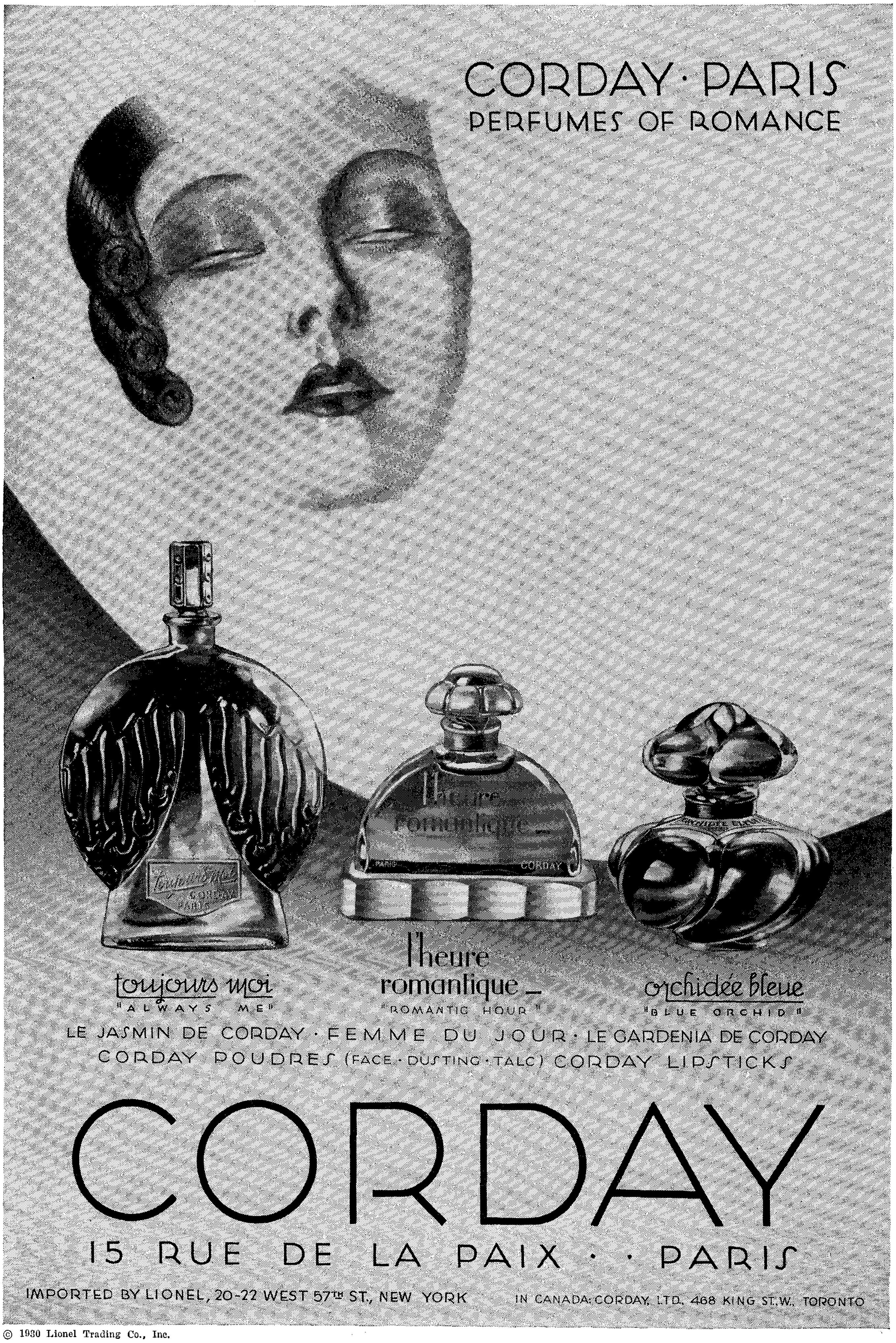
CINCINNATI

AMRAD *Radio*


Toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
l'heure romantique
PARIS
CORDAY
ORCHIDÉE BLEUE

CORDAY · PARIS
PERFUMES OF ROMANCE

toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"

l'heure romantique
"ROMANTIC HOUR"

orchidée bleue
"BLUE ORCHID"

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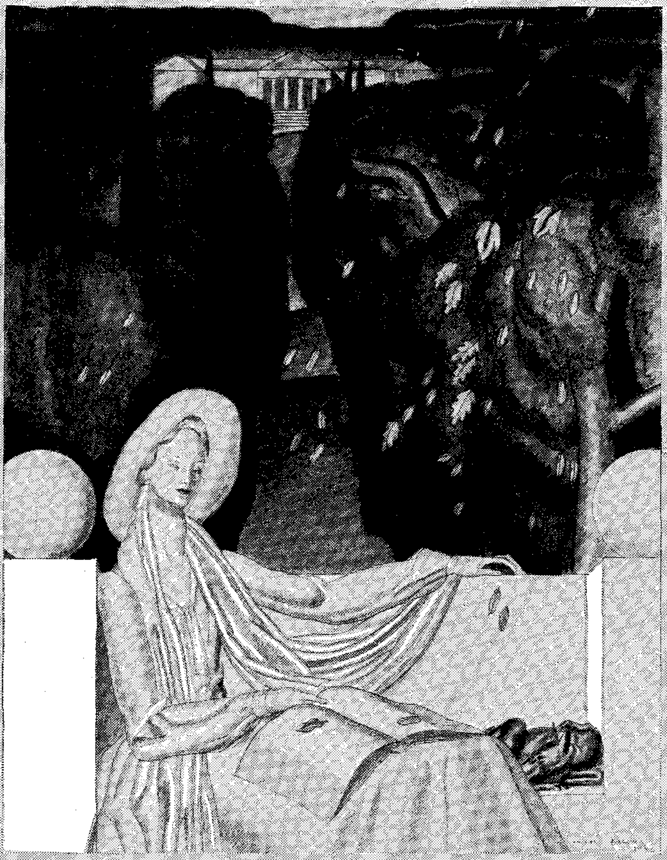

FASHIONS . . . and fashionable schools

One is a background for the other . . . for the slim, young chic with just the feeling of sophistication that Chanel's clothes have . . . The tailored "working" clothes for the school day . . . afternoon fashions . . . the comfortable, furred coats with a princess line . . . All these, and more, are in the collections on the Junior (second) Floor at

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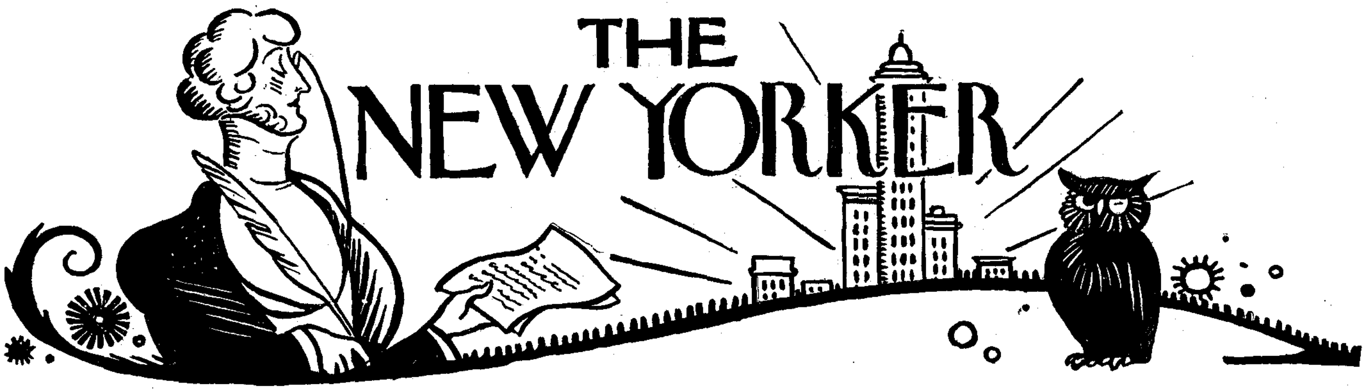
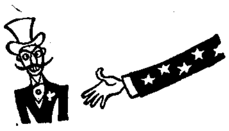


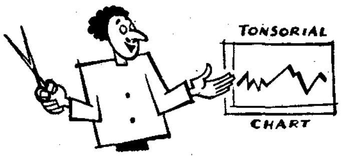
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN a Coste pays us a visit he is hailed in ringing platitudes as an emissary of good-will. Maybe. We doubt that anything much can be done to make better feeling between France and America. Not because of the tariff, nor the reparations, which nobody understands anyhow, nor the tourist trade, which flourishes in spite of anything short of war. The trouble is the imperviousness of the French mind to anything not French. The American is proud of getting his French right, but the Frenchman is proud of getting English wrong. An imported word, such as "*vasistas*" from the German or "flirt" from English, remains an undigested lump in the language of the Frenchman. He may use it, but he does not take the trouble to absorb it, even the borrowed sporting terms. Proust admired the English and translated from them; doubtless, not being an ordinary mortal, he wrote outland names correctly, but by the time his work had passed through the hands of stenographer, editor, and printer the result was such oddities as (*sic*) Ver Meer of Deft, George Elliot, Wetgwood, Nietsche, and Whistler the master of Chesca. There will be a beginning to real Franco-American good-will when some Frenchman prints, for instance, the name Poe without a diæresis.



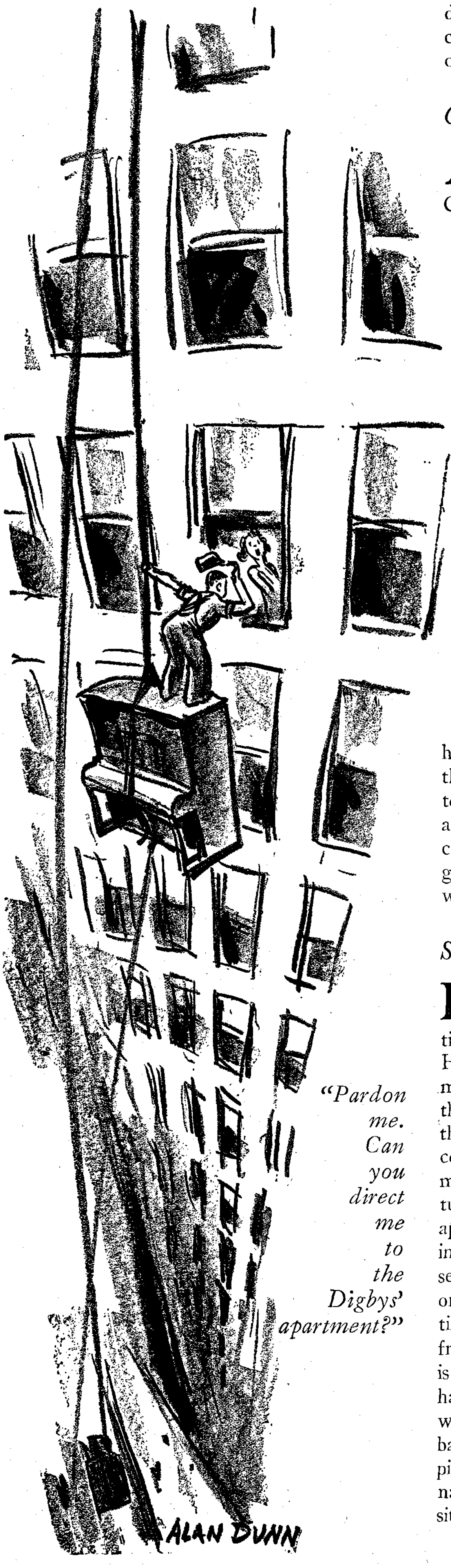
THERE is a tender passion discernible in the honest barber who displays a graphic chart in the window of his shop in Rector Street. Jagged up-and-down lines record the variation and state of his business. There are dull weeks, we note, when New Yorkers neglect their person. Yet what a high craving for romance burns beneath the white coat of this dreaming entrepreneur, to whom a snip of the scissors is not a snip of the scissors at all, but an Index of Conditions!



THE local corruption situation has, as we feared, become so complicated that it's hopeless. In order to find out who is accused of what, a citizen would have to shut himself up in a room with the papers, a secretary, and a card-index file. Too many people are involved; it is impossible to separate the sheep from the goats, the investigators from the investigatees. Here is a story, for instance, which includes the names of Farley, Healy, Keating, Capshaw, Curry, Cash, Penney, Tommaney, Todd, Tuttle, Hackenburg, Sulzberger, Ewald, Ward, Walker, Roosevelt, McCooey, McGarry, Seabury, Higgins, Vause, Crater, Hines, Leidy, Theofel, and Newcombe. Some are missing, some are accused, some are indignant. You don't know who a fifth of them are. Then come the great Major Campbell revelations about the awfulness of the prohibition-enforcement situation. These involve another couple of hundred names. It has got too complicated. One has to turn to some such simple story as that of the retirement of Smoky Joe Martin, whose name never was linked to anything but the Fire Department.

ON Thursday morning of last week an old gentleman was walking through Forty-sixth Street, coming from Eighth Avenue with brisk step. He wore a frock coat, a gray derby, pince-nez, and he carried a gold-handled cane. As he reached Broadway he went to the curb, placed his hat on the sidewalk at his feet, hung his cane in the crook of his arm, took from his pocket an ocarina, and began playing "When It's Springtime in the Rockies." Broadway can always surprise you.

AS each successive publishing season approaches with its ballyhoo and calliope and puffing out of reputations that are thinner than balloons, we cannot help snickering at the most ironic joke in American letters. There are authors who would do anything to get so much as an agate line of publicity. They would carry banners; they would shoot themselves—one did; they would even autograph books in department stores. And so few of them get the agate line, whereas Ambrose Bierce, who turned his satirical back on the ballyhoo and would have called all the press agents a tribe of filthy apes, has been the subject of six entire books in ten years. More books, in fact, than his stature warrants, which



"Pardon me. Can you direct me to the Digbys' apartment?"

doubtless he is explaining with added chuckles somewhere on the other side of the Styx.

Contraband

A TRAVELLER returning from abroad brought with him a Chinese mandarin coat which he had purchased as an antique for fifteen hundred dollars. He claimed exemption from duty because it was more than a hundred years old. The customs officers, however, after calling in a couple of experts on Chinese coats—two large men named George and Bert—decided that the article was really of fairly recent manufacture and worth only two hundred dollars. One examiner even hinted that he didn't believe the traveller had paid fifteen hundred for it anyway. The latter, however, was ordered to pay duty, and to pay it on a valuation of fifteen hundred dollars! He argued that this seemed unfair since the real value, according to the officers, was two hundred, and since, moreover, his payment of fifteen hundred for the article had been doubted. The customs men would not be swerved by all this logic. The confusion finally became so great that the gentleman just gave the coat to the government and went to a hotel to lie down.

Sorcerer

IN our recent account of the Society of American Magicians, we mentioned John Mulholland, in passing. He's the Society's vice-president, and merits more attention. Among other things, he takes pleasure in adding to the existing confusion in this city. He confuses subway and "L" change-makers, by dropping his nickel in the turnstile, passing through, and then apparently reaching back and extracting his nickel. Sometimes he uses, or seems to use, this same nickel to let four or five of his friends through, by which time the change-man has emerged from his booth, bawling. Mulholland is likely to settle the controversy by handing the fellow a half-dollar which, when the mollified man examines it, back in his booth, turns out to be a piece of aluminum stamped with the name "John Mulholland" and a rabbit sitting in a silk hat.

When Mulholland was eighteen, the magicians' society amended its rules so that it could admit one so young to membership. Houdini had written an article just before that, praising the young man's great skill at legerdemain. Mulholland has lived in New York since he was two, and has monkeyed with magic since he was six. He's in his early thirties now. Magic used to be a side-issue with him; his vocation, up to 1925, was teaching dramatics and industrial arts at Columbia. Five years ago he gave up everything to devote all of his time to legerdemain. He has become one of the world's first authorities on the history, lore, and sources of magic; he writes books on the subject, travels widely, lectures. He belongs to societies all over the world; he's the only Rotarian listed as "magician" (just as Albert of Belgium is the only one whose occupation is listed as "king").

The magician is tall, husky, loosely built, and of great strength. He looks too big to be adept at his art, but nevertheless is rated one of the most adroit sleight-of-hand performers in the world. Strength, he says, is essential to the execution of certain delicate tricks such as, for example, one he is always doing. This is rolling five half-dollars, standing up side by side, across the back of his hand, down into his palm, and up again. Some magicians are proud of their ability to do that with only one coin.

Mulholland likes travel. He has met and exchanged tricks with magicians in forty countries. The last time he was abroad, he performed for young Michael of Rumania, and afterward asked if he could meet some gypsy magicians. The chief of police was summoned and told to arrange an audience with some gypsy masters of black art. The next day Mulholland was taken to the police station, where there were scores of unhappy-looking gypsies waiting for him. The Rumanian cops had rounded them up in the night and thrown them in jail. They put on a show for the American, and were released.

Herman the Great, they say, was the first Occidental magician who ever kept a Chinese audience interested. The Chinese are hard to mystify but easy to bore. Mulholland is one of the few magicians since Herman who have also held the attention of an Oriental audience. In his case, however, his patter—a few lines of Chinese which he had laboriously learned—evoked unexpected laughter from his audience.

Later he learned that his Chinese instructor had had him on and, instead of saying what he thought he was saying, Mulholland had boasted of what a great fellow he was. His most harrowing experience, however, occurred right here in America. Going to a small town for a lecture, he woke up late, leaped from his Pullman berth, and got to the station platform only half dressed. He was still tying his tie and tucking in his shirt when the welcoming committee solemnly approached. They made their little speech gravely, without a smile. It seems they thought Mulholland's remarkable entrance into the town was not out of the ordinary for a magician.

Park Scene

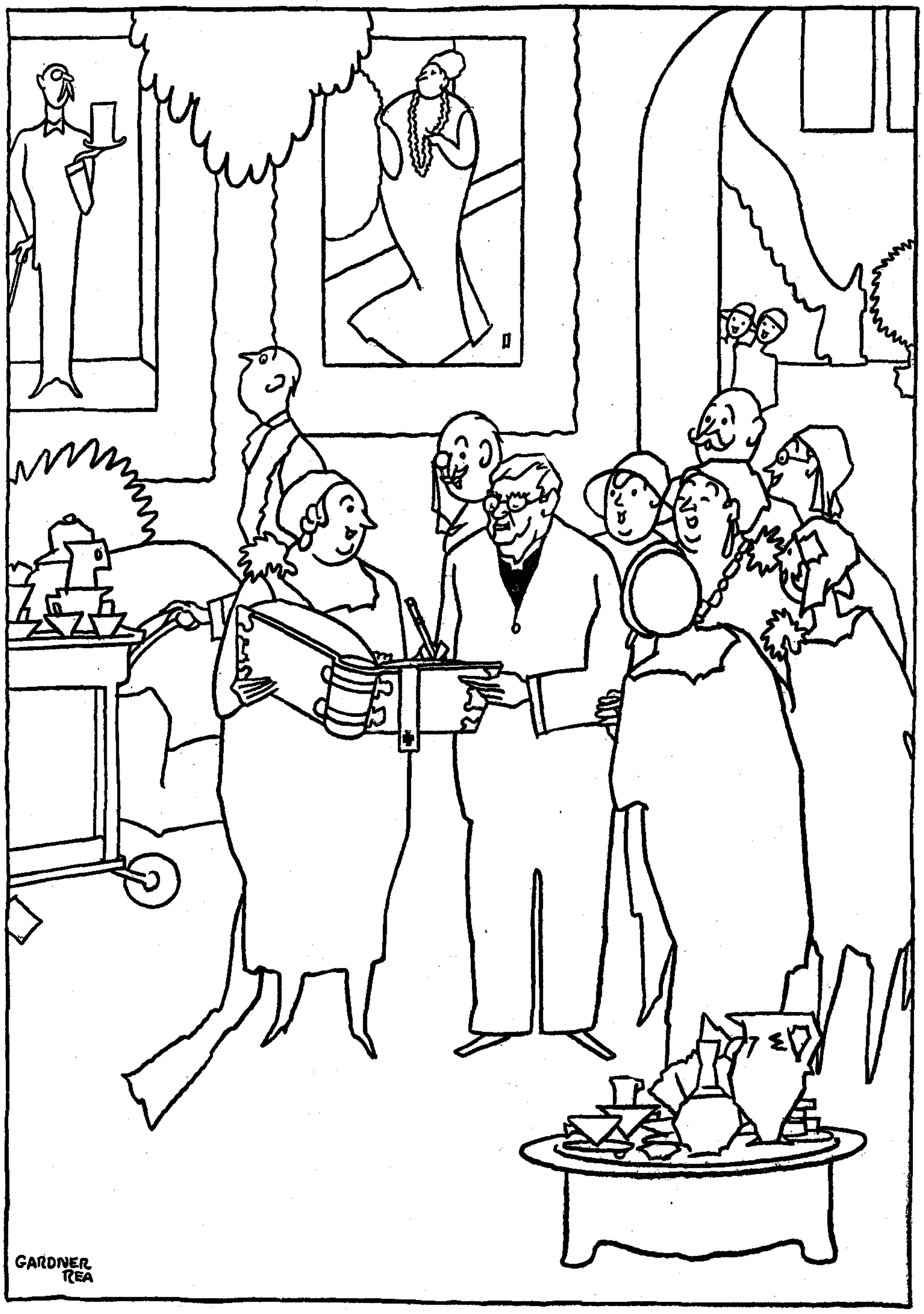
THERE was quite a flutter in the Park the other day when a policeman came upon two young men with a ladder and a camera. The camera, not the ladder, was the objection. The youngsters didn't have a permit for it. After some argument they went off in one direction and the policeman in another, but no sooner had the latter disappeared than they were back, and, propping the ladder against the statue of Sir Walter Scott, shinned up it like a flash, and hurriedly took several shots of Sir Walter's head. A bemused onlooker who had seen it all was bold enough to ask what was up. The boys were medical students, it came out, preparing a thesis on skulls, and they wanted a picture of Scott's because his was of peculiar formation, rare, and very interesting to science. The "tower skull," they said it was called.

Hobby Lane

THE French fliers were rushed to the polo game last week over the Long Island Motor Parkway. They made better than fifty miles an hour, part of the way at least, for they passed us. Like everyone else, however, they had to stop at the tollgate and pay their dollar—or rather, in this instance, one of the motorcycle policemen who escorted them paid it. The Parkway, we have been told, is the only private motor toll road of any consequence in the world. It is William K. Vanderbilt's hobby, and an expensive one, for it has been operated at a deficit ever since it was opened. Latterly the loss has been about fifty thousand a year. Mr. Vanderbilt put the Parkway through as part of the course of the Vanderbilt Cup races, and it was used as a racecourse in 1908, 1910, and 1911, after which automobile racing was legislated off the roads of Long Island. Since then it has been kept open all year, day and night, for pleasure-car traffic. It saves one anywhere from half an hour to an hour over the public roads. When it was built they tunnelled under or bridged over about sixty highways, and more than that number cross it now.

The speed limit on the Parkway is forty miles an hour. This is largely theoretical. Private motor police keep a lookout but they usually stop drivers only for recklessness. Last week they escorted to the public highways a Marmon that was doing more than seventy. Being ejected is the severest penalty; the officers don't give summonses.

Mr. Vanderbilt's hobby represents



Dr. Cadman autographs a Bible for an admirer an investment of about six million dollars. Taxes now are about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, maintenance is costly, and the lodgekeepers and the policemen must be paid. Revenue from motorists is about one hundred and ten thousand dollars a year, thirty-six thousand dollars of this from season tickets. These cost sixty dollars each and a car thus licensed may use the roadway at any time. Some people buy tickets for several of their cars. Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney has most this year, nine; E. F. Hutton has six, Clarence Mackay five, J. P. Morgan four.

The right of way throughout the entire distance, forty-five miles, is a hundred feet wide. When the road was built most of the estate owners recognized it as a convenience and readily sold their land. Most of the farmers, however, gave in only when their entire holdings were bought. The roadway is narrow, sixteen to twenty-two feet, and winding, but only six or seven people have been killed on it in twenty-two years. Mr. Vanderbilt is president of the corporation and, they say, owns practically all of the stock. He owns and controls a forty-five mile stretch of land through probably the most valuable suburban properties in the world; it's more than kingly, as things are these days. Of course the hobby may not prove expensive in the long run. Bus companies, seeing the possibilities of a high-speed route down Long Island have made impressive offers for a franchise. We are assured that they will not be allowed on the roadway, deficit or no deficit. But if the ocean liners ever took to docking at Montauk Point, then the New York Central would probably be willing to pay a lot for the right of way, a lot more than six million dollars.

Aesthetics

MR. HENRY FORD, as you know, has his ideas about things. One is that the Sabbath should be held inviolate. At the Ford Airport near Detroit, for example, no activity is allowed on Sunday. Planes do not take off from there on that day, or land. If they do land in an emergency they are not allowed to leave until Monday. Another crotchet is about exercise. He believes in it. At any rate, one morning before his departure for Europe, an official in his offices here left his desk to take a spin in one of the company's new planes. When he returned a couple of hours later he found a strangely deserted office, all the help gone, including his own secretary. Only one stenographer remained on duty, to explain that Mr. Ford had dropped in, had looked about and thought that the staff looked pudgy, and had ordered them all to a dancing class, ten to twelve that Tuesday morning and every Tuesday morning thereafter.

Problems

ADDITIONAL report of our observer of little things in Telephone Company circles: The Company has finally put an end to the contest for last place in the telephone book, which has been going on for three years or so. It started in the winter of 1927, when Lewis Browne, the author, had himself listed as "Zzyd, Lewis Browne." Mr. Nicholas Putnam bested him the following summer, with "Zzyn," but was ousted again in the next issue by Browne's "Zzyz." This seemed an unbeatable combination, until Mr. Ramon Cantarrana, a broker, appeared in the summer of 1929 with "Zzyzz," which in turn was nosed out a few months later by Miss Margot Wilson's "Zzzyn." How many "z's" the thing would ultimately have led to, no one knows; beginning with its last issue, the Telephone Company has sternly ordered everybody back to his or her proper place in the book, leaving to Mr. D. Zwyokarta (real name) the honor of last place.

The Telephone Company has had a lot of trouble with bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors. The thing is: it seems these people run heavily to long-distance calls, following up liquor shipments, and are a poor risk for payment, as they may be raided and closed any time, and are pretty unreliable anyhow. Now the Company investigates new subscribers, and if they find one is starting a speakeasy, demands a cash deposit before the phone is put in, sometimes of as much as five hundred dollars. The curious thing about this is that the Telephone Company must, obviously, have the most complete speakeasy list in town.

Metal

IN one of those small, cluttery jewelry shops in Fourteenth Street, which are open evenings, a customer was examining a metal wrist-watch band which gleamed prettily in the bright lights above the counter. "What is this made of?" he asked. "Metal," said the clerk. "I know," the gentleman said, "but what kind of metal?" "Oh," the clerk assured him, "just metal." The gentleman by this time intended to see the thing through. "But is it white gold, silver, aluminum, nickel, steel—or what?" he demanded. The clerk did not propose to be backed down. He gave the gentleman a cold, superior look. "Mister," he said, pityingly, "apparently you just don't know what metal is."

Bathing at Times Square

WE personally went around the other night and had a look at the Tom Thumb golf course back of Roxy's, having heard that it had become part of the city's night life. It was toward three and Broadway had taken on the gray, clammy look it wears in the early hours, but among the golfers things were lively.

Floodlights flared down on the greens, and glimmered against the darkened windows of houses round about. There was the high, brick backwall of the Roxy Theatre at one end of the course, and a parking enclosure at the other. Lawn parasols, yellow and scarlet, mushroomed out of the gravel surface here and there. There were gentlemen in dinner coats, and ladies, slightly flushed, in dance frocks, waggling putters and laughing hilariously. There were newsboys, calling the morning papers. There was a blonde young lady, gurgling, and playing with uncanny accuracy. "Oooh!" she cried. "I made it in two. Aren't I jus' wunnerful?" Her companion, an elderly gentleman, smiled wanly.

The place has a little the atmosphere of Coney Island. It's loud, loose, and gregarious. Show people go there a lot. So, when the night clubs close, do the night-club patrons and even their proprietors. Every night, the management enthusiastically told us, it's different. Sometimes a bunch of showgirls from the "Vanities" drop in. Sometimes the girls from Roxy's sneak out through the stagedoor, still in costume, for a round of golf while the picture is running. Every Friday there's a tournament run by the *Evening Journal*. Eventually the winner of these will compete in the national Tom Thumb championships, to be held at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Last week Ben Blue, dancer, had the low score, 38. Other devotees are Benny Rubin; Guy Lombardo, who leads an orchestra; Phil Baker, the comedian; Gene Conrad, songwriter; Harry Richman, himself. The owner of Lindy's Restaurant, of Rothstein-case fame, comes in regularly for a round of golf; makes his waiters come too. Leach Cross, ex-fighter, now a dentist, abandons his office between patients and takes a turn on the links.

The manager of the place, Mr. Johnson, is an ex-fighter himself, by the way, and has no difficulty handling people who come in from speakeasies and feel too enthusiastic. He says they don't usually cause much trouble, anyway, because fresh air and exercise straighten them out. The only thing he really worries about is high heels. Some Tom Thumb courses supply slippers for ladies, but at Roxy's they often have as many as three hundred people playing at one time — too many to buy slippers for. So they just let them play around in high heels, and have a couple of men with rakes, to replace divots and smooth things over. Also the links are closed for repairs from five A.M. to nine A.M. All in all, they are doing very well, but nothing like what they plan for the future. They are solving the problem of winter playing, for example, in this fashion: they expect to cover the whole course, roof and walls together, with Vitaglass, heat everything with steam, light everything with violet-ray projectors. Not only that—they are really letting themselves go on plans—they want to take over the vacant lot next door, now used for a parking space, this to be made over into a mammoth outdoor swimming pool, with sea water—all also glass-enclosed, filled with violet rays.

Museum Piece

A PASSENGER on the night boat to Albany fell to reading the "Rules in Case of Fire," neatly framed on a corridor wall, which must have been got up years ago. They list the duties of the captain, first mate, second mate, third mate, and so on down to the lowliest officer. Near the bottom, the passenger read this: "BARTENDER—Throw overboard all liquor to prevent explosion." The reader went back to his cabin, asked for ice, and finished his rye.

—THE NEW YORKERS

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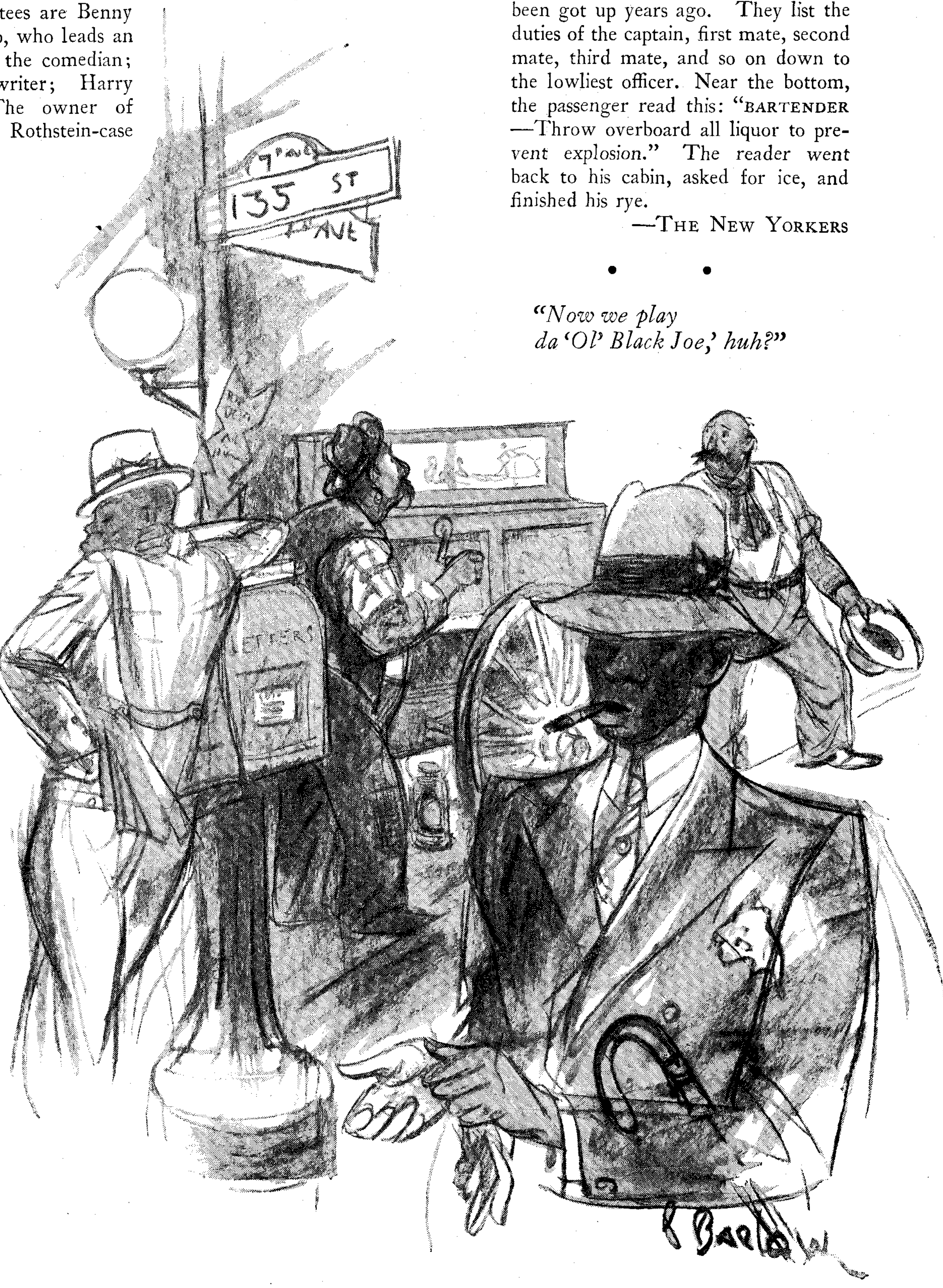
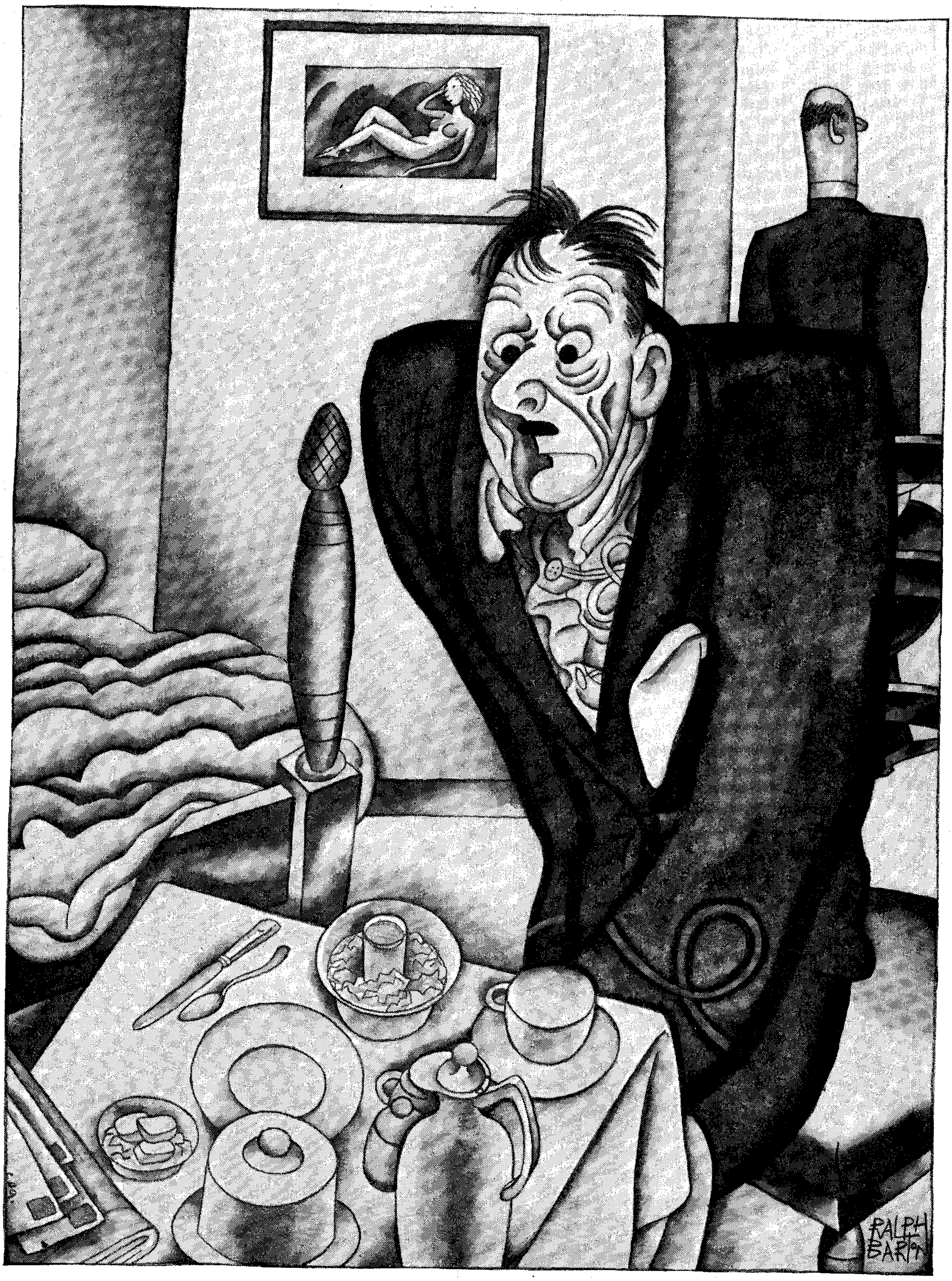


"Now we play da 'Ol' Black Joe,' huh?"


RALPH BARTON

THE 1930'S

Breakfast

MR. HIGGINS' BREAKDOWN

GORHAM P. HIGGINS, JR., was so normal that it took the analyst a long time to find out what was the matter with him. The distinguished scientist could only go on the assumption that something is the matter with everyone. So he stuck grimly to his probing questions. Mr. Higgins, in turn, kept grimly returning to the analyst out of a genuine curiosity as to what was the matter with *him*. Mr. Higgins had gone to the fellow in the first place merely to placate Mrs. Higgins, who was alarmed by the way he kept forgetting social engagements which she made and told him about quite plainly, sometimes several times, and which he always protested later she had never mentioned. Mrs. Higgins was a very recent bride, quite inexperienced, and easily alarmed.

Exactly by what process the analyst arrived at the remarkable conclusion that Mr. Higgins had a suppressed desire for a nervous breakdown I for one —and you for another—will never know. Perhaps he figured that forgetting social engagements indicates a desire to evade responsibilities and that responsibilities are most easily evaded when one is in such a nervous condition that meeting them is physically impossible. It all sounds a bit specious and florid but there, at any rate, it was. The analyst immediately set to work to bring about a nervous breakdown in Mr. Higgins, in order to release him from his hypothetical desire by enabling him to attain it. Of his plans and purpose he said nothing to Mr. Higgins.

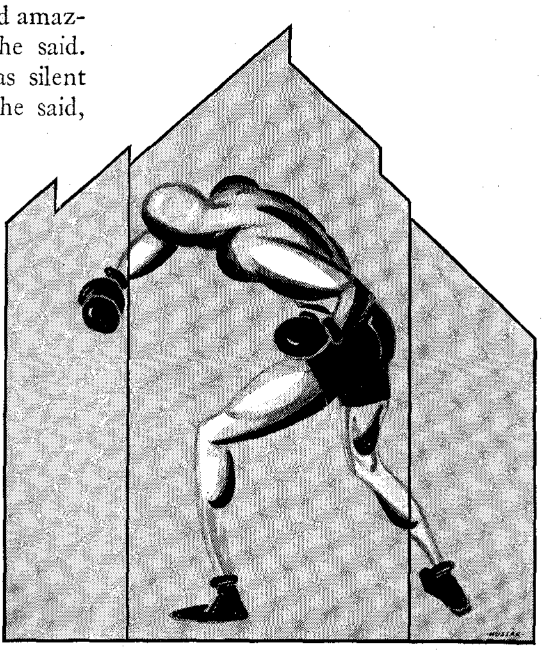
THE first thing the analyst did was to gain access, in the night, to Mr. Higgins' office and substitute for his private papers a sheaf of documents which were absolutely meaningless. Mr. Higgins was a clothes-pin manufacturer and all of his papers dealt with clothes-pins. For these the analyst substituted bills of lading for shipments of syrup and fondant, statistics on the Austrian birth rate, and diagrams of the spindle-wheel shafting of outboard motorboats, showing the location of grommets.

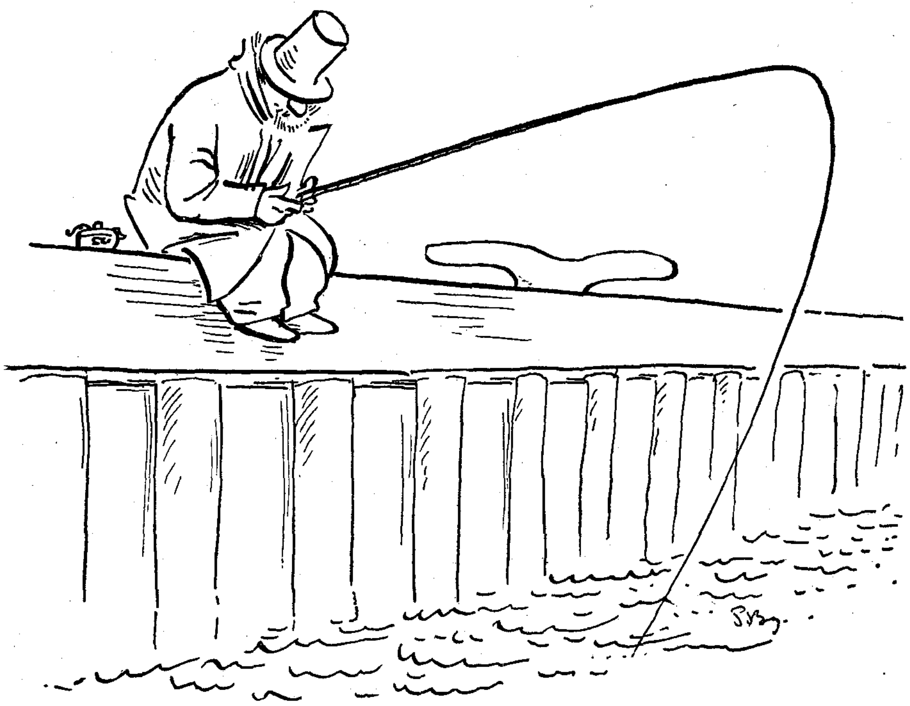
When, the morning after the papers had been shifted, Mr. Higgins, bright and healthy, appeared at his office and sat down to work, he naturally began to frown in bewilderment at the extraordinary documents which he removed from this basket on his desk and that one. Not coming upon any at all which made sense, he stepped outside his office to see if he was on the right floor. It looked like the right floor, but to be sure, Mr. Higgins rang for the elevator and when the car came to a stop and the elevator-man said, "Down, please," Mr. Higgins said, "I don't want to ride, I want to know if this is 35 West Forty-fifth Street, sixth floor." The operator, who had been taking Mr. Higgins up and down for years, said yes it was, and closed the door in alarm. "Guy must be nuts," the operator told the others in the car.

Back in his office, Mr. Higgins rang for his secretary, a Miss Blue. In her place appeared a lady he had never seen before. "Good morning, Mr. Grendy," she said. "Mr. Grendy?" echoed Mr. Higgins. The secretary seemed astonished that her employer did not recognize his own name, and backed hastily from the room. You will have guessed that the analyst had also substituted his own staff for Mr. Higgins', and had given them orders to confuse him. Mr. Higgins closed his eyes, and sat very quietly for a while; then he went over, got a drink of water, and sat down again. After this, he once more calmly rang for his secretary. Still another strange woman appeared. "Who are you?" demanded Mr. Higgins, coldly. She looked amazed. "I am Miss Grendy," she said. Mr. Higgins frowned and was silent for a space. "Come, come," he said, "let's get at that Prentice-Benson order. Has it been filled yet?" "Yes," she said, "one hundred and forty thousand tables and fifteen hundred million racquets." "Racquets?" said Mr. Higgins. "Ping-pong," she said. "Have you forgotten you are in the ping-pong-table-and-accessory business?" Mr. Higgins tapped the desk with his fingers, and looked out of the window. "How is the business doing?" he asked, finally. His secretary with an odd smile rose and left the room. Mr. Higgins got unsteadily to his feet and went home.

HE lived in a nice apartment building in East Sixtieth Street and he thought that if he went home and lay down for a while he would be all right. When he got out of his taxi in front of the building, and nodded to the doorman, Johnson, who had been doorman there since 1926, all during Mr. Higgins' stay, the fellow looked at him blankly. "What do you want?" he asked Mr. Higgins, suspiciously. "I want to go upstairs and lie down," said Mr. Higgins. "I live here." The doorman laughed loudly, nastily. "Not so fast, my man," he said. "I've minded this door for four years and I never laid eyes on you before." Now it was at this point that the analyst had expected Mr. Higgins to break down nervously. The plan was for the doorman then to summon a car, which was waiting right around the corner, and rush Mr. Higgins to a sanitarium. Unfortunately, however, the clothes-pin manufacturer did not break down. He rushed past the doorman to the elevator, got in and ran the car up to his own floor himself. He quickly let himself into his apartment, pleased and surprised to see that his key fitted the lock.

"Is that you, dear?" called his wife from the next room, where she was lying down. Now Mr. Higgins was fully prepared for his wife to be somebody else—and for her to address him as Mr. Kleep. He decided that he would humor her—perhaps that was the way to get out of whatever it was he was in. He strode into the bedroom and looked at Alice Higgins. "I am Mr. Grendy, the ping-pong manufacturer," he said. In order for you to understand the look of alarm that came upon Mrs. Higgins' face it is necessary to acquaint you with the lamentable fact that the analyst had not taken Mrs.





Indian Summer of a Coachman

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Higgins in on the pattern of deception and confusion he had planned in order to break down the clothes-pin manufacturer's nervous system. The analyst had so greatly counted on the breakdown coming at the door, downstairs.

"Why, what's the matter with you, dear?" asked Mrs. Higgins. "Me? Nothing's the matter with me," said Mr. Higgins. "I had a rather bad morning, that's all—Miss Balch, my secretary, was ill." "Miss Balch?" cried his wife. "Your secretary's name is not Balch!" "Well, it was," said Mr. Higgins, "but now it's Stromberg—she manufactures spindle-shaft wheels for outboard syrup fondants." At this point, Mrs. Higgins screamed and fainted. Mr. Higgins, thoroughly alarmed and considerably more confused than ever, revived his wife with a dash of cold water. When she came to, the room thronged with doormen, analysts, elevator-operators, and passers-by. The doorman had let them into the room. "This thing," said Mr. Higgins, coldly, to the assemblage, "this thing, whatever it is, has gone too far. Whatever it is, it has gone too far." "Let me explain," said the analyst, whose Adam's apple was going up and down nervously. "It's all your fault." Then he explained how it was all Mr. Higgins' fault. When he had ceased talking, Mr. Higgins quietly stepped forward and knocked him down. "Take him away," said Mr. Higgins, "take him to a wholesale dry-goods store and see that he is registered there as Floyd L. Goomberbloom, a manufacturer of spindrift shafting grommets." With which the healthy young clothes-pin man adjusted his tie, kissed his wife, and returned to his office.

—James Thurber

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE nautical language of our seagoing journalists practically ruined those costly boat races for us. At times we wished that Sir Thomas had just sued us for the cup.

•

Our State Department is watching with nervous interest the series of upsets in South America. The question always is: Does the new management take over the good-will that Hoover left there a year or so ago?

•

The defeat of Cole Blease in South Carolina is a step toward Cosmic Betterment. A little thing like that can brighten up one's whole decade.

•

Thus far Heywood Broun has conducted his campaign for Congress on a high plane. We trust that Comrade Broun will not sink to bitter personalities and call Magistrate Brodsky a magistrate.

•

The president of the W.C.T.U., Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, has given fair warning. If Tuttle declares himself wet she will find some other party to be the life of.

•

The Auditorium Theatre in Chicago has fallen victim to old economic determinism. Grand opera has given way to baby-grand golf.

•

Columnist Coolidge says that any investigation now of tariff rates under the flexible clause would upset business. The subject is not to be opened till Christmas, 1940.

•

Apparently the Republican style-sheet requires that "worldwide" must always precede the word "depression." Even the snootiest Democrat cannot claim that Hoover is responsible for the slump in Jugoslavia or the weakness of the zloty.

•

Our Governor has come out for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Delegates to the 1932 National Convention will save money if they hire their living quarters by the month.

•

Dean Inge holds that the state should recognize limited contract marriages, but that would never do with us. Americans prefer life sentences with generous reductions for bad behavior.

•

Both parties are jubilant over the results of the Maine election and everybody is very, very happy. Let us now forgive and forget the "Stein Song."

•

Peggy Duncan of South Africa is now the woman's heavyweight champion of the English Channel but New York cannot promise to tear up many telephone books for her. Our heart is true to Trudy.

•

Major Campbell shows that Lowman asked him to ease up on enforcement during the Presidential campaign. To this Lowman neatly replies that the Major used to be a horse-doctor, thus clearing everything up nicely.

—Howard Brubaker

WORDS

How beautiful must have been the first slow word
To him who found it and to those who heard
Back in the twilight of time!
Strange, that a man could shape his lips to a sound,
Strange, that a man's harsh throat should loosen, and cry
A word, a name:
Day . . . for twelve short hours of light,
Day . . . for a swift half-circle of flame!

A man, but lately upright on the ground,
Swallowed and small beneath the surging sky—
Strange, that he should mark
The black and silver trees, the ghostly, white
Storm of stars beating across the dark,
And utter: *Night!*

O stony throat, broken, articulate,
O wild throat greeting the darkness and the sun,
How could you know the thing that you had done?
This you knew:
Perfect and few
Were the words you found, blinding and beautiful.
Strange, ah, fearfully strange, that a man might turn
To another man and say:
Night . . .
Day!

—Frances M. Frost

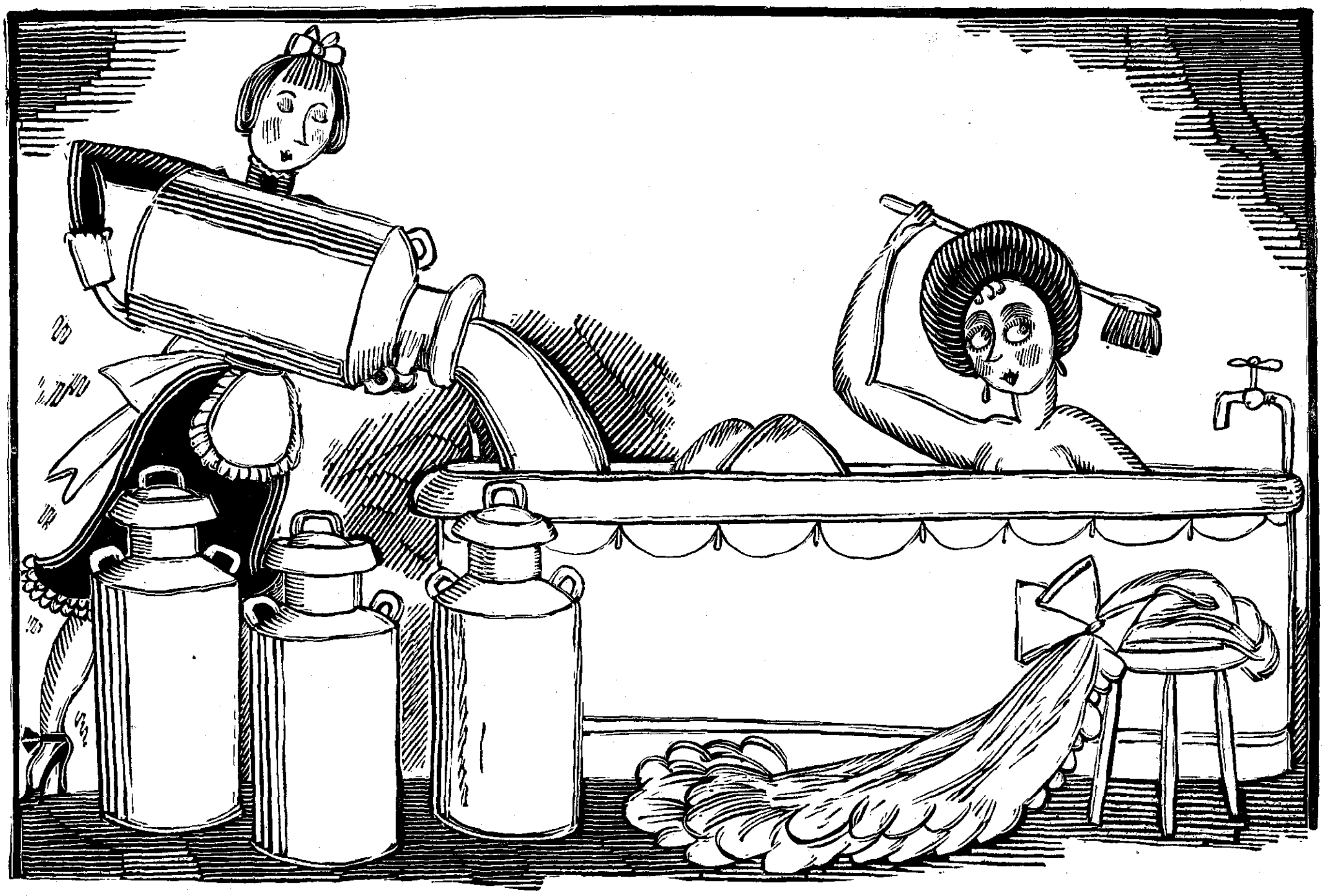
220 EAST 42ND

WHEN I last went to a certain office to which from time to time business takes me, it was a comfortable, homey affair.

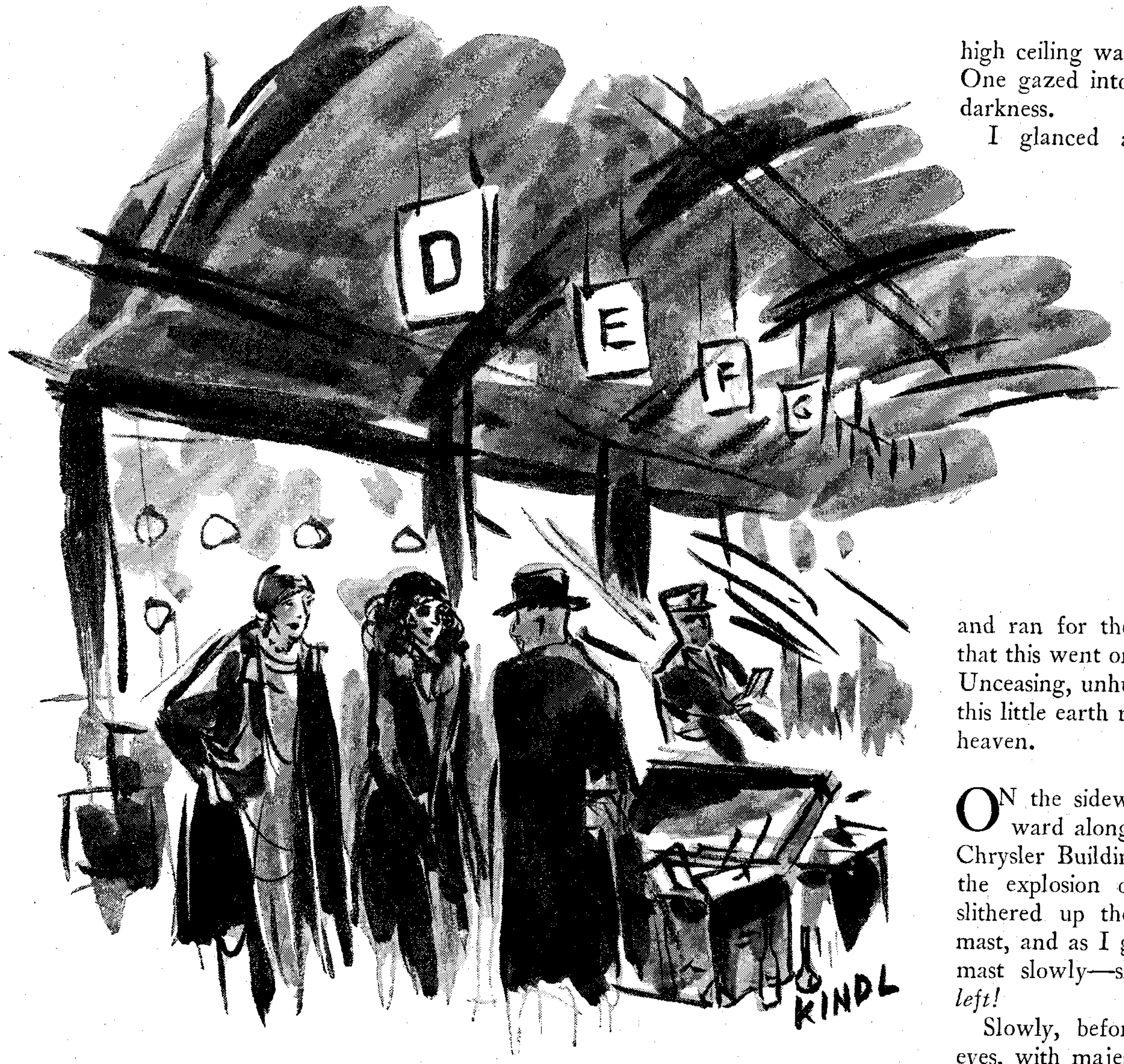
In a businesslike reception-room sat a pretty young girl, doing one of the cozy little things which girls do since tatting has gone out—combing her hair, powdering her face, or chewing gum. She said: "What name, please?" I said: "Vorse." She looked up at me with inattentive and lovely eyes and murmured: "Did you say 'Borse' or 'Horse'?" In fact, it was homelike and informal.

When next business called me to this office, it had moved, as all things perpetually do in New York. The new address was 220 East Forty-second Street. We drew up in front of one of the explosions of new office buildings in Forty-second Street which look as though the Lord Almighty had said: "Let there be skyscrapers," and there were skyscrapers; and the morning and evening was the eighth day.

Undaunted, lighthearted, I walked



WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE
ANNA HELD'S MILK BATH
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WHO IS NO RELATION



"We had the roughest trip going over but coming back we sat at a table with two Oxford men."

• •

in—and there, my friends, filling the foyer, was a terrestrial globe a couple of rods across. It was suspended in a sunken pit and with solemnity it circled around a hidden sun!

Around the sunken pit, unfortunate young men, in an advanced state of hypnosis, were gathered. The walls of this dimly lighted room, in the midst of which the enormous mimic world revolved on its axis, were decorated with disquieting aspects of the earth's surface.

Appalled, staggered, I watched the earth revolve around the hidden sun. The young men didn't move, nor did people come and go with a brisk tapping of feet, but they slithered past the globe with haunted eyes as though suspecting an imminent necromancer, or sidled toward the pit, where they watched the everlastingly moving planet. In a stricken voice, I murmured: "Is this Two-twenty?" A bemused young man, not turning his eyes from the pit, answered: " 'S'News Building!" I met one who walked as though dazed with space and him I also asked: "Is this Two-twenty East Forty-second Street?," and he, with the tail of his eye watching the revolving world, replied also: " 'S'News Building!"

Then, before me, I saw a creature, drawn as if by a magnet, who slid sidewise and moved toward the pit in which swam the world. I saw him struggle. He wanted to run. He wanted to leave the terrifying sight. Relentlessly, the planet moved around the sun. He lurched away. Almost he escaped, and then the tail of his eye swerved again and he was lost. He too succumbed and joined the other bemused unfortunates around the moving world.

I GLANCED upward. One would expect, of course, the reassuring spectacle of a blue-vaulted heaven spangled with stars. Not at all. I gazed upward into black infinity. The high ceiling was made of black prism. One gazed into vertiginous space and darkness.

I glanced at the slow-revolving world. Almost, almost—it overcame me. Almost I also was one of the unfortunates. I clapped my hand before my eyes and staggered to the elevator.

My business accomplished, I gave one swift glance only at the world, at the poor befuddled youths around it, at the majesty of the black heavens, and ran for the open door, realizing that this went on all day and all night. Unceasing, unhurried, and everlasting, this little earth revolved under an inky heaven.

ON the sidewalk, my eyes slid upward along the silver sides of the Chrysler Building. They rested upon the explosion of its fantastic dome, slithered up the high, pointed silver mast, and as I gazed, this slight silver mast slowly—slowly—*moved to the left!*

Slowly, before my horror-stricken eyes, with majesty, the slight sliver of silver—moved—to the left.

Lightly we speak the words "frozen with horror." Has it happened to you? The little silver spire of the Chrysler Building moving to the left—dark wings of madness beat around me as I watched the moving tower. Slowly—slowly—it continued to move. Then I realized that so high it was, an innocent white cloud floating behind it had made it seem to move. I drew breath again, but still the shadow of madness was over me. I dived into a taxi.

"North River," I called. "Fall River Line."

—Mary Heaton Vorse

•

SHE MAKES A SUGGESTION TO HERSELF

If you insist upon making your life an
altar
Whence only votive fire may rise,
You must learn to endure the sight of
his grimaces
When smoke blows into his eyes.

—Muna Lee

HOW I GOT MY JUDGESHIP FOR $7.93

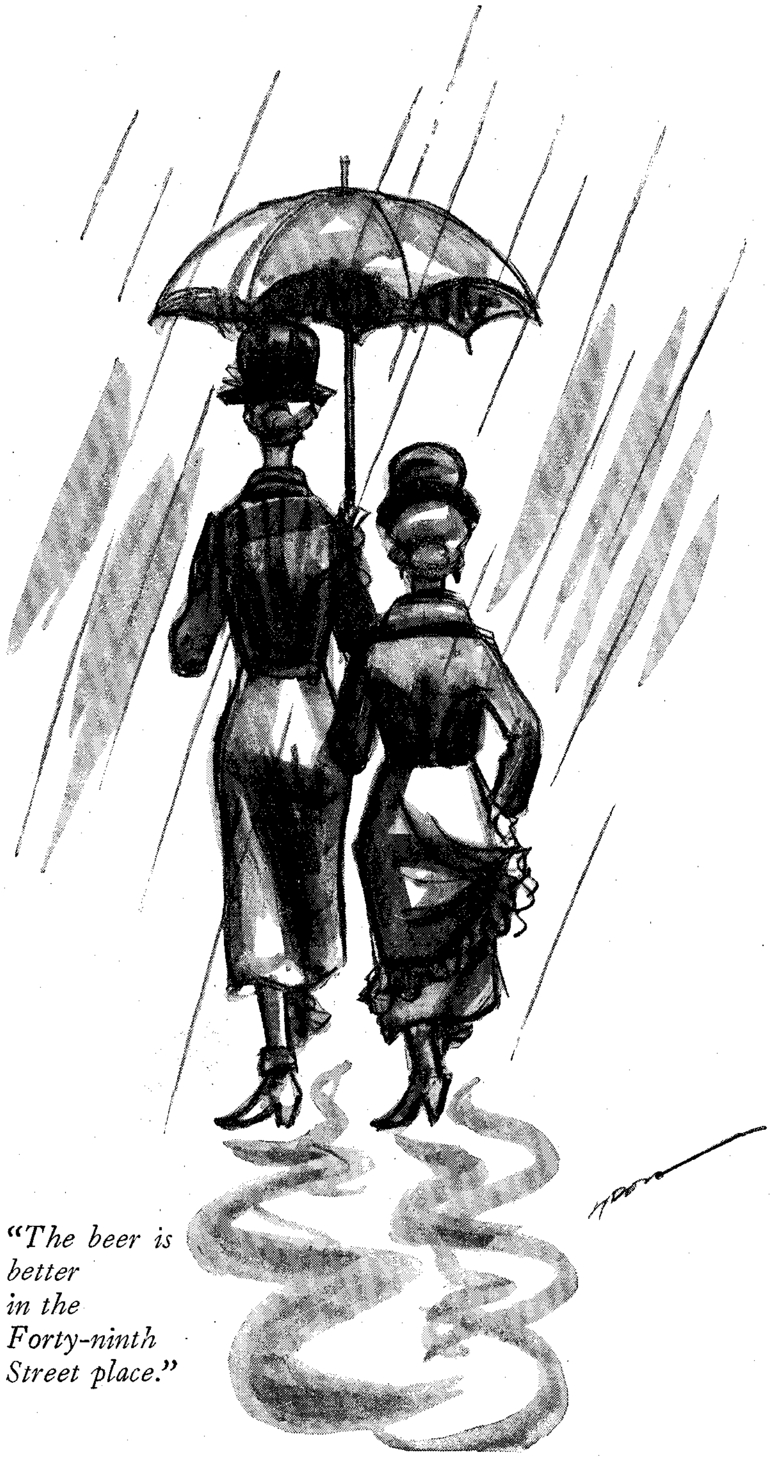
JUDGE BROCCOLI'S OWN STORY

I CAN'T help laughing when I read about colleagues of mine paying from $12,000 to $200,000 for their places on the bench. I got my appointment for $7.93, and I could have had it for less. But I have never begrudged the $7.93; the job brings me $25,000 a year, which is $24,000 more than I know how to spend. Anybody who has lived in New York a week ought to know how to get it just as cheap as I did. As a matter of fact, I don't see why we can't all be judges at $25,000 a year.

You folks don't know what you miss by going about with your eyes shut. Being a judge is a lovely thing in itself, and in three or four years I'll have enough money to buy Mt. Vesuvius and put a lid on it and take it off only on my birthdays and the Fourth of July. It is no trick at all to be a judge, and I am considered a good one. At least, there are lawyers that would rather try their cases before me than before anyone else. Lots of them would rather try their cases before me than before Charles Evans Hughes.

THE trouble with most people is that they are scared of being a judge. They think they would die of stagefright sitting up here on the bench with lawyers barking at you. But all you really need to know is to be stern and dignified and how to play the accordion. When things get too hot, you lock yourself up in your chambers and play the accordion. When you are in the court, you only need two words: "Granted" and "Quashed." If it's a hearing on a habeas corpus, say "Granted," and if it's about an indictment, say "Quashed." Those are the essentials.

If you do get into trials and motions and that sort of thing, don't get nervous. Just look around the courtroom. You'll see people giving kindly winks or nods or rubbing their noses, and you'll have no trouble deciding how to rule. The thing to do, if you have knotty points of law to pass on, is to have a good bailiff. He will pay close attention to the proceedings. Watch the bailiff and you won't go wrong. My bailiff can give signals better than John J. McGraw. All I have to do is watch his knee. If he moves it a fraction of an inch to the left, I say "Overruled;" if it's to the right, I say "Sustained;" if he bobs his kneecap, I say "Remember that you are in a court of law, counsellor, and comport yourself accordingly;" if the kneecap weaves about, I say "I'll take that under advisement." Dear old Fred. He is invaluable. He would be a help to the United States Supreme Court. Only once has Fred crossed me up since I have been on the bench. He didn't mean to do it then. He came in all jittering with a terrible hangover. Every time he twitched I ruled, and for the first time in my judicial career the Appellate Court upheld every one of my rulings. I had to give Fred a little temperance lecture. That sort of thing could not go on. If the higher courts sustained me, I would lose all my popularity with the bar. The lawyers must have reversals and new trials. Sustaining a verdict tears up their meal ticket. In the few cases where the lawyers have actually wanted the case settled, I have had a wonderful success. I've known lawyers to come into court really wanting to get a matter disposed of, and after hearing three of my rulings, they stepped into the corridor and settled the case out of court. I may



"The beer is better in the Forty-ninth Street place."

not be a Coke or a Blackstone, but I get results.

NOW comes the anticlimax. Everybody must have guessed by this time how I got my judgeship for $7.93. It was last fall. The stock-market crash had ruined me. The panic stopped all building construction. When building construction stops, sewer-laying stops, and when sewer-laying stops, ditch-digging stops, so I was left high and dry. One day, seeing another judge, it occurred to me that I was the type and that I would go in for the bench. It was a cinch. I just worked the old Macy's-Gimbel's-Gimbel's-Macy's racket, playing one against the other till I worked the price down from $50,000 to $7.93. I started off by going to Gimbel's and telling the floorwalker that I wanted a judgeship. "Third floor," he said, "for equipment for squash and law courts." When I got the price of $50,000, I told the young lady I thought I could get a better price elsewhere. "Gimbel's will meet anybody else's price," she said. You know the rest. Macy's came down six per cent to $47,000 on the first dicker, down to $44,180 on the second, and so on till the price was $7.93. Which one I eventually bought it off of, I won't say, as they both treated me most honorably and I wouldn't want to advertise either one at the expense of the other. Then I bought myself a heather-mixture ermine, warranted not to show spots, and was all set. As I borrowed the $7.93 from a lawyer and don't intend to pay him back, it really cost me nothing. My friends claim I'm the only man that ever deadheaded it into the New York judiciary.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

• •

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

REMINISCENT

When I consider how my life is spent,
I hardly ever repent.

HONEST

I'd rather hear an orchestra led by Mr. Walter Damrosch
Than see a race led by Sir Thomas Lipton in the Shamrosch,
But as a matter of fact neither one
Is exactly my idea of fun.

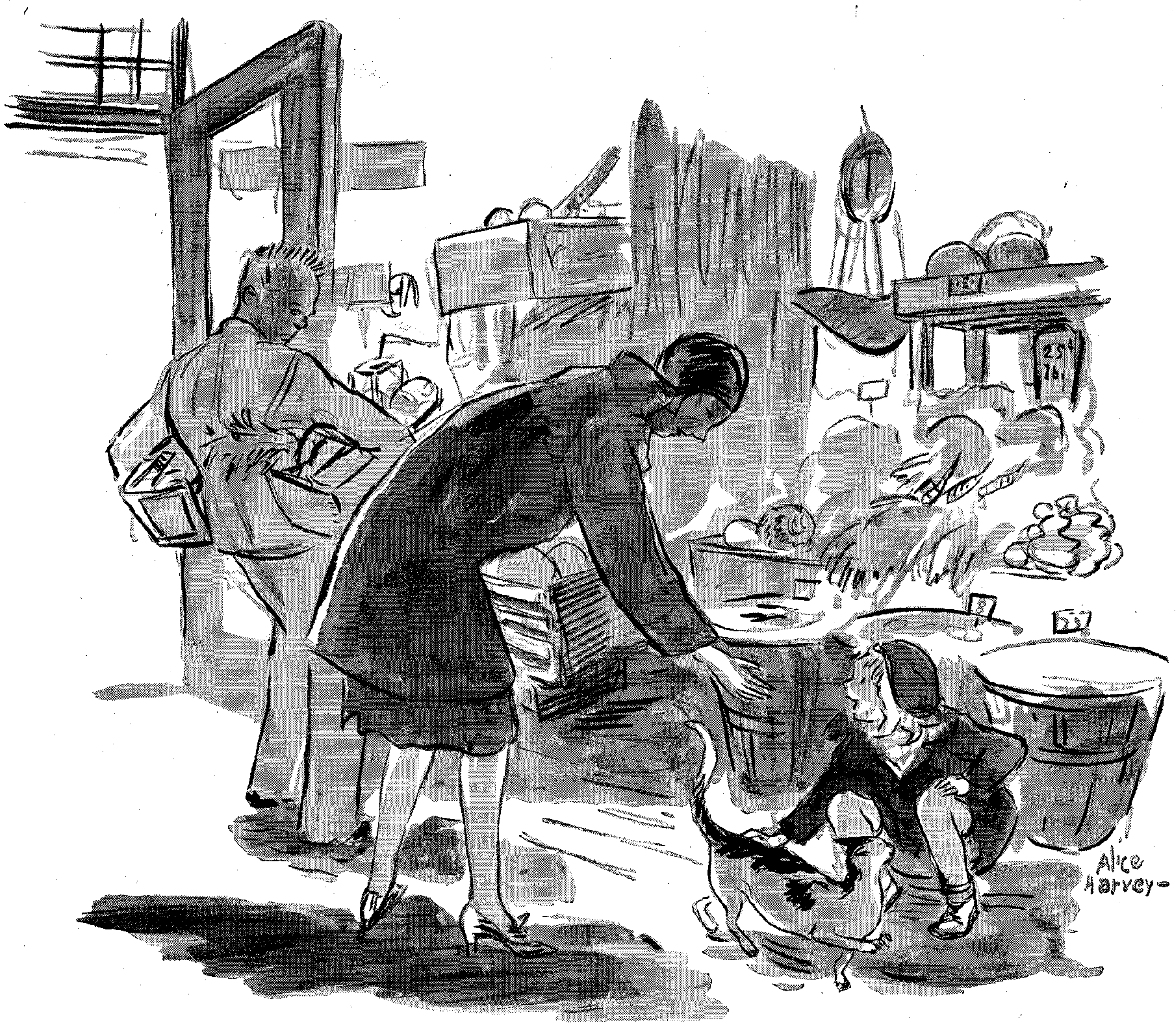
GRATEFUL

Many people would rather travel from Dover to Calais
Than be tunefully crooned to by Rudy Vallée.

SPECULATIVE

I wonder if the citizens of New York will ever get sufficiently wroth
To remember that Tammany cooks spoil the broth.

—OGDEN NASH



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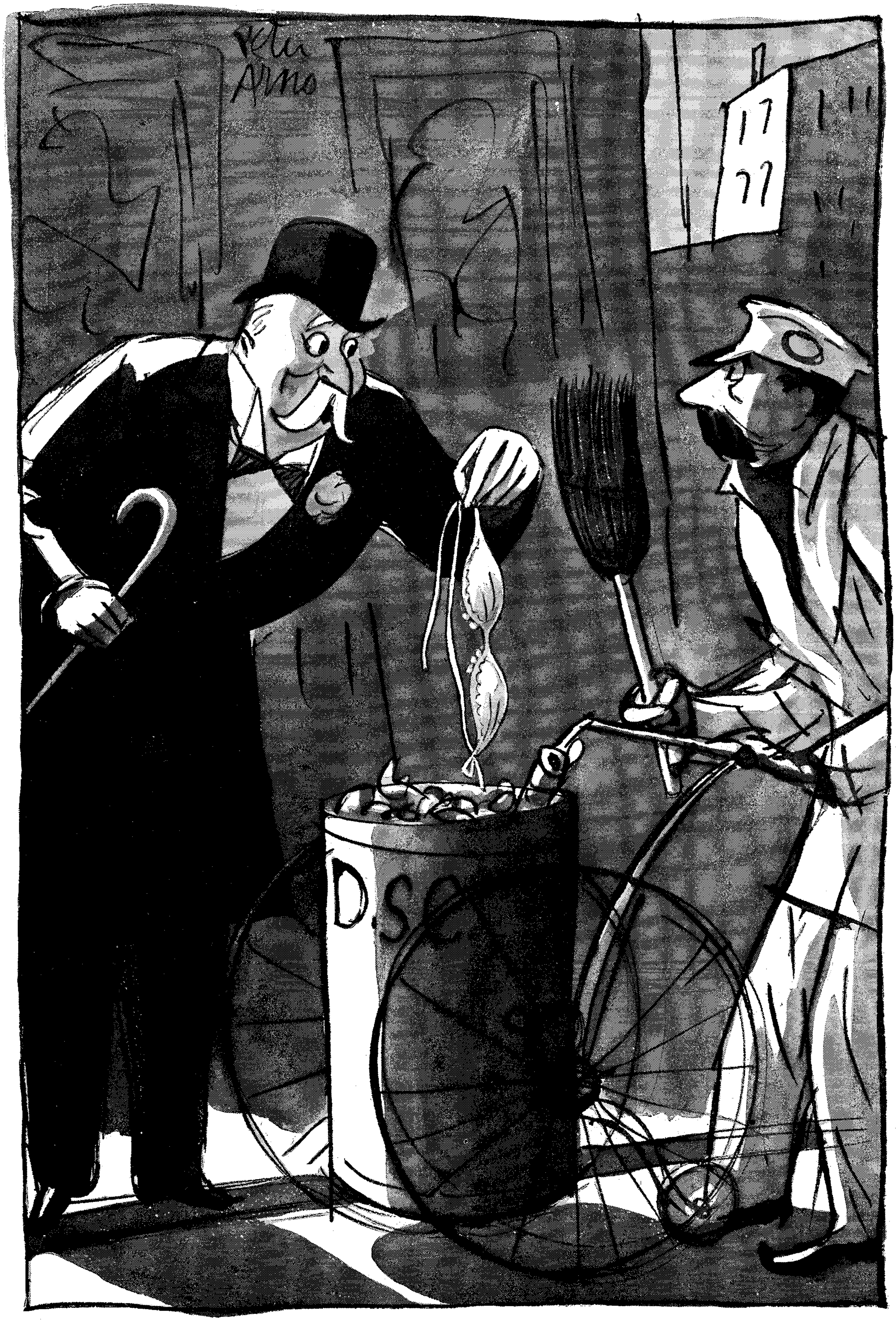
"Wait till I take one more smooth on the kitty."


Peter Arno
D.S.C

"*May I?*"

YOUNG MAN OF AFFAIRS—I

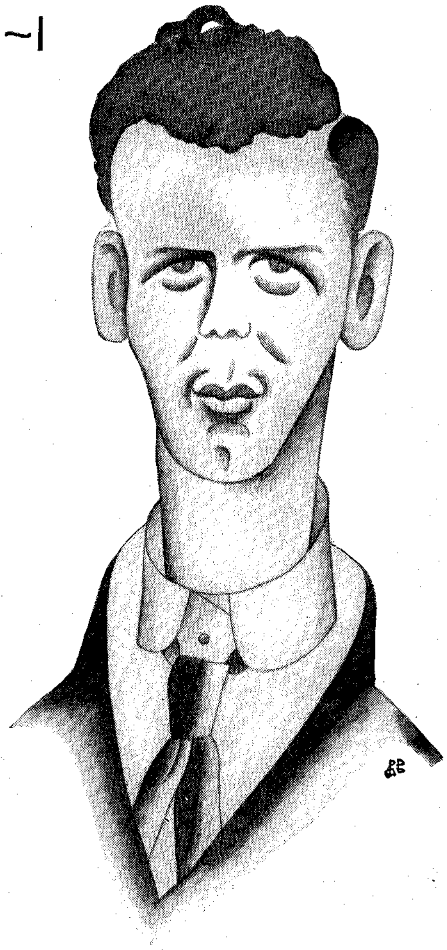
IN the early summer of 1927, while the U.S.S. Memphis still pounded the seas under forced draught to fling Charles Lindbergh into the arms of an enraptured democracy, a writer in the columns of this magazine observed, concerning the hero of the Atlantic:

> Even caught as he is, in the mazes of a mad insatiable world, Lindbergh must have his little snatched moments of calm. Very late at night, slipping off to sleep, he must look ahead and survey the prospect. To us, who have surveyed it sympathetically and fearfully, it is a little dismal.

Now by all the rules of human conduct, that prophecy seemed justified. It was in the book of human experience that Lindbergh, with that stunning adventure behind him, should spend the rest of his life lounging with his memories before an audience that gradually diminished from a nation to a few small boys, and finally expressing the conviction that the Atlantic, in the good old days when he flew it, was a real tough ocean.

But the Memphis was still a day's run from home when the first faint hint was offered that here indeed was no Channel swimmer of simple soul, facile in the hands of the exploiting mob, headed with an obliging grin toward oblivion. His very presence on the cruiser was, of course, a major concession to the mauling destiny that was eager to control him. He had not wanted in the least to come home, but to take a quiet look at Europe and without ostentation to visit Sweden, where his father was born. But a cruiser, even when it is moving under the orders of the Navy publicity bureau, is a pretty impressive thing and difficult to dismiss with a curt refusal—particularly if an ambassador is urging its immediate use. So Lindbergh made that concession to the spirit of his era—a surrender that was less his fault than his tragic necessity.

Three hundred miles off Nantucket, however, a destroyer, which had been ordered by Washington to take one of Lindbergh's press agents out to meet him at sea, hailed the Memphis and came alongside. The press agent got aboard with a package and with several hundred telegrams which had accumulated in his office from a dozen addresses. The telegrams were never opened, but the package was, and it contained the uniform of a colonel in the United States Army. The uniform had been tailored hastily but well, at the order of the Army publicity bureau, so that the hero might wear it when he stepped ashore.



Charles Augustus Lindbergh

Lindbergh glanced at it and tossed it on a chair. "I didn't notice," he said, "that the Army took much interest in me before the flight." He came ashore in his blue serge suit, and he has never yet worn an army uniform publicly, though his commission as colonel in the reserve entitles him to that inestimable privilege.

If that was a vagrant straw in the wind, the first solid evidence of the temperament he would bring to bear upon his unprecedented fame was offered in his first serious conference with his press agents, a week after his return. Before the flight, he had chosen these press agents, Messrs. Bruno and Blythe, rather as a matter of necessity than of choice. During all that spring of 1927—including the period of the flight itself—his activities involved a constant correction of naïve preconceptions. Just as, later, he arrived in Paris with letters of introduction, so he came to Roosevelt Field from California with the notion that he could slip off to Paris while nobody was looking. But a frenzy hung in the atmosphere over Garden City. Byrd and his crew, Chamberlin and Levine, the people of the Old Glory and of divers other ambitious ships, were surrounded night and day by nearly a hundred newspapermen and photographers. When Lindbergh joined this excited company it was not a front-page story, but it had to have a snappy lead and the boys wrote half a column about the Flying Fool.

He knew, then, that he had to have an interlocutor with the press. The appellation galled him, and he wanted it corrected. Furthermore, being the only solo flier of the lot, he needed all his time for preparations, and the attentions of the newspapermen were a real burden. He engaged Bruno and Blythe with these instructions: "Don't bother about getting publicity, because it doesn't interest me. Just make the newspapermen let me alone."

A WEEK after his return, during a brief lull in that fabulous reception which made the triumphant march of a conquering Caesar seem tame and half-hearted, he settled down in the press-agents' office for a general talk. The first thing they offered for his inspection was the fat series of clipping books containing the accounts of his triumph. He pushed them away the moment he understood what they were. "Send them to my mother," he said. "She might be interested. I'm not." He never read a line of the newspaper stories of his transatlantic flight.

With that disposed of, the press agents turned to the great pile of money offers that had poured in from the country. These mounted into the hundreds, and to receive them it had been necessary to keep two shifts of clerks on duty in the publicity office ever since the screaming cable of success came from Paris. Manufacturers pleaded for his endorsement of their products, begging him to name his price. Banks, moving-picture people, insurance companies, magazines, book publishers, every conceivable agency that could gain by exploitation of the Lindbergh name, made him an offer. When the tabulation was finished, it was found that he could, if he wished, earn slightly more than a million dollars at once with no overlapping of his endorsements or his jobs, and with no more labor than the signing of a few letters.

It required less than fifteen minutes for him to review the situation and decide that he would refuse everything.

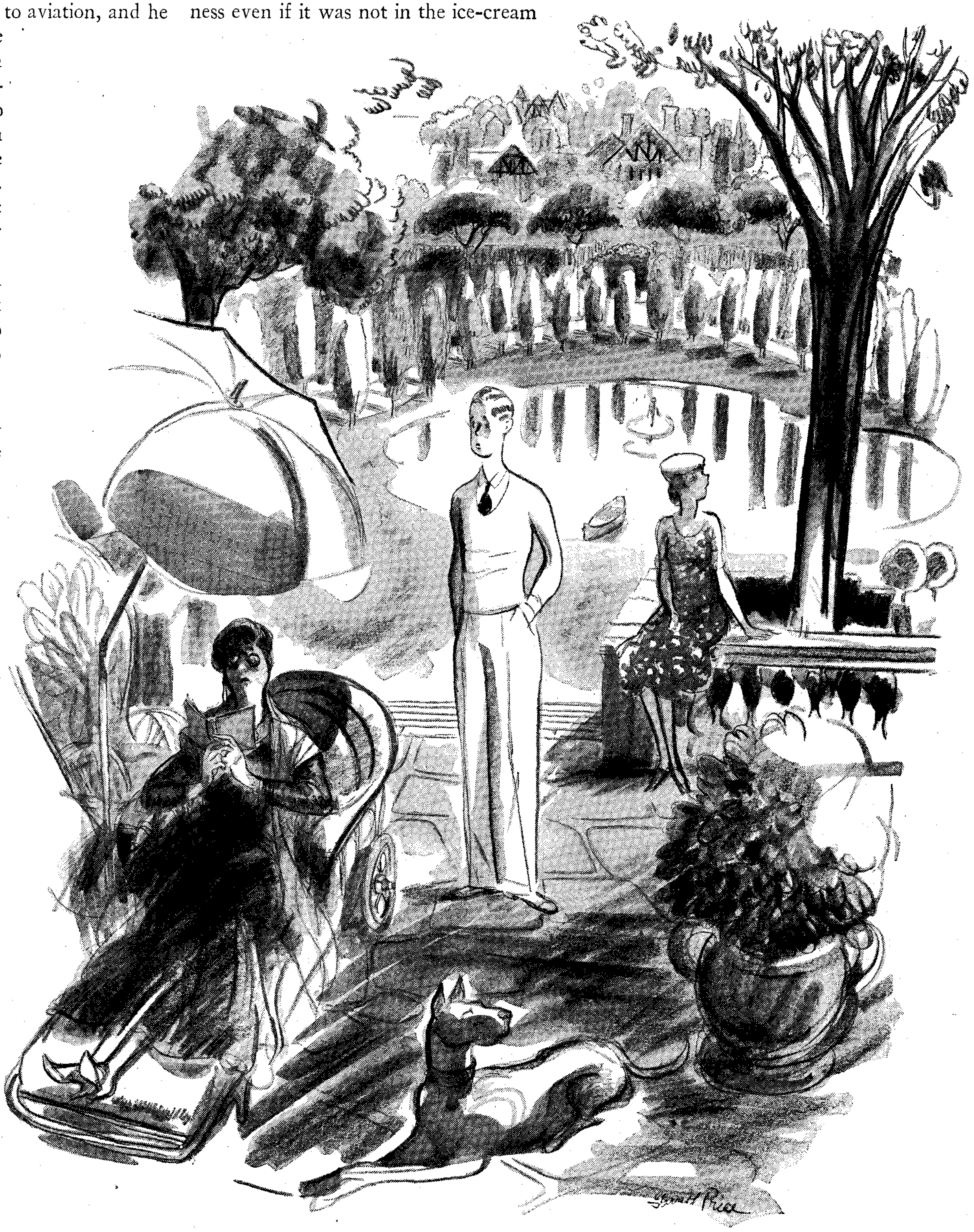
A number of things led him to this swift decision. His inherent sense of decency made him snort at the notion of hooking his great adventure to ice-cream pie or the Hollywood fanfare—though he very nearly endorsed a cigarette in anger at the old ladies who insisted he was a ninny. He was passionately devoted to aviation, and he believed it would be a serious reflection on flying if he allowed his name to be cuffed about on billboards and in the advertising columns. He had specific ideas as to the career he wished to pursue, and he was shrewd enough to see that if he hearkened to the ballyhoo, limbo lay close ahead and the career was impossible. He had excellent advice from important men in the aviation business, who quite naturally wanted him for themselves.

Last, perhaps chief among the qualities that saved him in this crucial moment, was the baffling quality which still makes everything about him a very genuine mystery. Perhaps it is simple contrariness. At any rate he had, or apparently had, an urgent desire that his flight be forgotten as quickly as possible.

So he turned away from the million dollars ready cash. He turned away from the terrific excitement that would have made his name a bore within a month. And while the editorial writers composed chants of praise for his good taste and his modesty, he launched himself upon a canny and highly profitable existence.

THE twenty-five-thousand-dollar Orteig prize, which always remained his chief reason for flying the Atlantic, was tucked in his pocket along with the thirty-five thousand dollars he had received for his articles sent from Paris to the *Times*. His fame was legitimate capital in the aviation business even if it was not in the ice-cream business, and he set out with every faculty organized to realize upon a careful investment of that capital.

While he was declining offers to be president of this or that newly sprung and dubious airplane corporation, he devoted himself to the writing of "We." It is not necessary to protest that no professional writing hand touched that manuscript. Obviously, Lindbergh wrote it himself—though



"I suggest you boat with Miss Geraldine."
"We did boat."
"Well, boat again."

later a professional writer helped him with certain of his magazine articles. Within a year "We" earned more than a hundred thousand dollars in royalties for him. And the pencilled manuscript earned fifteen thousand more from an ardent collector.

The book had scarcely begun its tremendous sale before Lindbergh was engaged to make his flight over the country in behalf of the Guggenheims. He flew eighteen thousand miles in short hops, with a combination secretary, publicity man, and mechanic for companion. For this job he was paid twenty-five thousand cash, and in addition he was engaged as advisor to the Guggenheim Foundation, at a salary of twenty-five thousand a year. After that initial tour, it was Lieutenant James Doolittle who carried out the actual flying experiments for the Guggenheims, but Lindbergh held his job until the Foundation wound up its affairs at the end of 1929.

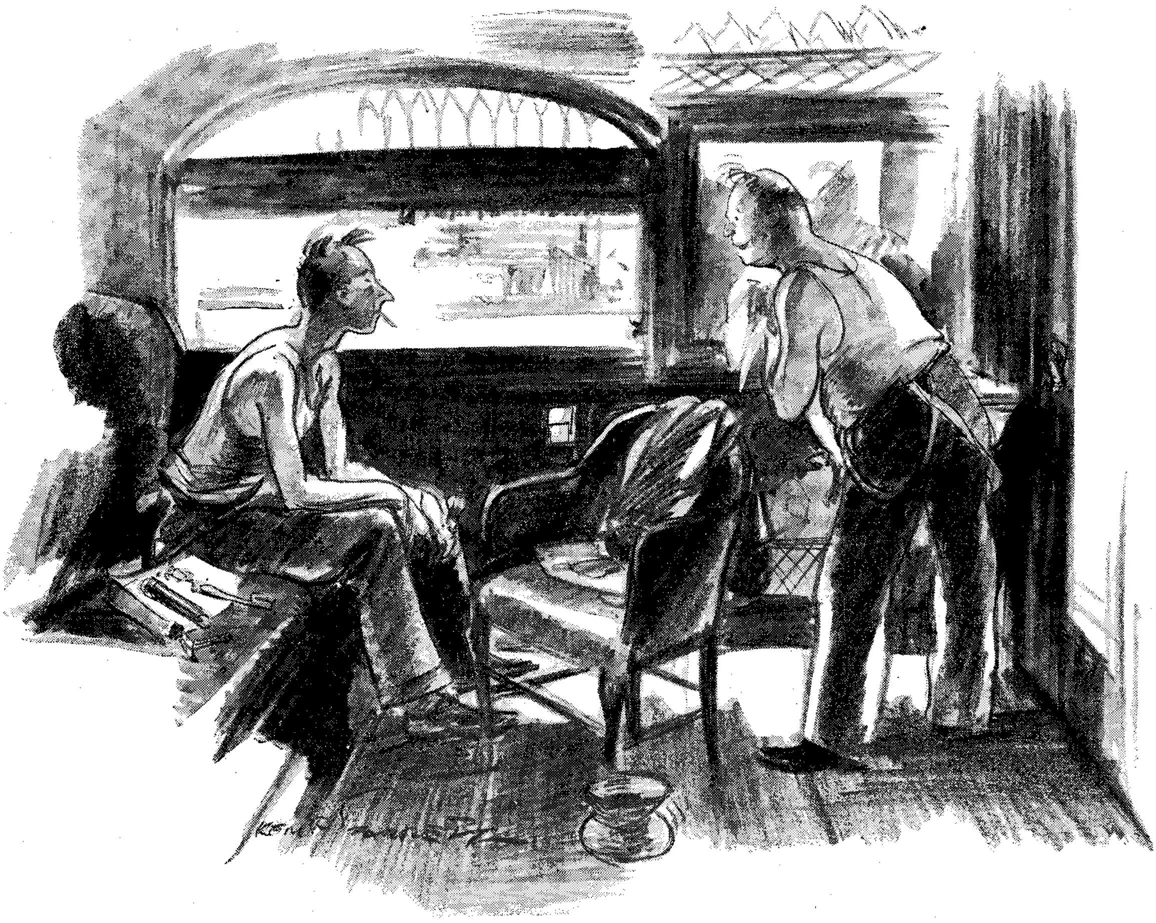
DURING his flight around America he visited more than forty cities, and it was nearly his undoing. Everywhere he was met by an immense, adoring crowd, and from the outset he hated those crowds and resented them with an active bitterness. Heaven alone knows how he expected to avoid them, or what he supposed the purpose of his flight to be. But before the tour was done his hatred grew into a phobia that at times was violent. He became, in short, "sucker-sour," a phrase which the carnival men have to describe the mood of freaks and snake-charmers when they go suddenly wild at the ceaseless procession of staring faces, and heave a pop bottle into the mob. He was accorded huge police guards. He was irascible to local reception committees. He gave the crowds barely a glimpse of himself, and he would strike out with his fists if anybody touched him.

The first, tentative criticism of this peevishness, however, was also the last. When Lindbergh was getting away from Washington on his flight to Mexico in December, 1927, the field was wet and muddy. On the day following his takeoff on one of his last test flights several of the papers carried a cautiously worded story which implied that he had deliberately soaked a group of spectators by swinging the tail of his plane toward them and letting them have the slip-stream from his propeller. Suits and dresses were ruined with the muddy water that went flying, and one Washington journal dared a resentful editorial. The protest against even this feeble censure came instantly. The poor wretches whose clothing had been spoiled wrote savage letters denying that Lindbergh was at fault. Indignant readers cancelled subscriptions, and the notion that Lindbergh might be something less than a god was permanently dropped by the press.

EVEN his violent display of temper at the Cleveland Air Races last summer—when he jeopardized the lives of fourteen innocents—stimulated only cautious dispatches from the press box and was quickly, thankfully, forgotten. I saw the thing happen, along with a hundred thousand others who stood on their feet and murmured an angry protest:

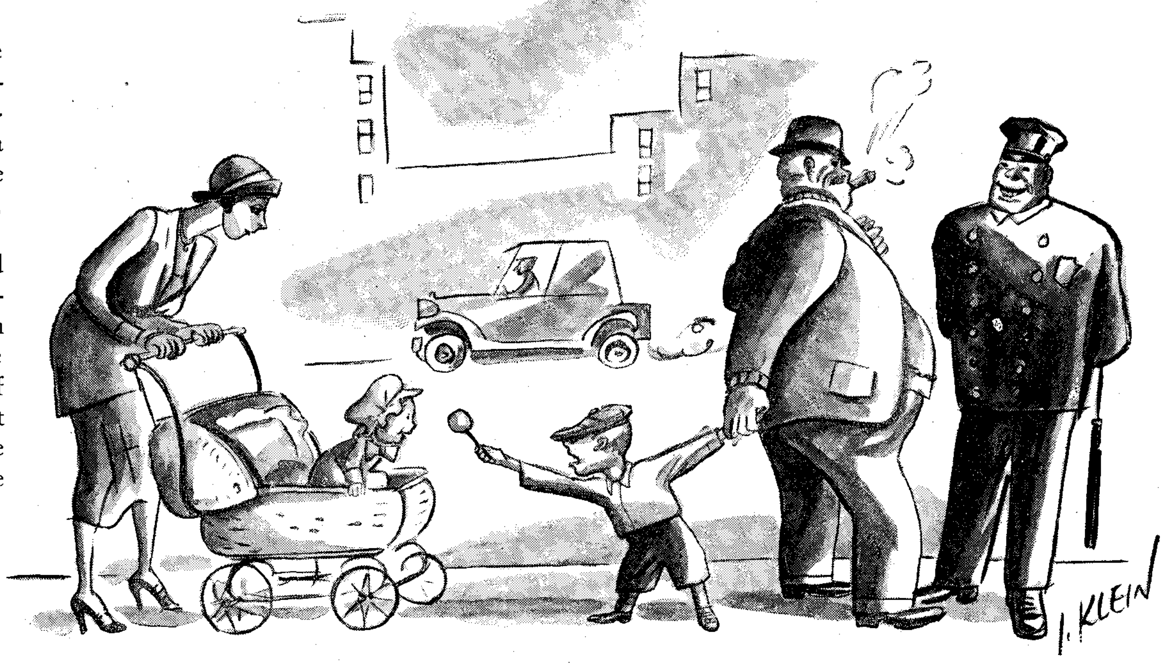
Lindbergh was stunting with two naval fliers of the High Hat Squadron, leading them through intricate formations. Field operation orders prohibited other ships from flying over the field when stunt fliers were at work—other ships, that is, with the exception of mail and passenger transport craft, moving on regular schedules. Lindbergh and his companions were about two thousand feet up when the Detroit passenger ship came in on its regular run: a tri-motor, flying at about eight hundred feet, with thirteen passengers. The ship was on time, it was clearly marked with the symbol of the transport company, and the pilot was flying low to keep clear of the acrobatics in higher altitudes. As he came over the field and circled for his landing, Lindbergh saw him, quite obviously grew peevish at the intrusion, and dived on him. The two naval pilots swung off, out of the picture.

With his limited visibility in an enclosed cockpit, the transport pilot sensed nothing unusual until the navy fighter that Lindbergh was flying roared under his wings and zoomed just ahead of him, catching his



"With me it's different—y'see I'm in the mortuary game."

heavily loaded ship in the slip-stream of a four-hundred-horsepower engine. It was palpably a maneuver to frighten the big ship out of the air, and for the space of a few seconds it appeared that it would have shocking results. Caught in so fierce a blast, the tri-motor wavered out of trim, and only smart handling made a safe landing possible. The transport pilot came out of his ship, white and sobbing with fury. He was placated by field officials. There was talk of an official investigation which never, of course, materialized, and the editorial columns of the press maintained a cautious silence.



"Here's a lollypop, kid. Remember me when you're of voting age."

• •

WORKING newspaper reporters generally dislike Lindbergh for the simple reason that he makes their job extremely hard, but their stories never reflect anything but a sublime admiration. I saw him land once, with his fiancée and Mrs. Morrow, at the airport in Portland, Maine. A group of reporters and photographers who were covering a transatlantic takeoff a few miles away at Old Orchard heard he was in the vicinity and rushed to Portland. One of their number was appointed to request a picture of Lindbergh and his passengers, but the Colonel refused bluntly. A few minutes later, taxiing his big amphibion down for a takeoff, the wheels stuck in the mud and he let the engine die. There were no attendants at the field, and the twenty newspapermen stood close by and jeered while Lindbergh struggled with the mess alone. They refused, by unanimous accord, to give him the moment's help, the shove out of the mud and the turn of the engine crank, that would have solved his difficulties. It was an hour before he could get away. The papers of the following day contained pleasant little stories of Lindbergh's brief pause at Portland for refuelling.

THE flight to Mexico City gave Lindbergh's friends—nearly all acquired since his return from France—an opportunity to observe him in his *métier*, and to make new, intelligent estimates of the reason for his triumph in that earlier, amazing stunt. The *rationale* of his success, it became apparent, lay in his almost inhuman faculty for concentration upon the task before him.

He completely ignored the attentions which official and unofficial Washington urged upon him. He stayed away from an elaborate dinner, at which he was scheduled to make a speech, in order to strain the gasoline into his ship with his own hands. He left nothing to mechanicians, not even the testing of his tires for air pressure. And while he was engaged in such labors seven waste-baskets full of unopened telegrams accumulated at his hotel.

He had engaged to write the story of his flight for the *Times*, and his first article had been sent in to the paper. The contract provided that he should approve all articles in proof before they were printed, and the proof of his first story had been mailed back to him, special delivery, with a request for a telegraphic O.K. He declined to look at it. As press-time drew near, the *Times* office tried for two hours to reach him by telephone in his Washington hotel room, but he was arranging charts for his flight and quite ignored the call. The phone in his room rang incessantly, and although he was oblivious to it a friend who was with him began to approach hysterics at the feverish, unanswered jangle. At last the friend lifted the receiver and heard an almost tearful *Times* editor say that the whole edition was being held up, and for Heaven's sake do something. But Lindbergh's friend did not dare interrupt the flier for the relaying of the message until he had done with the charts and gone on to another task: the selection of the sandwiches he would carry on the flight. When he heard of the plight of the *Times* he nodded through his abstraction.

"All right," he said, "we'll try to get around to it." He went back to the choosing of his sandwiches, and the *Times* went to press without that first article. But the paper gave Lindbergh a cheque for one hundred thousand dollars for his subsequent stories on the flight to Central and South America.

Meanwhile, under the stimulation of the transatlantic flights of 1927, the aviation industry was in the first stage of its hysterical growth. Wall Street money was showering over the new business. And the opportunity was quickly drawing closer whereby the unsmiling hero who was once a mail flier with patches on his breeches might reap where he had sown with such a flourish. —Morris Markey

(This is the first of two articles on Colonel Lindbergh. The second will appear next week.)

•

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR INNER-SPRING MATTRESSES. For the first six weeks sleep on it continuously at the same time turning regularly.—*Directions that came with a Montgomery Ward mattress.*

While things pile up at the office, eh?

THE THEATRE

SETTLING DOWN

PROBABLY not one person out of twenty-five in the audience at "The Up and Up" understands the exact meaning of the words which are being shouted over the telephones in the second act, and yet, contagion being what it is, the excitement in the stalls is practically intense. The scene is in the "phone-room" of a racing bookmaker, with six or seven of his confederates all busy at the same time, with their hats on the backs of their heads, taking in bets over the wire. (Illegal Practice No. 146333. State of New York *vs.* State of New York.)

To a great many people, including the sheltered editor of this page, bookmaking phraseology is just a shade this side of crystal clear in its import, and yet there is so much excitement and noise on the stage, and everything evidently means so much to somebody, that it doesn't seem as if we could bear it until we know how it all comes out. The knowledge of how all *what* comes out is the only thing lacking to complete our frenzy.

All of which would seem to indicate that a well-directed scene (in this case Howard Lindsay was responsible) with plenty of noise and telephone bells, really doesn't need much in the way of lines to make it effective. The bookies might have been reciting excerpts from "Sez Calvin Coolidge" in the *Herald Tribune*, and still the second act of "The Up and Up" would have had a genuine thrill for me, and all that I know about horseracing is not to stand directly in the middle of the track when the horses are coming down the stretch.

Unfortunately, the first and third acts are not in a class with the second. The speakeasy chatter rings just as false as the racing talk rings true, possibly because Sylvia Field and Donald MacDonald are very obviously the two last people in the world who would be running a speakeasy in 103rd Street. Miss Field might possibly preside over a J. M. Barrie speakeasy in an abandoned rectory in Kirriemuir, but, owing to the recognized mechanical difficulties in making a sow's ear out of a silk purse, all the good acting in the world would not transform her and Mr. MacDonald into a pair of cheap, uptown bootleggers. In addition to these errors in casting, the authors (the Misses Flint and Madison, of "Subway Express" fame) have put so much local-coloring matter into their brew that the thing is a great deal more like a speakeasy than a real speakeasy could ever be.

In bestowing a great deal of praise on Mr. Pat O'Brien for his performance as Curly, the bookmaker, it is not implied that he is better sow's-ear material than Mr. MacDonald or Miss Field. In the first place, he is not called upon to be as tough as they are, for Curly is one of those calm, silent grifters who chew gum and save words. In the second place, I have an idea that Mr. O'Brien is an exceptionally good actor. For anyone with a single evening to devote to the current Broadway drama, I would recommend dropping into the Biltmore Theatre along about nine-thirty and catching Mr. O'Brien and the whole second act of "The Up and Up."

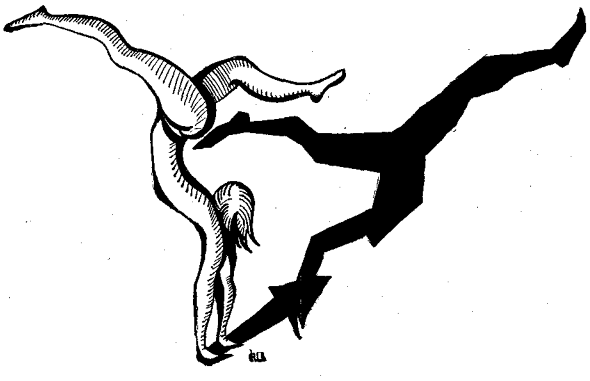
THE first-act curtain to "The Long Road" promised fine things, for the author and director, Mr. Hugh Stange, evidently knew the value of repression. But repression, if repeated in curtain after curtain, and scene after scene, soon shows through as a formula, and before long it became evident that Mr. Stange was just an old repression-lover. Then the words which were left unsaid began to speak for themselves and turned out to be not so good as we had thought.

Although the one scene in which the author lets himself go is laid in a field hospital at the Belgian front, the real drama of "The Long Road" takes place in Brooklyn during those little-heralded war periods of mobilization and demobilization. The Yaphank and Upton and Penn Station feeling, with offstage snatches of "K-K-K-Katy" and "Smiles," has been caught with remarkably little visible effort and brings back one of the war's most tragic periods, when everything was new and squeaky and when it really did seem as if Democracy or something was at stake. Laying the action in Brooklyn somehow doubled the effect.

But as "The Long Road" winds on, and Dr. Tom Lovett discovers that the man who dies in his arms is the man who is the father of his own wife's child, Mr. Stange's honest tale dwindles into something less than drama, and not all the naturalistic methods of Mr. Otto Kruger or Miss Marion Wells can serve to make it the play that it should have been. Even at that, Mr. Stange has no reason to be downcast, unless perhaps he was counting on "The Long Road" to carry him in luxury through the winter.

MR. FRANK CRAVEN has been a little too modest in his new play, "That's Gratitude!" He hasn't given us enough Frank Craven. We have come to expect, and, I believe, quite within our rights, that a Frank Craven comedy will involve Mr. Craven himself to a degree which amounts practically to slavery. We expect to see him, first confident, then worried, then finally embarrassed and in great confusion, so that we may laugh and cry and slap our thighs and exclaim: "What a man, what a man!" as we have been doing for years. There is no actor, or author, of our time who contributes so much to our feeling of personal superiority, and anyone will tell you that that is what successful comedy is. We must be made to feel that, dumb as we are, there is someone just a bit dumber. That is little enough to ask for three dollars.

But in "That's Gratitude!" Mr. Craven has written parts for George Barbier and Maida Reade and Ross Alexander and Myrtle Clark, all of whom are quite worthy of



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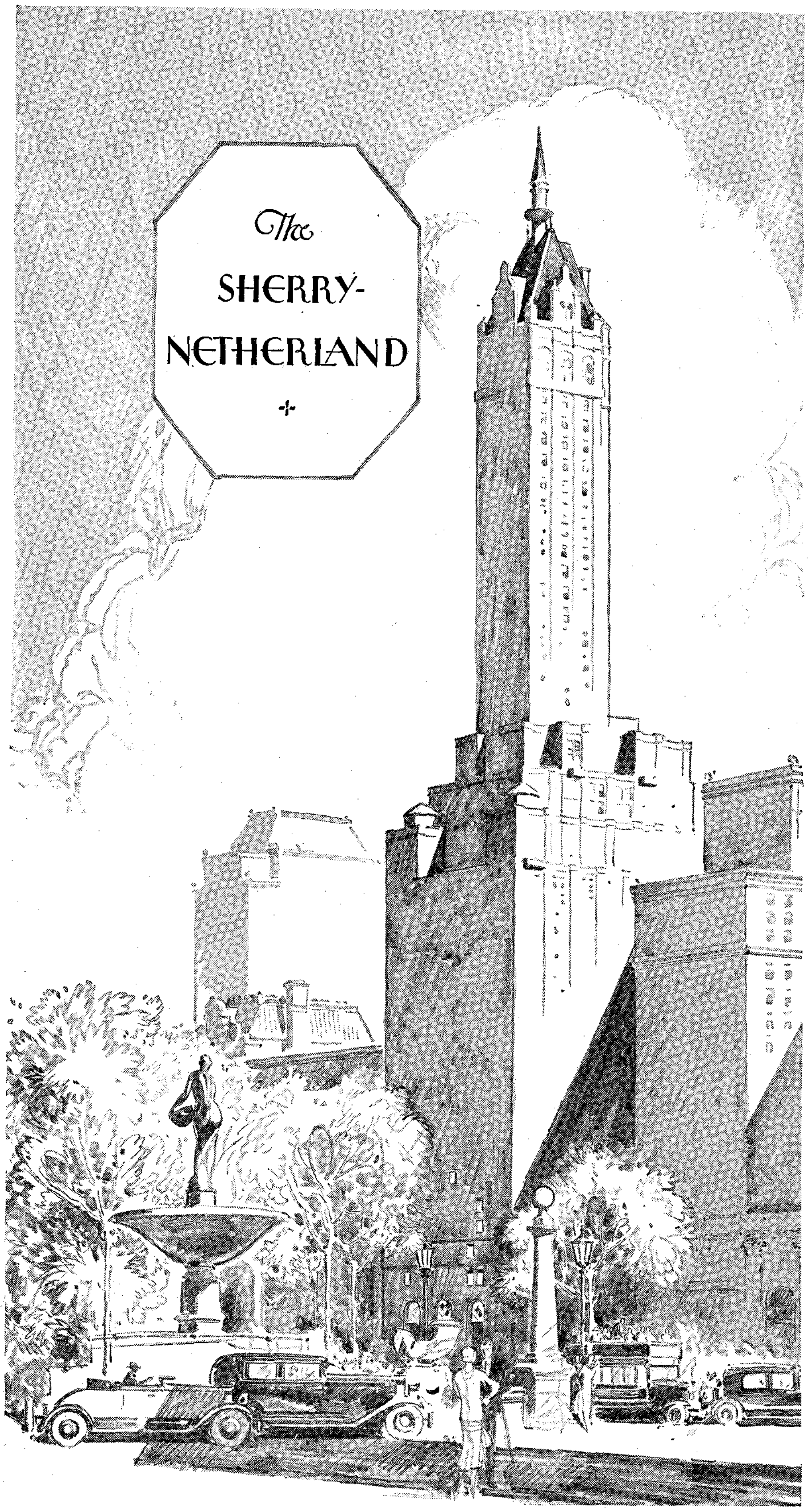

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

having parts written for them, but none of whom is Frank Craven. In the excitement of getting a young lady started on her operatic career, the author has neglected to write anything for himself. He comes on every now and again, it is true, but it is more to see that the lights are working well and that the acoustics are right than for any other reason. He cannot realize that it has not really been his plays that have held us loyal all these years, but he himself.

A few weeks ago one of our major comics confessed to me that some great lethargy had come over him, and that he just doesn't seem to care any more. He has a full season ahead of him and a devoted nation to welcome him, but his heart is not in it. It almost seems as if this terrible thing had come upon Mr. Craven, too. Terrible for us, I mean, not for him.

—Robert Benchley

•

SPANISH IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

WHEN I received a business letter in Spanish the other day, I at first regarded it as a mere nuisance. However, when I think that it was instrumental in introducing me to the delights of Castilian, I am profoundly grateful to the sender.

The letter looked simple enough, and I overconfidently said to myself: "I'll just get out the Spanish dictionary and translate it." After looking up a few simple words which must have meant "shipment" or "invoice," or something of the sort, and not finding them, I was about to put away the volume—with my own opinion of Spanish lexicographers. But my eye, idly wandering down its crowded columns, struck *ajilimojili.* "Ajilimojili, ajilimojili!" I muttered rhythmically, "What poetry! What a flow of sound! What can it mean?" Well, it meant "garlic and pepper sauce," but from that moment on the letter was forgotten. In rapt, ecstatic silence I wandered through the pages.

Ordinary words were conspicuous by their absence, but the most astounding faculty for putting whole complicated phrases in one word revealed itself. Not only that: the Spanish have words that are pure words of leisure—words de luxe—that no one, no coarse Nordic anyway, would ever want to use. Take *enzarzar;* it means "to set up hurdles for silkworms." (Also, incidentally: "to throw into

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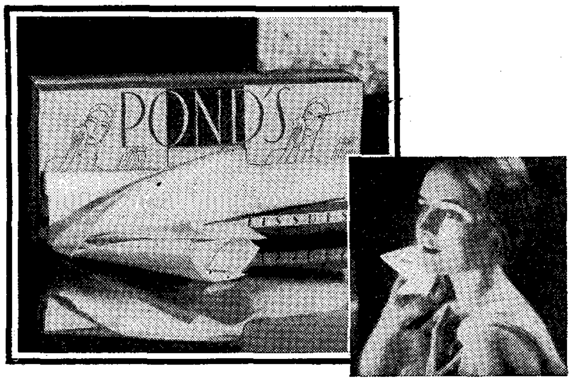

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bramble bushes.") This is art—art for art's sake. They seem, by the way, to have a kind of silkworm-fixation, because little *disdecho* signifies "act of cleaning silkworms." This offers a fascinating picture of Spanish life.

Another aspect of the language is important: like Humpty-Dumpty in "Alice in Wonderland," they have a way of making words work overtime that simply wouldn't be tolerated here. I don't know whether or not, like Humpty, they pay them extra. Anyhow, *pongo* means the following: "narrow and dangerous ford," "Indian servant," and "orang-outang." We are not told what the Indian thinks of this juxtaposition. *Rodador* is "roller," "a kind of mosquito," and "sunfish." *Helice* outclasses these with no difficulty by meaning "ship's propeller" and "Northern constellation of Ursa Major." Think how useful this one must be to navigators.

THEN there are what we might call the "restrictive" words. Their meanings only apply under certain conditions. Thus *herrada:* "water in which a red-hot iron has been cooled." Presumably if the iron had been just fairly hot, *herrada* would be null and void and another word rushed into the breach. *Sobrecana* is a tumor on a horse's leg; nowhere else—a dog or cat can't have a *sobrecana.* *Pompa* is the tail of a turkey when expanded. When he contracts it, Lord knows what it becomes. *Papar* (wonder of wonders!) is "to chew soft food without swallowing." Hard food—steak, or rock candy, for example—no go. Out. English is left miles behind; we have no words such as these.

We also discover words which for terseness are unequalled in our crude tongue. Five-syllable *politiquear* means "to discuss politics out of season." This really helps make life easy. The young Spaniard leaving the Iberian equivalent of a speakeasy with a bloody nose has only to say "I *politiqueared*," instead of the long explanatory rigmarole our crass lingo requires.

Pick up any good Spanish dictionary and try your hand. Soon I propose to put French, Italian, and German to the test, but I scarcely dare hope that they will prove more than weak imitations of Castilian.

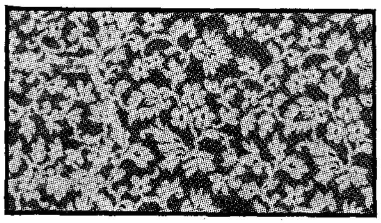
—FREDERICK PACKARD

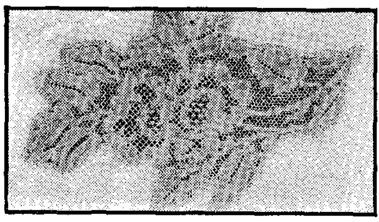
•

LEO—Mushrooms Monday noon. AYESHIA.—*Personal note in the World.*

Hm-m. Fungi business.

Adventures IN Lace





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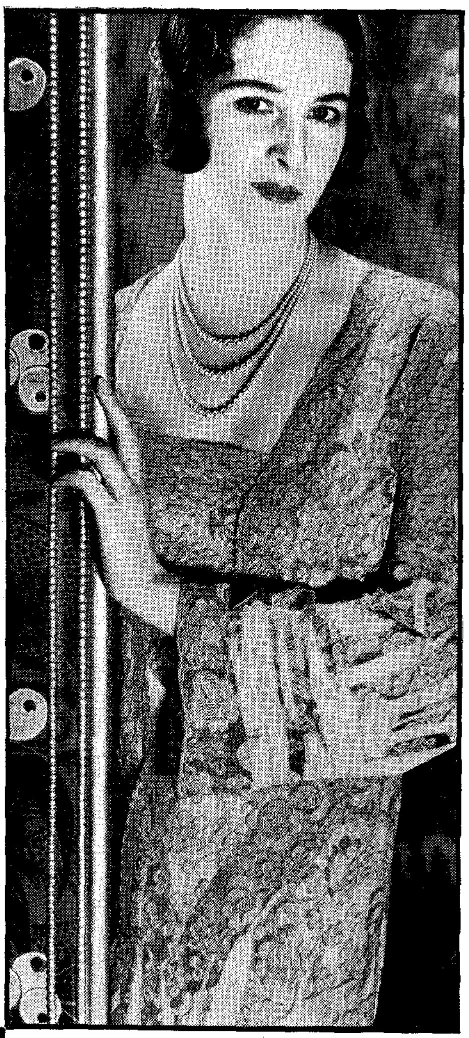
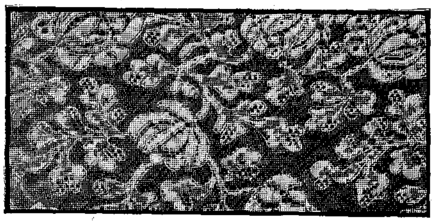


(*Above*) An enchanting pajama ensemble from Hattie Carnegie, of imported crêpe-de-chine, inset with very lovely, handmade Alençon lace.

(*Left*) The delicate tracery of the rose point lace gives this beautiful gown from Hattie Carnegie richness and elegance in exquisite taste. "Lux cleanses laces and fine fabrics perfectly," Hattie Carnegie assures you.



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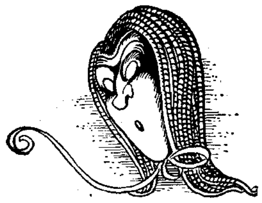
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



CROQUET

UNDER the convulsing title of "With Mallets toward None" this page recently recorded a regret that the venomous and violent game staged these days and nights on the Long Island greenswards had no literature at all, no printed rules, and, indeed, no name of its own—no name, that is, to distinguish it from the old-fashioned and sedate pastime which is also known as Croquet. From the sundry replies to my lament, let me select first that of John T. Doyle, president of the American Sports Publishing Company. "Possibly," he writes tartly, "the enclosed may help quiet the dissonance on the North Shore and diminish the necessity for Rinso." The enclosure proved to be a booklet bound in green morocco with my name (actually spelled right) embossed in gold on the cover. The title is "Modern Croquet," but an examination of the rules set forth within shows that it refers to the same old gaffer's delight which is played every day of the year in Central Park. I have participated both as a spectator and as a player in these decorous struggles which proceed without profanity and without passion. Indeed, they are hushed affairs always, where you hear nothing save the gentle impact of ball on ball and the relentless hardening of arteries round about you. If this be Modern Croquet, then dear Mary Mapes Dodge is exerting such a sweet, wholesome influence by her editorship of *St. Nicholas*, Mr. Cleveland will probably carry Oneida County, and my Fauntleroy suit needs patching.

It bears about as much resemblance to the game I have in mind as Old Maid does to Stud Poker. The chief distinguishing element is that of distance. The Wimbledon balls and mallets used in our hardier game are so much larger and heavier that the two-handed stroke, as in golf, is not only permitted but made necessary. Then two rules have introduced possibilities of intrigue which make success dependent on at least as long a memory and as guileful a prophetic sense as could be employed in Contract Bridge. One is the rule that a rover can be put out of the game by his opponent. The more important one is the rule that a ball which hits another may not hit it again without first passing through the next wicket. The consequent impotence becomes the focus of the fight and is sometimes prolonged for an hour or more while the poor wretch struggles back along some vista, fighting for a chance to slip through the cordon and become assoiled by going through his wicket.

BUT after all, these variations derive their strength from the initial fact that there are no bounds, that your biceps furnish the limit. As far as I know, this expansion of the game was introduced in Englewood, New Jersey, in 1920. It was introduced by Neysa McMein, who in those days used to wear for the purpose a sneaker so much too large for her that she could take a prehensile Piltdown grip on the ball. Therefore was she popularly known as Little Miss Webfoot. But nowadays we know her chiefly as the Grand Old Lady of Croquet. This distinction she owes to the evergreen memory of a shot she made in those early days. It was toward the end of an interminable game over which darkness was fast settling. Her impotent ball had been driven out of sight in the distant dusky shrubbery. When we yelled to her that it was her turn, we heard a crash. The ball came hurtling into sight. It curved around a gazebo and vaulted lightly over a bed of verbenas. Then it struck a tree trunk angrily, turned sharp right, went through two wickets, and hit the stake. That shot was long the most implausible thing that Englewood had ever seen. Indeed, it held that distinction until recently, when Dwight Morrow sat down in front of the cameras on the night of the primary returns and picked up that copy of Herodotus.

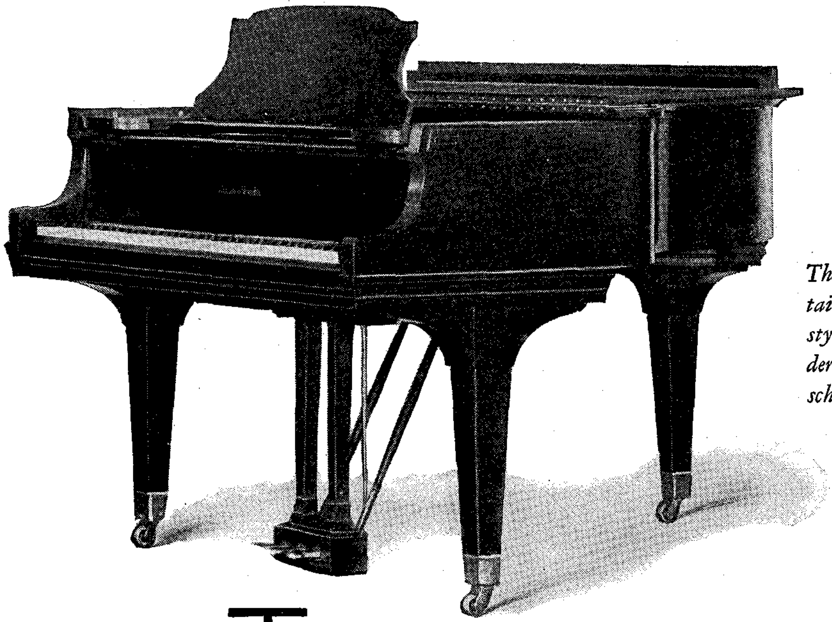
THE difference between beating a man at golf and beating him at what I am constrained, for the moment, to call Ultra-Modern Croquet is the difference between passing a man in a race and socking him one in the nose. In Croquet you do not merely excel your neighbor. You damage him, a practice more soothing to certain temperaments. That, I suppose, is why Croquet induces among its participants such extraordinary rages. It releases no end of poison from the system, but whether it releases more than it generates, I cannot say. On this nice point, I have consulted certain psychiatrists of my acquaintance, but as the question does not involve the sexual impulse, I found it difficult to hold their attention.

I cannot pretend that it was we who introduced this element of fury. In its oldest form, Croquet always had that. Witness this letter from one who signs herself, with simple dignity, Frances, Countess of Screwloose:

> Here I was—not five minutes ago—sitting up in this damned little hot-box of an apartment, with the most frightful head-cold and the old sinus going like an electric ice-box, and not knowing a soul in New York saving my husband (God rest his soul!) and not a thing in the place to read. Then came a thump on the door and I went and *there* was my New Yorker and your Shouts and Murmurs. And now everything is lovely again and I am all back to normalcy and be damned to my sinus. I used to play Croquet with my sister (older) who always beat me and very superior she was too, and knew it. And in my twelfth summer I hauled off one day and hit her in the stomach with my mallet and knocked her stiffer than a plank. I took a terrible beating for it (parental) and the Croquet set was presented next day to the laundress's kids, and for days afterwards my sister went around very stiff and proud and rather green around the gills. And here I was thinking that my life had been a futile, wasted affair! I feel in perfect communion with the little old maid who told Father O'Leary in confession that she had sinned once in her youth. "My daughter," said the priest in a tone of compassion, "that is a grave and wicked thing indeed, but it happened over thirty years ago." "I know it, Father," she replied cheerfully, "but sure and I still love to think on it!"

SO I know I must write that handbook on Croquet one of these days, but I shall wait until the season is over—three inches of snow will attend to that—and I can get to some quiet place where the wickets cease from troubling.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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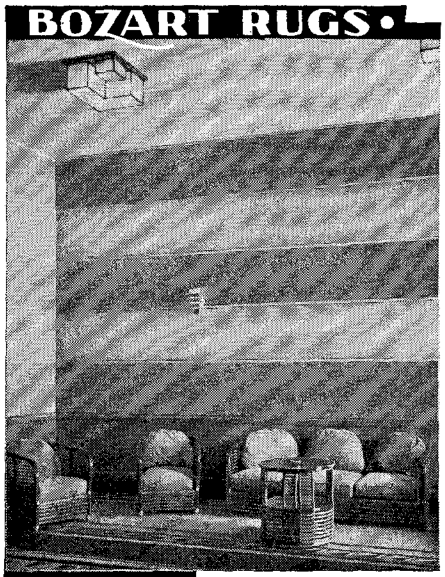

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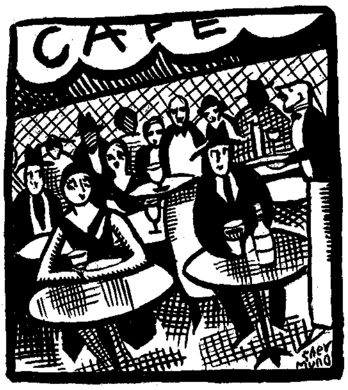
AMURRICAN IN PARIS

[IN CASE YOU WEREN'T THERE]

IT is with deep regret that I am forced to report that the French are losing their grip. The people who so staunchly fought the Battle of the Marne are rapidly approaching a state of complete disintegration. Visiting France after a lapse of three years, leaping lightly from the boat at Havre anxious to come in contact again with the good old snarling Gallic spirit, the change was appallingly apparent. For weeks I tried to find a waiter who sneeringly answered you in English when you spoke to him in French. I got into taxi after taxi, trying to find that good old-fashioned bandit who used to deposit you, bruised and battered, at the wrong address and then howl and howl about the *pourboire*. Where are the menials who used to despise you and grin openly when you overtipped? Where are the shopkeepers who never bothered to deliver your hats if you paid for them ahead of time? Gone. Vanished. Prosperity has gone to the heads of these hardy people. They smile on Americans in Paris in a fatherly way—they think we are kind of cute and eccentric. And a smiling French waiter has no personality whatsoever.



Imagine my consternation when I jumped into my first taxicab and found it equipped with Triplex glass for the safety of the *passager*. Three years ago, *passagers* were dogs, to be trampled on and despised and cut into small fragments if possible. Picture my horror when the driver refused to misunderstand where I wanted to go, and started ambling thither by the shortest route, admiring the view as he proceeded, giving up the right of way when another taxi seemed to be in a hurry, and beaming on the children in the Bois. In all my *vie* I never hoped to live to see the day when I had to say "*Plus vite*—I ain't got all day" to one of these boys.

No, you can't find a fight anywhere in Paris. Gone like the snows of yesteryear are the manicurists who used to slap blood-red varnish on your raw and bleeding cuticle, despite your anguished cries. They use nice pink polish if you prefer, and, after fussing a good deal, they ask anxiously if Madame is pleased, if she has had as good a manicure as she could get in America. No look of cold disgust, no curl of the lip, no good French charm. I could sob my heart out.

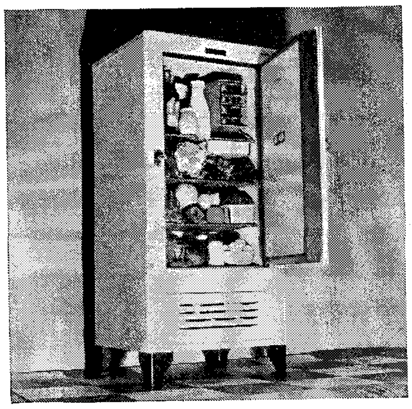
All those comic little automobiles that used to buzz around Paris are more rare than Austins in New York. All the merriment and the insolence gone. They all try hard to look like Chevrolets and Chryslers, for God's sake. One evening, having sallied forth with an alluring gentleman driving a Cord, it became apparent that it wasn't safe to leave the darn thing for a minute. Even after nothing more than a quick dash into a *boîte* for one cognac, there were inevitably, on your return, six bearded boys haranguing on the beauties of this American work of art; inevitably there was a small Frenchman lying prone in front of the front wheels, peering anxiously beneath in an effort to find out where the works were concealed. You could start the car, put it into gear with loud ostentatious noises, you could honk your head off, but there he remained in the gutter under the wheels, all ready to be run over if need be but determined to learn something. What has happened to the French pride of race that they want to learn something from barbarian American designers?

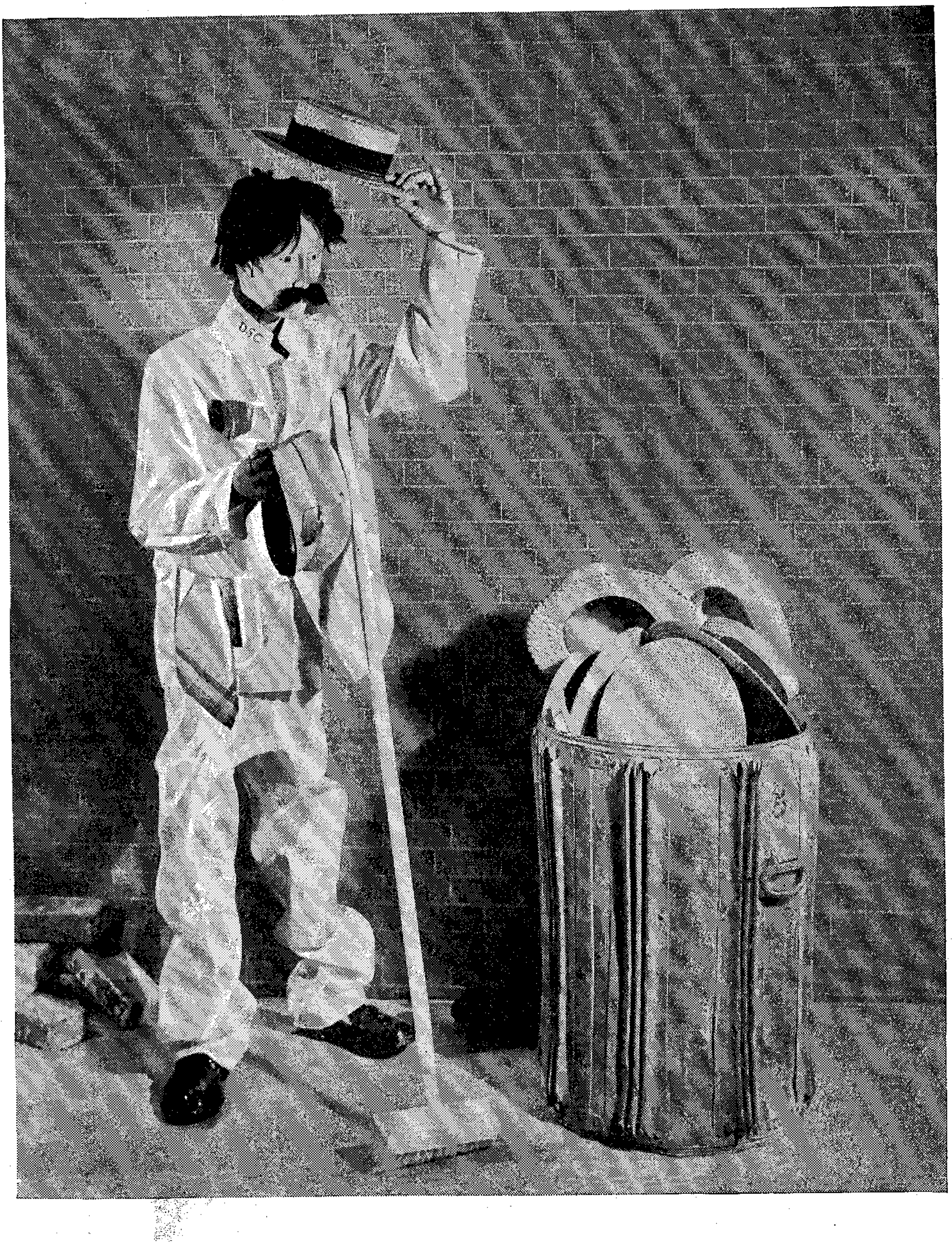
After cold, rain, and unprecedented chillth for weeks, a hot spell suddenly smote Paris to celebrate my departure, the sun emerged, and the Château Madrid waiters smiled again. To one who has weathered a New York hot spell, it was just a nice warm day, but the hardy Parisians were dropping in the streets like flies. They lay around the Bois in their undershirts, gasping and moaning "*Oh, la chaleur! oh-h-h, la chaleur!*"—the fighting spirit of 1914 in a state of complete decay.

NEWS of the smawt, smawt young American colony: The latest sensation at the Ritz Bar is tomato-juice cocktails, busily superseding the champagne cocktail as a before-lunch beverage. Though made with fresh tomatoes, they sadly need the College Inn touch. Iced tea has been ordered at cocktail-time. The latest salutation to your best girl friend, preferably

INEXPENSIVE as straw hats on September sixteenth

Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 4 cu. ft. of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.

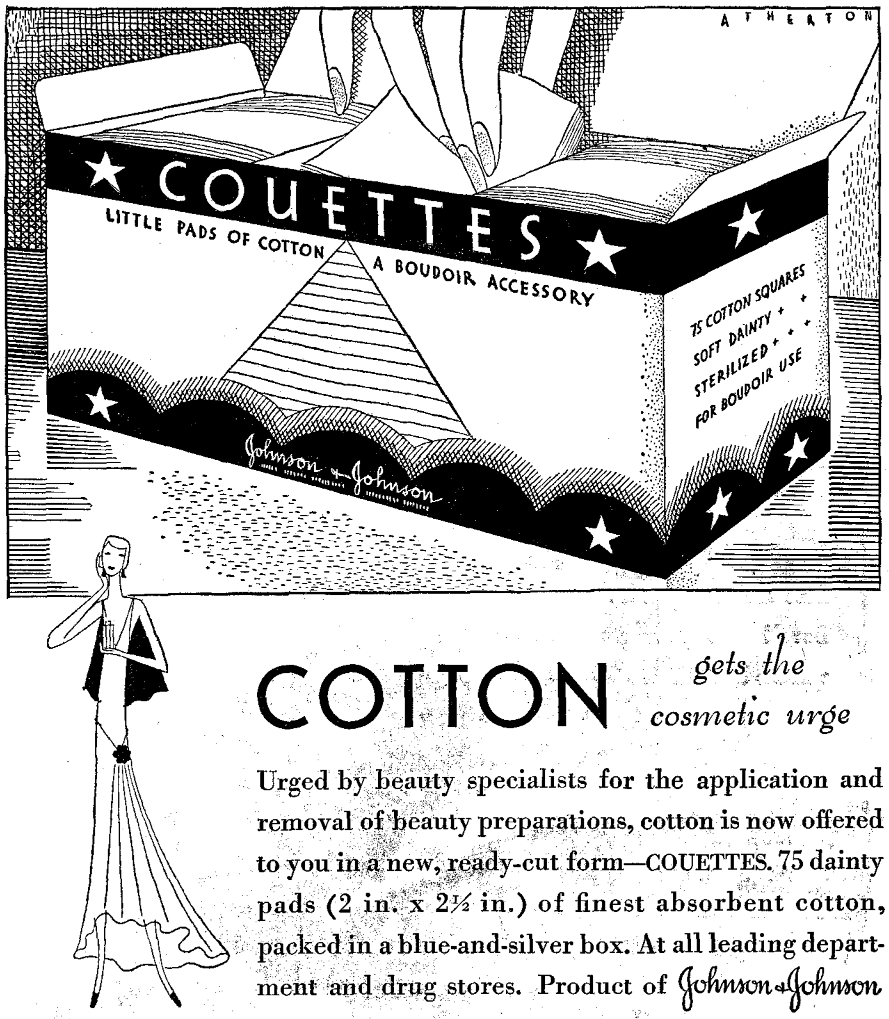




UNLIKE a straw hat, Electrolux is bought only once. The saving that this refrigerator makes is a lifetime saving. The operating expense is only 5 to 10 cents a day. And along with this saving you have silent, simple, trouble-free operation. No machinery, no moving parts. No friction, vibration or wear. And above all—no noise. A tiny gas flame and a slight flow of water do all the work. Prices from $195 to $430. See Electrolux at your gas company's display room, or write us for detailed information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., New York City.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



COTTON *gets the cosmetic urge*

Urged by beauty specialists for the application and removal of beauty preparations, cotton is now offered to you in a new, ready-cut form—COUETTES. 75 dainty pads (2 in. x 2¼ in.) of finest absorbent cotton, packed in a blue-and-silver box. At all leading department and drug stores. Product of Johnson & Johnson

savoir faire

A DISTINCTION, a *finesse*, in serving *Madame* and *Monsieur*—that is Longchamps! Here, those delicate flavors that so delight one are created by most critical standards... only the freshest of fine fruits, vegetables... seafoods, roasts, poultry ... most exquisite of patisserie and those lordly ice creams! Truly Parisian... that is Longchamps!

RESTAURANTS Longchamps

19-21 West 57th Street, Near Fifth Avenue

ALL *RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS* ARE OPEN DAILY INCLUDING ALL HOLIDAYS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA AND DINNER FROM 7:00 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

55 Fifth Avenue
North-east Corner 12th Street

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets

28 West 58th St., off Fifth Ave.
Through to 57th Street

1015-17 Madison Avenue
Bet. 78th and 79th Streets

bawled across a crowded restaurant, is "Hello, trollop," and "Oh yeah" and "Sez you" are still being said.

Another sign of disintegration, obvious out of season, is the way people don't dress when they go out prancing. You dance around until six A.M., and you don't dress. All over town, people are trying to be comfortable instead of making entrances. You can live in Paris in a small black beret and a chic black dress (buyers can be singled out at a glance because of the white bands across their foreheads and the white bows over the left eye on their berets, so don't get one of them). You can wear this costume day after day and night after night, and nobody asks you with a leer if you have been home last night. It's a nice comfortable town, Paris, in that line. If you look well, nobody cares what you have on or comments on details. We ought to import that spirit.

The French Line, thank God, remains the same. The same leaping and bounding and general hilarity prevail. Sensations of the trip were Georges Roos of the Île de France, a radio maestro who could find anybody on the boat, no matter what corner he hid in, and Sanitas of the France, who has a tender, dulcet touch with ping-pong tournaments. I really ought to shuttle back and forth across the Atlantic, just to see that nothing changes on the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. —LIPSTICK

•

ANNIVERSARY

When I was young, ten years ago,
And knew not half the things I know,
I begged of you a foolish vow,
From which I do release you now.

For if, according to our pact,
You should confess the blatant fact
That you had been untrue to me,
I should not thank your honesty.

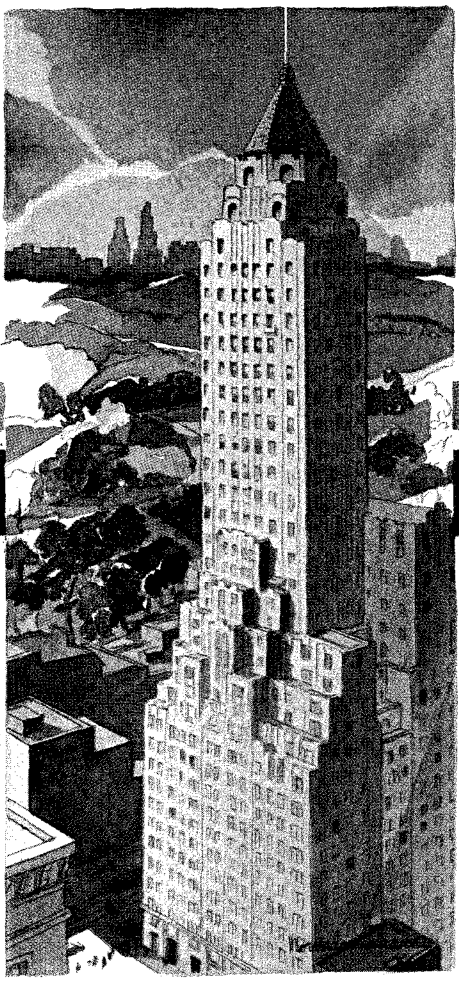
I'd stay awake all night and cry,
And ask you who and where and why,
While if you lied to me—I'd know,
But never have to tell you so!

—BETH WENDEL

•

The "Valse Caprice" will long be remembered, for did not the gracious Mrs. David Randolph Calhoun simply float through the air gowned in a chartreuse chiffon frock heavily embroidered in rhinestones.—*St. Louis Town Topics.*

She probably walks with a slight blimp.

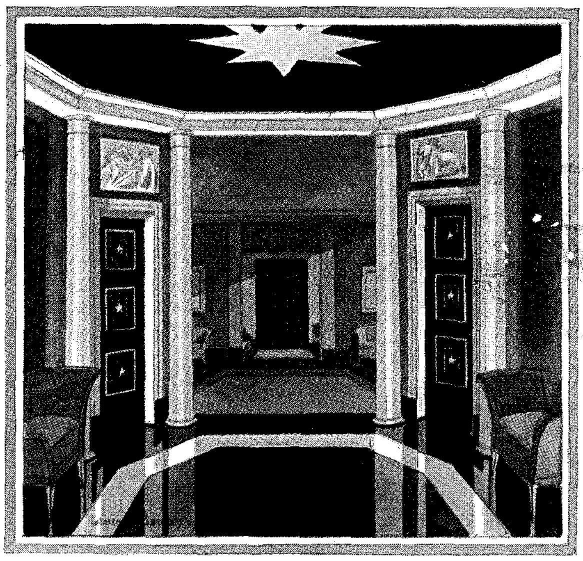


The CARLYLE

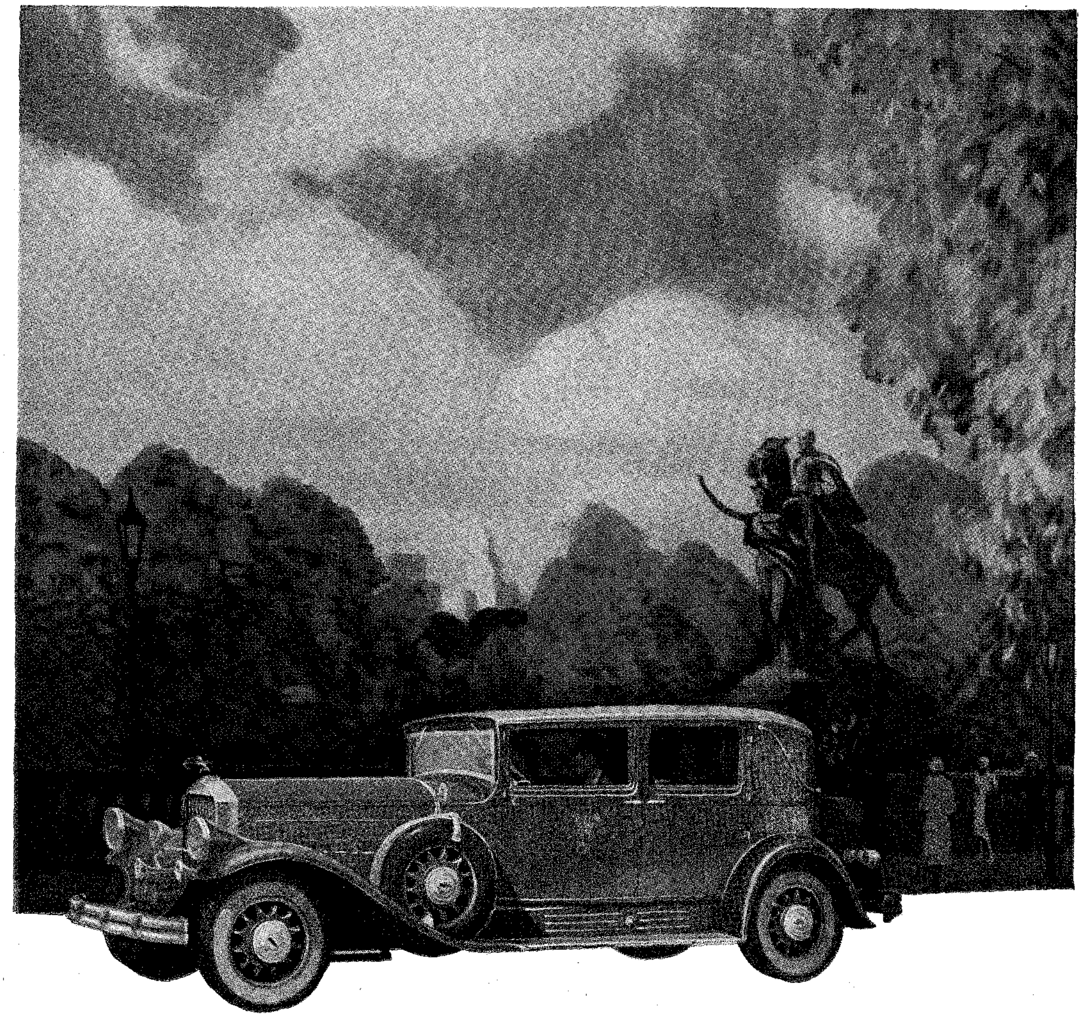
A veranda in the air—your private terrace . . . cool, breezy, enticing . . . a final touch of gay perfection to innumerable apartments at the Carlyle . . . not just another apartment hotel . . . a new and smarter manner of living—in blissful comfort . . . without a vestige of responsibility . . . where you have the fun of dining "at home" with a butler of the old school to serve you . . . and no catering to worry about . . . or in one of the three little intimate dining rooms downstairs of most un-hotel-like character . . . where you may entertain without the boredom of preparation . . . in your apartment . . . or in a private suite large enough for ten or twenty people—available when you wish it. One to ten sunny, delightful rooms—simplex, duplex . . . studios, 15 ft. ceilings . . . terraces . . . leasing now from October. Booklet on request.

An Apartment Hotel
35 EAST 76TH STREET
And under the same Management
50 EAST 77th STREET
Housekeeping Apartments of 7-9 Rooms ✦ *The Facilities of the* CARLYLE *are available and full Hotel Service if desired*
OFFICE ON PREMISES
RHINELANDER 0634

Mrs. George Draper. Style Consultant
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
RENTING AGENT
15 EAST 49th STREET PLAZA 9200



Entrance Hall



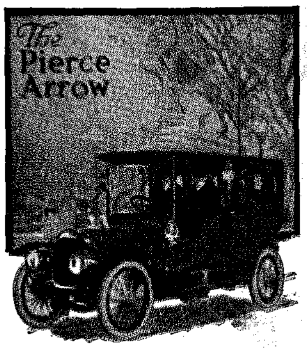
A new Pierce-Arrow Salon Model.. the Club Sedan . . and, below, a distinguished predecessor

PIERCE-ARROW PRESENTS

A NEW LINE OF EXQUISITELY APPOINTED

Salon Models

ADVANCE CUSTOM MODES FOR 1931



America's Finest Motor Car of 1908

Twenty-two years have wrought remarkable development in automobiles of quality, as evidenced by the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page. But scarcely less striking is the contrast between Pierce-Arrow's new Salon creations and even modern-day conceptions of beauty and elegance and distinction in fine motor cars.

Pierce-Arrow has anticipated, in these new models, the ultra-modern demand for a certain studied elegance—with interiors so richly appointed as to suggest distinguished drawing rooms—with colorings and equipment in the custom manner of tomorrow.

And beyond these lovely externals is the performance that is so reassuringly Pierce-Arrow — expressing, as always, every latest engineering development proved worthy of adoption by America's finest motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

THREE NEW GROUPS OF STRAIGHT EIGHTS • • 132 TO 144-INCH WHEELBASES • • $2695 TO $6250 AT BUFFALO

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

STORIES OF TODAY

PATHÉTIQUE

Spafford Wychoff,
Of Los Angeles,
Applied for reduction
Of his alimony payments.
At present he pays
His first wife, Vera,
One hundred and fifty dollars per
month;
His second wife, Adelaide,
Thirty dollars per month;
His third wife, Leona,
Twenty-five dollars per month;
His fourth wife, May,
One hundred dollars per month;
Or a grand total
Of three hundred and five dollars
per month.

And his income is only
Three hundred dollars per month.

A GENTLEMAN

Frank Wishart
Is running for sheriff
Of Lumberton, North Carolina.

The principal plank
In his platform reads:
"I will not raid
A man's whiskey still
Unless he has been given
Forty-eight hours' notice."

COURAGEOUS

The Reverend R. M. Broughter,
Of New York City,
Daringly asserted
In a recent sermon
That short skirts and rouge
Would never bar
A woman from Heaven,

And even went so far
As to advise all women
To "look lovely."

AFFAIRE D'HONNEUR

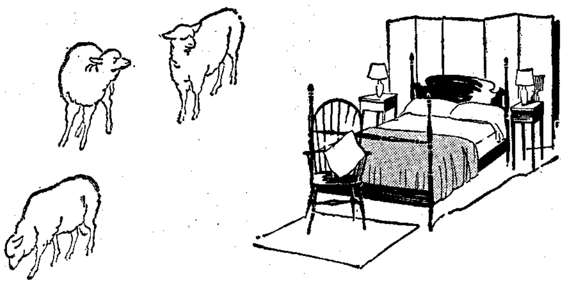
The French government,
Seriously alarmed
At the height of the new
Chrysler Building,
Has authorized the erection
Of a rivetted addition
To the Eiffel Tower—

To maintain the honor
Of being the possessor
Of the tallest structure
In the world.

—W. E. Farbstein

"I have seen many blankets but *never* better ones than these"

writes a Massachusetts woman



FROM all over the country the opinion is the same: "There are no blankets more lovely than Mariposas." To prove this you need but examine one. Crush it in your hands — how soft, how springy! Lay your hands between the folds — how warm, how feather light! Put it to your nose — how fresh and clean!

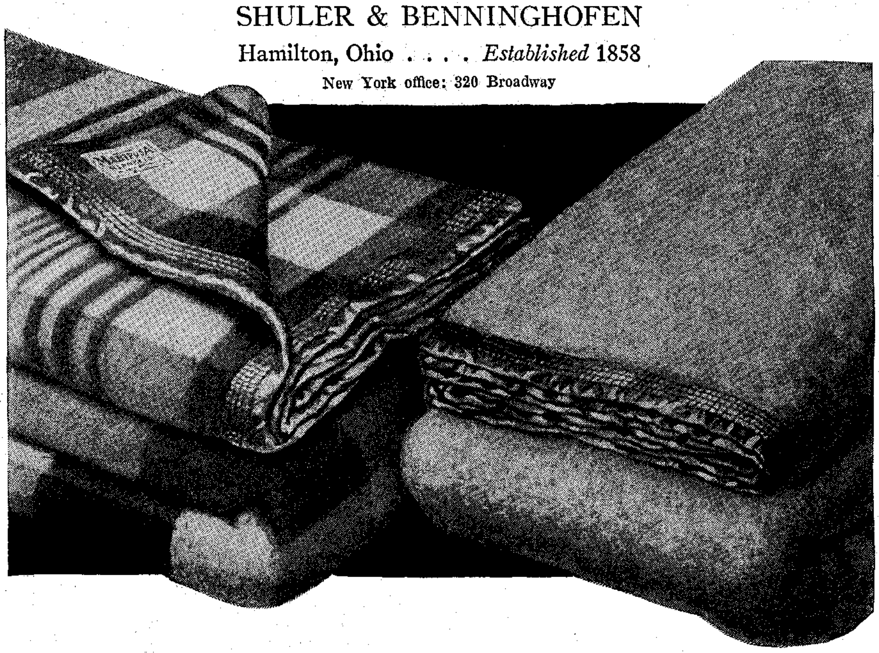
For three generations — almost 75 years the men who make Mariposa Blankets have been weavers of fine wools. Theirs is the experience, the knowledge of selection and blending of wools, the secret processes that *only* time can develop.

Long-stranded wool insures a lasting nap that does not wash away or wear off. Wool is dyed before spinning into yarn with best dyes obtainable. Pre-shrunk, of course . . . finished blanket keeps size and shape.

Buy Mariposa Blankets for their utility . . . their economy . . . their long wear. Choose the one you like best for its beauty . . . its charm . . . its appropriateness for your bedroom decorations . . . and sleep this winter as you've never slept before.

Representative stores sell Mariposa Blankets in solid colors . . . lovely reversible pastel shades . . . plain and Scotch plaids. If you have difficulty in finding, send the coupon for name of dealer near you, and a copy of booklet: "Restful Sleep."

SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN
Hamilton, Ohio . . . . *Established* 1858
New York office: 320 Broadway



ALL WOOL
MARIPOSA
BLANKETS

SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN
Dept. 103, Hamilton, Ohio.

Please send me a copy of "Restful Sleep" and the name of the Mariposa Dealer near me.

Name...
Address...
City.................................State......................

THAT WAS NEW YORK

MURDERERS' ROW

ON the afternoon of January 6, 1872, two extremely well-known gentlemen met each other on a broad, carpeted stairway leading to the second floor of one of the most famous hotels in Broadway. There was a pistol shot. One of the two gentlemen rolled, dying, to the foot of the stairs.

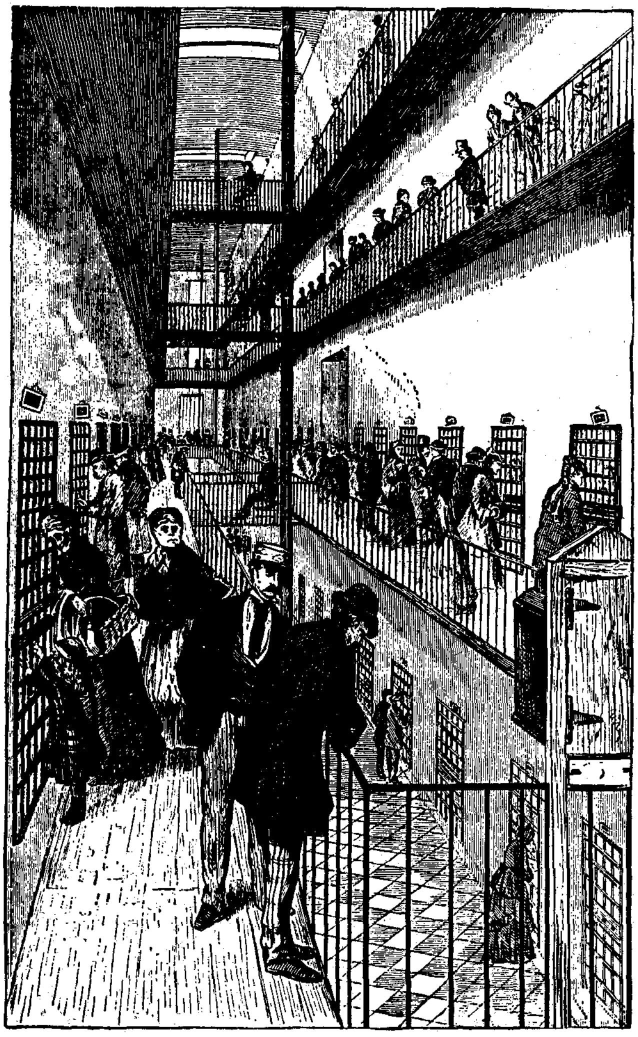
The chimes of Trinity had just struck the quarter hour past four o'clock. The second of the two magnificoes immediately surrendered himself to the police, calmly awaiting them in the hotel, and was immediately taken to the Mercer Street police station. Before eleven o'clock the next morning the wounded man was dead. The prisoner was then taken to the Tombs, charged with murder.

There, in the Tombs, a fellow-prisoner—a newspaper reporter who had got himself drunk at the suggestion of his editorial superiors so that he might be committed for disorderly conduct and thus observe what went on in the Tombs—spied upon the management of the place and gave the following account:

All prisoners charged with murder, and at this period there were a half-dozen such, were lodged in cells in the tier above the ground floor. These cells were much roomier than those in the other tiers. Their occupants, he observed, at a stated time each day were allowed to emerge from their cells for half an hour and walk around and chat in the corridor.

The alleged murderer whom he was particularly noting was permitted an even greater freedom, said our roistering reporter. He was out of his cell for the greater part of the day and had a servant to wait upon him, whom he paid. The morning papers were politely brought to him, each day. The record fails to mention the afternoons. Each morning he was seen, comfortably seated in the corridor, perusing them for all the world like a gentleman at his club. When his trial began, he went from the prison to the courtroom "in a carriage"—albeit this too was at his own expense. The other prisoners for court went in a van, shackled together in couples. At about half-past five every afternoon, he strolled down to the Tombs reception room, to chat with his lawyers or his friends.

Such, as described by an eyewitness, were the annoyances of life in the Tombs which were borne by the rich and debonair Edward S. Stokes during his trial for the murder of Colonel Jim Fisk in the Broadway Central Hotel on the afternoon of Saturday, January 6, 1872. Except for short intervals between his first, second, and third trials, he occupied, for nearly two years, Cell No. 73 in the Tombs, in the first corridor, in the tier then known as Murderers' Row. At the time, the warden of the Tombs remarked: "Here he was more comfortable. At his own expense, the walls had been hard-finished, and a walnut toilet-stand had been built across the head of the cell. He also had a large room, on the Centre Street side, where he was allowed to remain all day. Here he received his friends and visitors, ate choice cuts, drank champagne, and regaled himself with cigars."



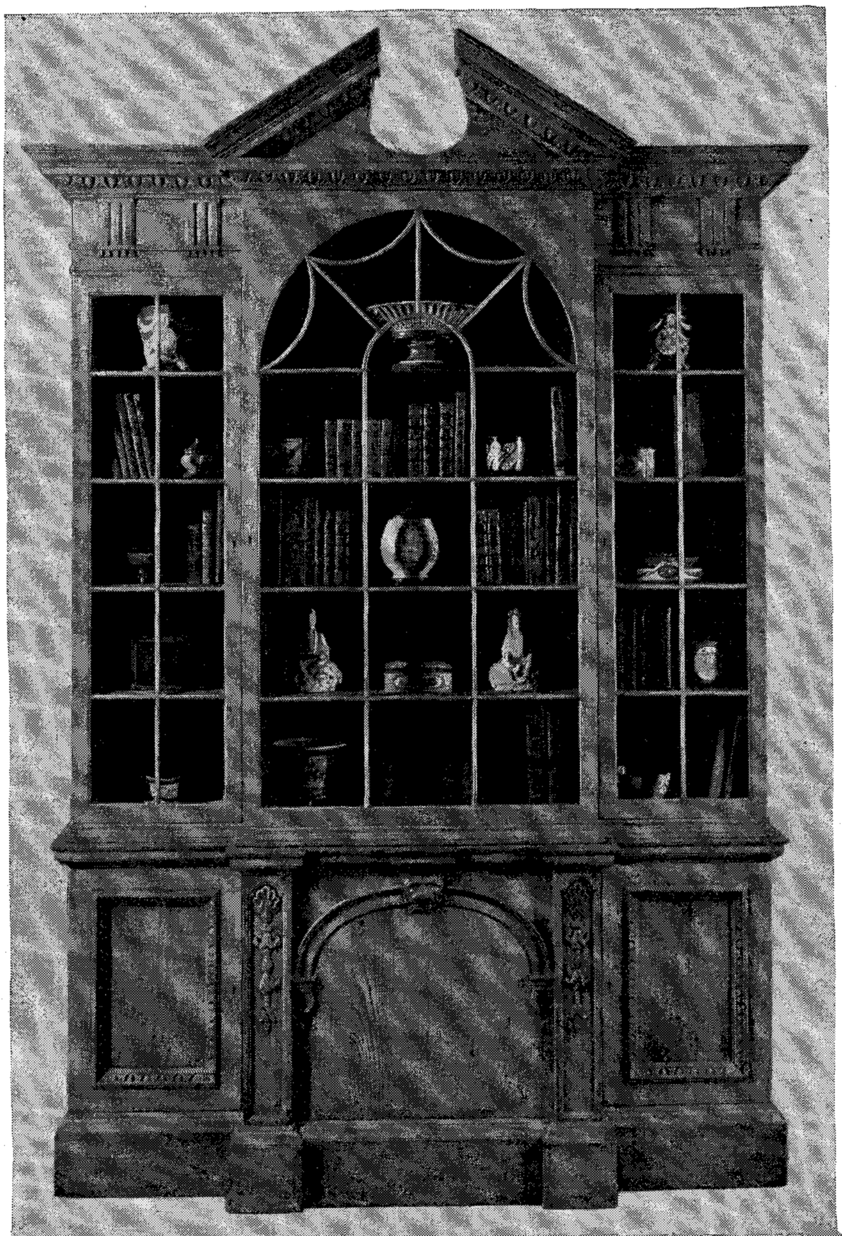
MURDERERS' ROW. (FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.)

Was this mode of life in Murderers' Row, however, so different from the life of other prisoners confined there on the same charge? The testimony of the warden contradicts that of the reporter who got himself jailed.

The warden recorded that as the visitor to the Tombs neared the door of a cell in Murderers' Row the odor of spring flowers would greet him. There they were, in a delicate vase, on the centre table in the spacious room. "That handsomely dressed lady, with the golden hair, whom we passed upon the stairs," he observed, apparently somewhat enviously, "has just left them. Tomorrow, and every day, she will be back with more."

BETWEEN 1838, when the Tombs was thrown open for occupancy, and the year 1873—thirty-five years—forty-five occupants of Murderers' Row were condemned to be led out from their cells to be hanged. Twenty-nine of these were actually executed. The other sixteen escaped execution in various ways—one was pardoned, one got a new trial and was convicted merely of manslaughter, thirteen got commutation of the death sentence, and one committed suicide in his cell. Of the forty-five, many were well-to-do, and many—not Stokes alone—were permitted to make their roomy cells bowers of ease.

There was, for instance, Hicks, the so-called pirate, who, while serving as one of the crew of an oyster sloop sailing out of New York on March 16, 1860, horribly murdered the other two members of the crew and the captain, abandoned the boat, and was arrested on shore. Barnum came to him in his cell in the Tombs and purchased the right to make a plaster cast of his head and bust, for exhibition in his Museum, paying Hicks twenty-five dollars in cash and two boxes of cigars. After the cast had been made, Barnum returned and obtain-

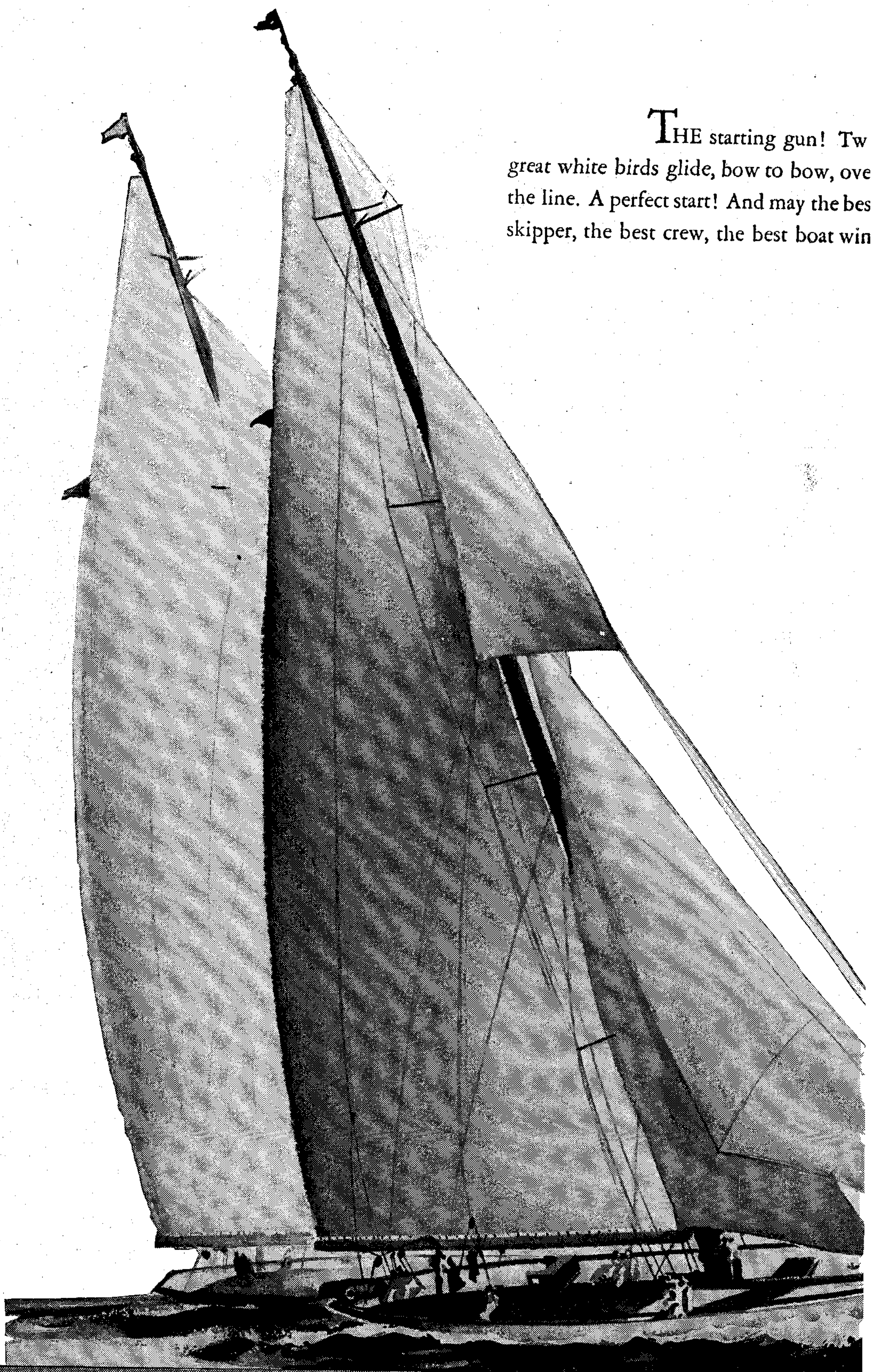


THERE IS SOMETHING VERY APPEALING IN THE LINES OF THIS BOOKCASE

Time-aged, old pine was used in the fashioning of this stately bookcase, now on display at the Hampton Shops. Its original was built about 1790, and this reproduction has caught its feeling perfectly. It is typical of the many bookcases and secretaries at the Hampton Shops, which range in price from $350 to $2000. Your decorative needs can be fully met at the Hampton Shops, for here are—*Panelled Walls* · *Pargetted Walls* · *Moulded Ceilings* · *Strapwork Ceilings* · *Rare Lamps* · *Unique Lighting Fixtures* · *Objets d'Art* · *Superb Rugs and Carpets* · *Pegged Floors* · *Flagstone Floors* · *Parquetry Floors* · *Antiques* · *Mantels of Distinction* · *Exclusive Draperies* · *Unusual Fabrics* · *Reproductions.*

Hampton Shops

18 EAST 50TH STREET
NEW YORK



THE starting gun! Tw great white birds glide, bow to bow, ove the line. A perfect start! And may the bes skipper, the best crew, the best boat win

for MILDER ..*and* BET

Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by LIGGETT & I

ONE *will always stand out!*

A BOOMING SALUTE for the skipper who first crosses the line! His victory is hard-won and deserved.

No less deserving is Chesterfield's popularity—here is *one* cigarette that never leaves the course of Milder . . . and Better Taste.

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
ER
TASTE

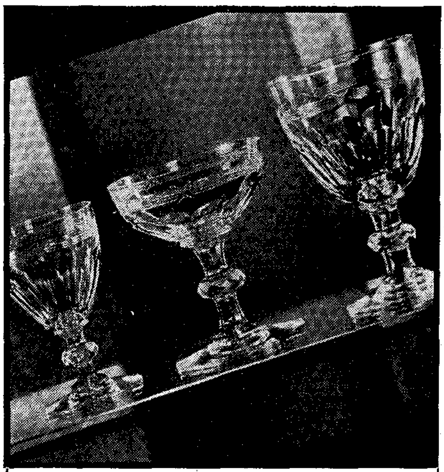
s TOBACCO CO.

They Satisfy

ed the pirate's sailor togs in exchange for a new suit of clothes; but the next day Hicks complained that Barnum had outwitted him, the new suit not being as good as the old. He purchased a natty blue suit, made to order, in which to be hanged, and smoked Mr. Barnum's cigars with the greatest composure. Ten thousand people witnessed the hanging, which took place on Bedloe's Island and was preceded by a river excursion, aboard the steam packet Red Jacket.

Although he was no murderer, there was, most famous of them all, the irrepressible and incomparable Citizen Train—George Francis Train. He had been arrested, not for murder, but for what in the opinion of Anthony Comstock was as heinous as murder—the publication of an allegedly "obscene" journal. The Grand Jury which had indicted him, at the urging of Comstock, made itself ridiculous and there was danger that his case would be a troublesome one to the courts. The prison authorities therefore assigned Train to a cell in Murderers' Row, in the vain hope that, given an opportunity, he would fly from the prison and from the city. The redoubtable Citizen, however, on crossing the threshold of the Tombs, remarked sturdily: "I'll raise hell in this Egyptian sepulchre."

The warden's own notion was that the Tombs needed no reforming and that Train's only reason for raising hell was to keep Train's name on the front pages. Clearly perceiving that if hell were raised *he* would get it, the harried warden repeatedly invited Train to a seat at his own private tea-table—this pleasant social rite penetrated even prisons in those unhurried days—but the ingrate Train sneered at this generous invitation. The warden even pleaded with him to go home and visit his family "in their palace on Murray



Gracious Living is reflected by these

OLD ENGLISH REPRODUCTIONS

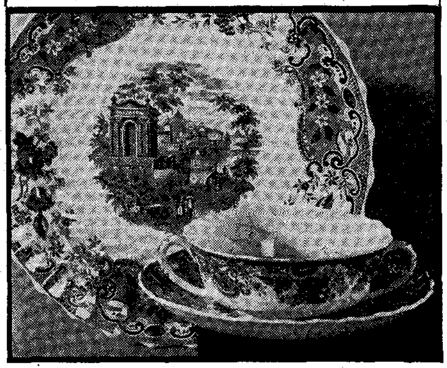
●

THE solid but graceful glasses are finely made. All sizes are $15.89 a dozen.

The English continue to use the rich old Spode patterns in making these unusual dinner services. Plates $1.09 a piece; cream soup cups $1.94. Other pieces in proportion.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BASEMENT

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York



GOING TOGETHER

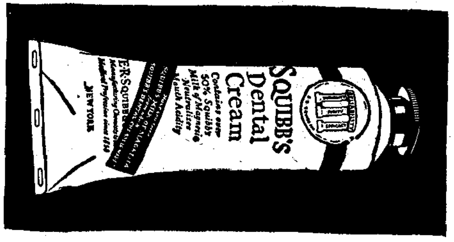
IF YOU smoke at all, you need a constant companion—Squibb's Dental Cream.

Notice the difference that Squibb's makes in your smoking taste. Every one of your favorite smokes hits a little nearer the spot—because Squibb's *protects* you. Half of it is pure Milk of Magnesia!

Tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia neutralize acids—sweeten the breath—keep your mouth from growing surly and disgruntled.

Make Squibb's and smoking go together. Get a tube at your druggist's.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Hill" whenever he felt so disposed. But all was of no avail. Train clung to his cell, avid for publicity.

He got it. He organized the Murderers' Club, with himself as president. The "business" of the club, whose members, except himself, were all murderers, actual or alleged, was transacted in the hours set apart for the prisoners to exercise in the corridors. This "business" consisted of the presentation and discussion of resolutions calling upon the prison management to supply the prisoners with even more privileges than they already enjoyed. These noisy debates, punctuated with yells and hoots from prisoners confined in nearby cells, were a disturbance in themselves; and the warden's expressed opinion, after the escape of one murderer, who, without interference, walked out past the guards, was that the guards had been bribed by money contributed by well-to-do prisoners who had been influenced by Train's persuasive whispers at these meetings of the Murderers' Club.

To break up the club, at the first opportunity, while Train was at court, the warden removed all Train's belongings to another part of the building. Train, thus barred from his old cell, denounced the inhospitality of the warden, and, acquitted by the court, left in a huff. With his departure, the Murderers' Club went out of existence.

STILL others, though not murderers, similarly found the old Tombs a cheery hostelry. One of these was Monroe Edwards, the famous forger, who swindled many while posing as the bosom friend of Daniel Webster. During his stay in the Tombs he was constantly visited by lovely ladies, who brought him "bouquets and other knick-knacks and trinkets." His wardrobe was extensive, and of the finest materials. Again the warden was sick with envy. Edwards furnished his cell elegantly, making it look more like a little parlor than a prisoner's quarters. Murderers' Row, sixty and seventy years ago, was easily the Park Avenue of prison life.

"In a gilt cage, hanging against the wall," reads a contemporary account of one of these cells, described as typical, "is a canary, whose dulcet strain gushes out from his palpitating throat in a flood of melody. A pretty set of swinging shelves, suspended by silken cords, catches the eye next. Here are to be found the latest novel—the freshest magazine. Pictures here and there break up the dull wall into gorgeous

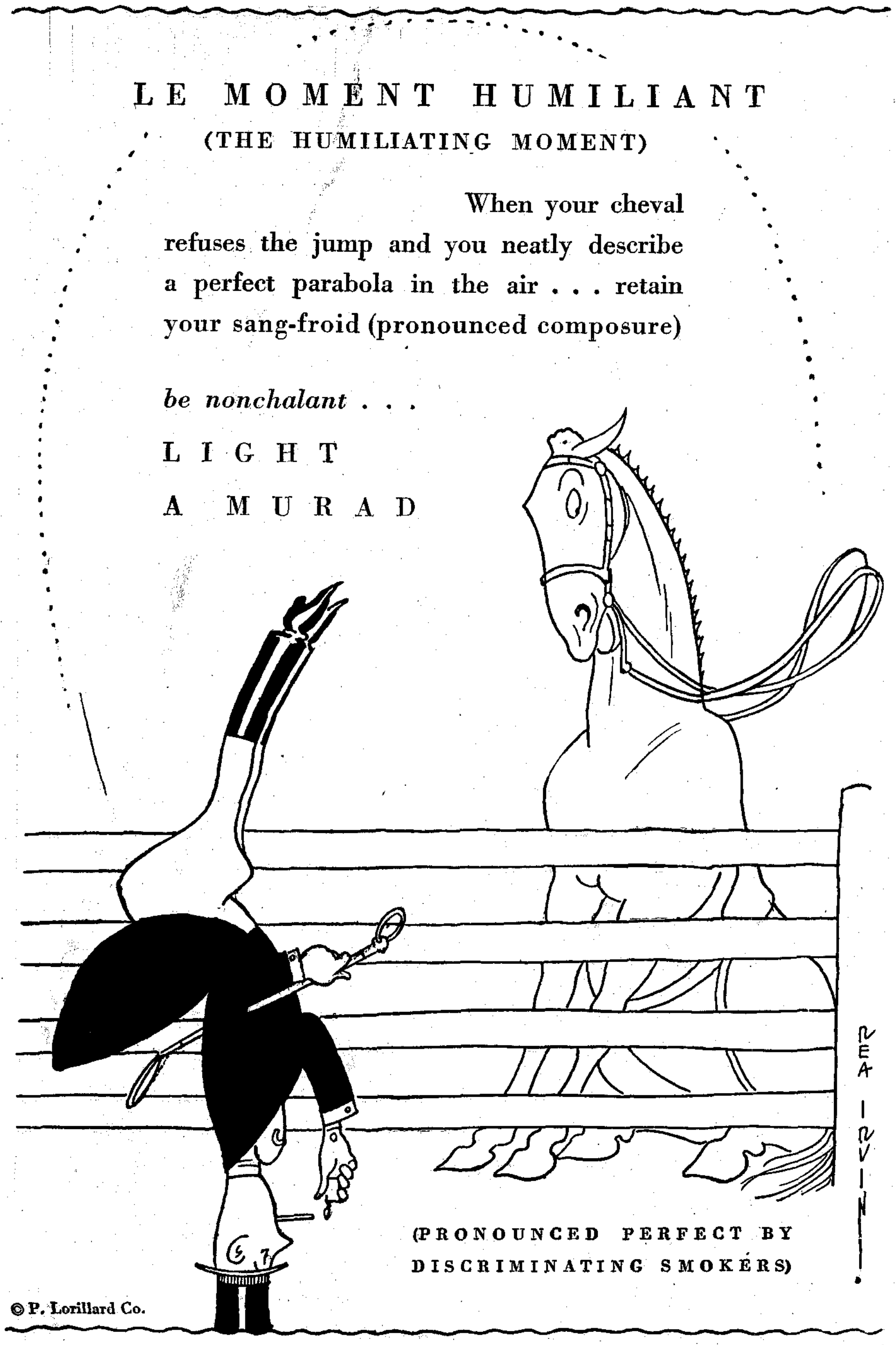
LIONCEAU

PARFUM
POUR
BRUNES
LIONCEAU
PARIS

Revealing in its provocative scent all the mysterious charm of brunette beauty, Parfum pour Brunes is the perfect complement of this type. A perfume individual and alluring, appropriately bottled in Coral red... in four sizes. Face powder, dusting powder, lip stick and dice-style lip paste are also to be had in this same delightful odeur.

Sold at the better shops.

PARFUMS LIONCEAU
Incorporated
PARIS
Clichy, (Seine et Oise)
NEW YORK
565 Fifth Avenue



LE MOMENT HUMILIANT

(THE HUMILIATING MOMENT)

When your cheval refuses the jump and you neatly describe a perfect parabola in the air . . . retain your sang-froid (pronounced composure)

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT

A MURAD

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color. You tread on roses, for the cold stones are concealed by a piece of rare Kidderminster carpet. And the murderer—how is it with him?

"You see he is not sitting on any pallet of straw—not any! In a patent extension chair he lolls, smoking an aromatic Havana. He has an elegant dressing gown on, faced with cherry-colored silk, and his feet are encased in delicately worked slippers, the gifts of one of his lady friends."

—SAMUEL McCOY

•

WESTBROOK, MAINE

MY DEAR BROOKLYN FRIENDS:

I promised to write you a letter once a week, so here goes.

The crowd was tremendous at the station when we arrived at Portland, and there were more people than I ever hoped to see. Best of all there was my dear Mother, and with her were Dad and my sister, Kathleen. The crowd was wonderfully enthusiastic, and it seemed that everyone in Portland turned out.

Westbrook, which we eventually reached (six miles from Portland) went wild, and after a parade up Maine Street, I was home! After several speeches and greetings, I dashed off to Orchard Beach. The crowds there kept the sun away from me and almost kept me out of the water, but finally we all got in for a swim.

Saturday I went to Portland to be the guest of the graduates of the University of Maine, who tendered me a banquet. There were wonderful speeches and a beautiful cup given me, after which I sang.

Sunday I went up into woods far from town to a camp belonging to Don Dickerson. Monday I was up early and woke the rest with a bugle call. After breakfast in the open woods, we left for Westbrook, as this was the day that Westbrook gave me a celebration that I will never forget.

I omitted an event of great importance which took place on Saturday. The square on which my father's drug store once stood was officially named Rudy Vallee Square. This made me very happy, as you can imagine. Think how happy DeKalb would be if he ever came back to find a street in Brooklyn named after him.

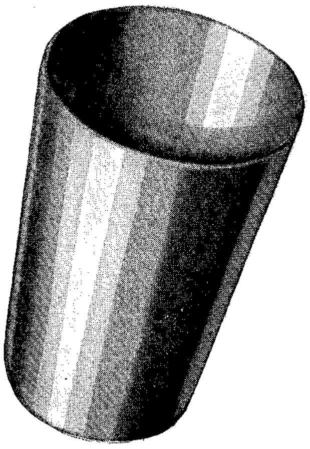
The celebration was too wonderful and great for me to describe it. Suffice to say it was the greatest tribute anyone will ever receive from his home town. You got an idea of it from the movies which they took.

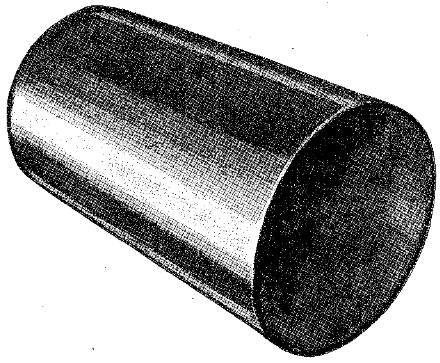
Will write you again soon. Hope Brooklyn is cool and that this finds you enjoying the Paramount on your vacations.

Sincerely,
RUDY VALLEE

—From the program of the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre.

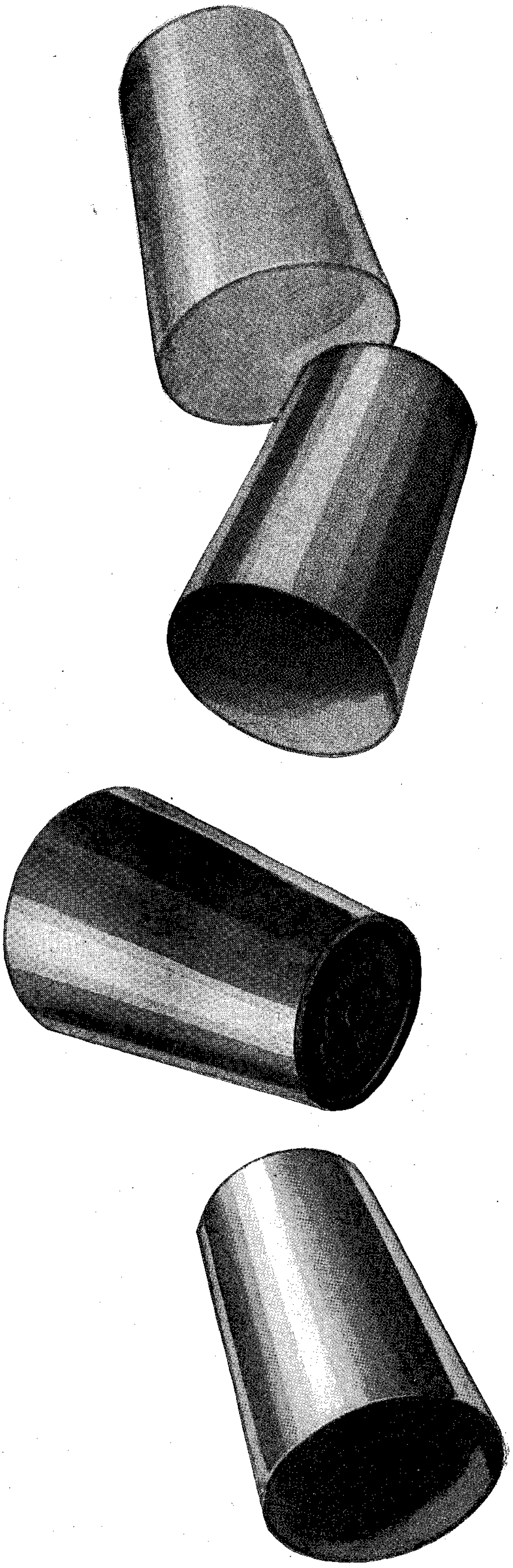
Think how proud Washington would be to find a city and state named after him.





"Beetleware"

Tumblers that can Tumble!



Dainty as your thinnest glasses, yet they don't break!★

They are not glass at all—they are fused from "Beetle" powder, a new miracle of synthetic chemistry.

At the picnic, "Beetleware" tumblers clatter merrily down stone ledges unhurt; in the bathroom they bounce lightly along the floor; in the nursery Junior can drop them from his high chair—Truly, they are tumblers built for rough and tumble use! Yet in their colorful glory, they'll stand unabashed with your best silver on the dining table, too!

Six cool, gleaming pastel colors—also a flaming red, a vivid orange, and a black.

At the better stores. (Look for the mark "Beetleware" on the bottom.)

Other "Beetleware" items:

Lovely tall tumblers, with coasters, for iced drinks.

Tumblers in sets of six nested in leather picnic cases.

Bridge sets of 4 tumblers with coasters.

Cups and saucers, salad plates, bread and butter plates, small oval trays—smart for informal service.

Whoopee cups—6 jolly little cups, in gay assorted colors, nesting within the largest one, under a cover.

Football or picnic sets of compact, light-as-paper, nested coffee cups, plates and sandwich box in ivory or green.

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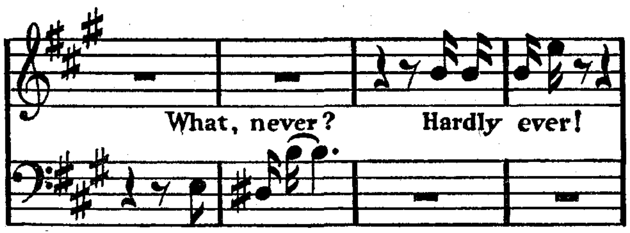

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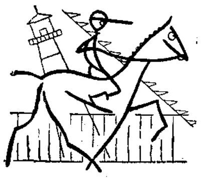
THE RACE TRACK

Jamestown's Futurity—Alarums and Objections—Remote Control



SOME horses are born under a lucky star. Such a one, I think, is Jamestown. As the great crowd at Belmont Park boiled with excitement after the finish of The Futurity, while the stewards deliberated whether they would disqualify him for slamming Mate on the rails, George Widener, his owner, said to me: "Even if they do disqualify him, I'll think he's a great horse, and that he ran a great race." Then the yellow board, that denotes an objection, came down and the red board went up. After the red board goes up, there are only post mortems.

I saw the running of The Futurity from my favorite point of vantage on the roof of the stand. Jamestown ran a gallant race. Right from the rise of the barrier he opened out a clear lead, to be joined by Equipoise halfway down the course. A furlong from home, Mate came up on the rails with a rush that would have carried him to the front, but as his head was at Jamestown's heels, the big bay bore over—McAtee tells me he swerved under the whip—and Fator took Mate up sharply. A dozen strides more and Equipoise was in front, and the roar from the stand was deafening; then, in the last breathless seconds, Jamestown pegged him back to win by a head. Novelist and Epithet, winner of the Hopeful Stakes, were down the course.

IN the weighing enclosure, Joyner, Jamestown's trainer, puffed a cigar like an automaton, more concerned over the colt than the possibility of a disqualification. As George Widener led in the Futurity winner—his second, by the way; for St. James, sire of Jamestown, won the race seven years ago—Joyner shouted, as he would to a careless stablehand: "Don't swing that horse that way!" Brother Bostwick, owner of Mate, was the first to offer congratulations: "It was a great race, and I hope they let the placings stand." And then Joe Widener said, a bit wryly: "Well, if they do disqualify your colt, George, it will be something of a record for the family." He

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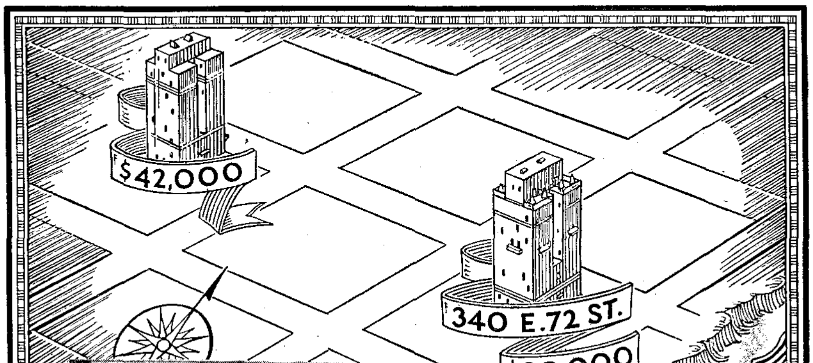
$12,000:



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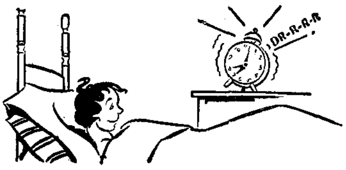
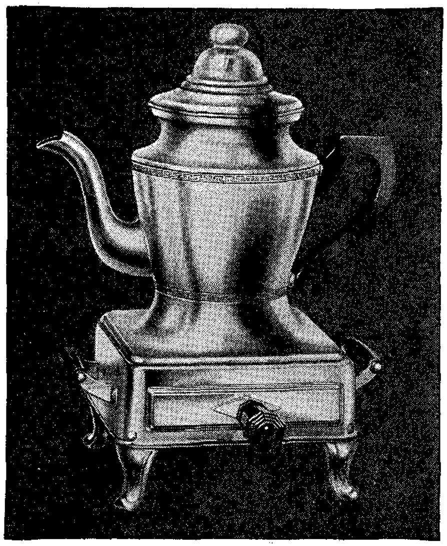


"Oh Goody—
10 Minutes
more in bed!"



ARMSTRONG PERC-O-TOASTER

ON the breakfast table, right at your elbow, your Perc-O-Toaster prepares a complete breakfast for the family. No bustling around the kitchen. No elaborate preparations for breakfast. No time-wasting trips back and forth to the dining room.

Simply plug in the Perc-O-Toaster and this one appliance will do the whole job: make coffee and toast; warm up cereal; cook bacon, eggs, or what will you. And if the waffle mold is inserted in place of the toast drawer, it will make crisp, dainty waffles. Breakfast goes along smoothly, calmly, quickly.

The Perc-O-Toaster is really four helpful appliances in one. The minutes it saves will amaze you, and delight you when the alarm goes off in the morning.

Price $11.85. (Waffle Mold $3.00 extra).

Armstrong Appliances are sold by leading stores or shipped prepaid in U. S. A. on receipt of price.

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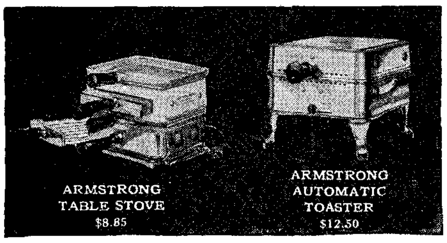
SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia



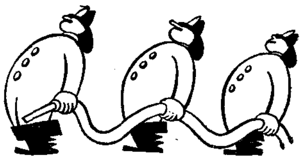
was thinking of his Arc Light, whose number had been taken down after he had finished first in the Grand National Steeplechase an hour before.

I WONDER if the pomp and ceremony that accompany winning a Futurity would have been gone through all over again if Jamestown had been disqualified. I hardly think that Equipoise would have been brought back on the track and led in through the cheering crowd, past batteries of newsreel cameras. It would have been too much of an anticlimax. Unfortunately, recent runnings of The Futurity have been marked by interference and objections. When Pompey won in 1925, a foul was claimed by the rider of Chance Play, who was third. The following year, Sande, who rode Valorous, charged that Fator, on Scapa Flow, the winner, had shut him off at almost the same place Fator met his mishap on Mate this year. In the next running, 1927, an objection was lodged against Mrs. John D. Hertz' Anita Peabody, by the rider of Petee-Wrack, which, had it been allowed, would have forced the disqualification of Reigh Count, her stablemate, who finished second, and would have given the race to H. P. Whitney's Victorian. Mr. Vosburgh says the distance of The Futurity is too great, and that tired horses swerve too much in the last sixteenth.

SO Jamestown has gone into retirement, until next year, as the leading two-year-old, with five stakes and six races to his credit out of seven starts.

Although Arc Light was disqualified in the Grand National, I am sure Joe Widener could not have been more pleased over the attendance. It was a Futurity crowd, and it saw good racing. I think John Sanford's Tourist II was liberally treated in the weights, but the roughing he got more than counterbalanced the impost.

EVERY day it did not rain at Belmont Park last week the Weather Control Bureau, which is Dr. George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes, received $1,000. But it rained Futurity Day, and the rain-controller forfeited $2,000. We asked Herr Startpreiswetten, who is a bit of an inventor



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An opera pump of black or brown suede with simulated leather heel.

JEAN . . $14.48

Pump of black suede and kid, or brown suede and kid. Buckle with lizard inset.

SECOND FLOOR

●

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himself—you know his revolving stands for stewards, his tissue-paper saddle-cloths, his extension mirrors for blinkers (so riders need not turn in the saddle to see horses behind them), and his rubber reins (though I'm afraid the patent rights to these are slightly clouded by litigation)—to inspect and make a report on the rain-control machine, but he spoke vaguely about ethics of the profession. The rain-control machine is very hush-hush. Both the negative and positive sections, which are interchangeable, are under guard. The five-sided shack in the hollow near the training track interested us most. There is something cabalistic about it, with planks and two-by-fours laid out in curious designs around it, and the five scantlings nailed to the sides of the shed that shelters the remote radio control with a spider web of wires. Then, too, there's the big five-pointed star strung with radio-aërial wire and festooned with ornaments from discarded brass beds and springs from box mattresses. The star always faces the way the wind blows. I'm quite sure Dr. Sykes has read "Rootabaga Stories" and how, "on a high stool, in a high tower, on a high hill, sits the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers," for he has a platform like a starter's box, several feet higher than the shed, from which he may direct the magnetic impulses—or he may be practicing to be a starter.

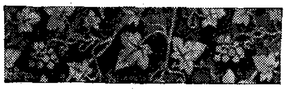
WHILE the Rules of Racing direct that the starter should do his best to obtain a fair start for all horses, it seems to me George Cassidy is overconscientious. Delays of ten to fifteen minutes at the post are quite unnecessary. I believe that he would be justified in sending fields away when most of the horses are lined up, regardless of where the rogues and bad actors are. And if he were to spring the barrier with the bad ones turned the other way, it would have a more salutary effect than the meaningless schooling list. A new squad of assistants would help too. —AUDAX MINOR

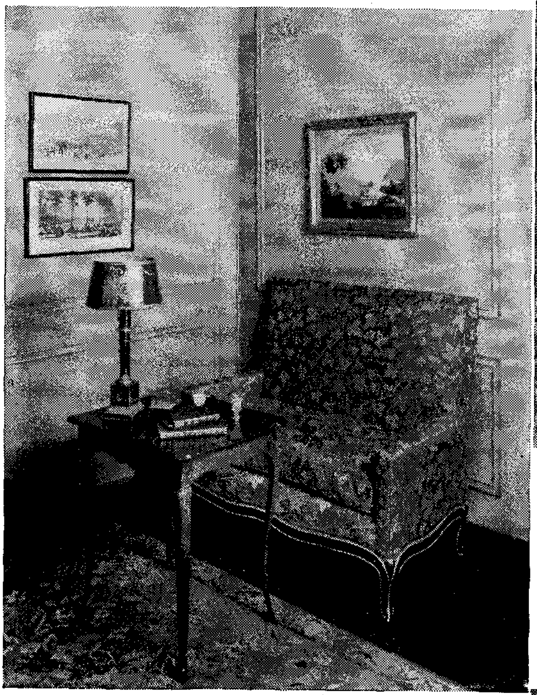
•

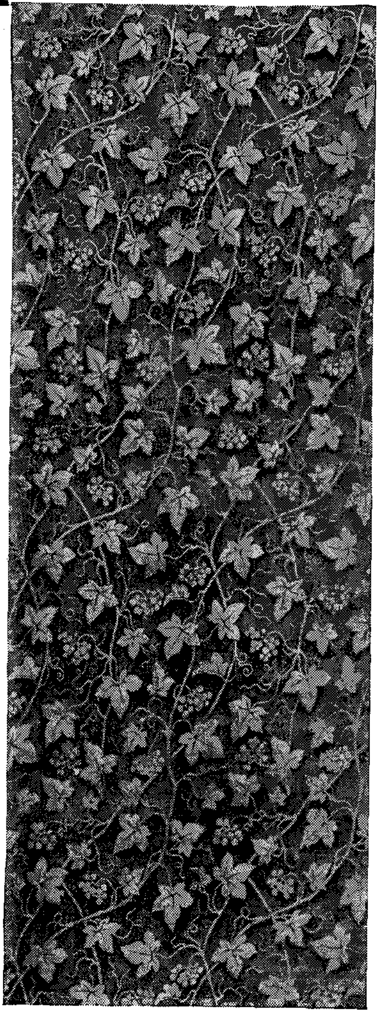
POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Phi Beta Kappa Key*]

Phi Beta Kappa! Thee, starred with the
triple dawnlight,
Spread from Virginia's shores to north
and south and west,
Flaming above all bound of sex, or race,
or creed,
We consecrate our striving to thy high
behest.







LATE EMPIRE PRINT BY FORTUNY

The corner of this room by Ewin & Ewin of New York shows a small sofa covered with this Spanish Empire Fortuny print in old silver on soft green.

One of those fabrics by Mariano Fortuny . . . hand blocked on soft, workable cotton . . . with all the gracious and authentic feeling of the rare brocades, damasks and rich velvets. Exquisite in design and subdued blending shades, the Fortuny Fabrics bring new adaptability to the charming atmosphere of old tradition.

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IN HAVANA
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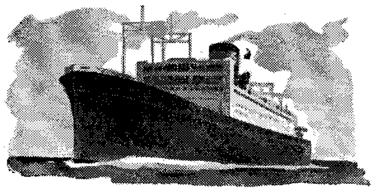
Being Round the World Liners, the art of keeping sophisticated travelers amused and comfortable is well understood. All cabins are outside, amidships—and a few choice ones become available in New York for California voyagers. Early reservations are advisable.



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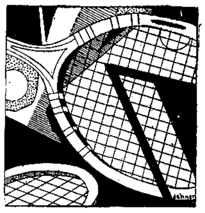
THE TENNIS COURTS

From the Net — New Champion — "Gaw!" — The Cochet Touch



THE packed Forest Hills stadium, packed as it has not been since that September day three years ago when Lacoste and Tilden battled on this same turf for the same title, was tense and quiet. In the deepest silence it watched the big blond boy swing his racquet gracefully and lazily in the air and then follow the ball into his forecourt to cut off Frank Shields' return of service with a winning cross-court volley, low, swift, and so angled that it slid off to the side past the linesman's chair. The silence was shattered; ten thousand pairs of hands paid him a spontaneous tribute.

"Ah, ça, c'est beau!" said Jean Borotra, sitting just behind me. His exclamation came instinctively, the involuntary acknowledgement that every great artist gives to his rival's handiwork. As the men on the court paused to wipe their faces, I leaned back. "What would Henri Cochet do to these boys, Jean?" He tossed his head to one side, thought a moment, and then dodged the question. Foxy Jean. "Well, he might play them from the net." So he might.

Jean returns this week to Paris, and he very likely will take the Papa Gilou aside and suggest that the Americans have very many fine young players, very fine; but that with Henri and the Crocodile in condition, France has nothing to fear from Frank Shields and John Doeg. *"Les autres, les plus jeunes,"* he will say, *"oui, mais ceux-ci, jamais, jamais."* Then he will go on to explain to the unofficial head of French lawn tennis just exactly how it was that Doeg managed to win the Singles Championship of the United States. I would enjoy being there when he does. For I am totally unable to explain it to myself; this, mind you, after watching Doeg carefully in action in every one of the five matches he played during the week, both in the stadium and on the outer courts.

NOW Doeg has one primary requisite of a champion: courage, magnificent courage. Courage is only

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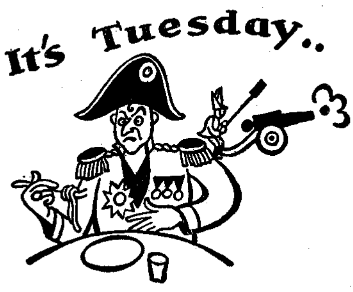
TUESDAY—the day when Napoleon ate something that gave him the tummy ache that lost the battle of Waterloo. Tuesday is also the day when a lot of people


It's Tuesday..

would rather eat nothing at all than miss The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers, who serve up the ripest and freshest musical refreshment, at 8.45 p. m. over WABC.

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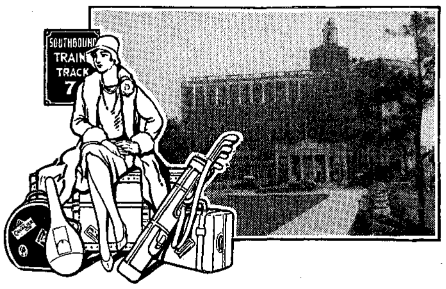

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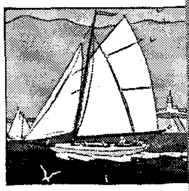
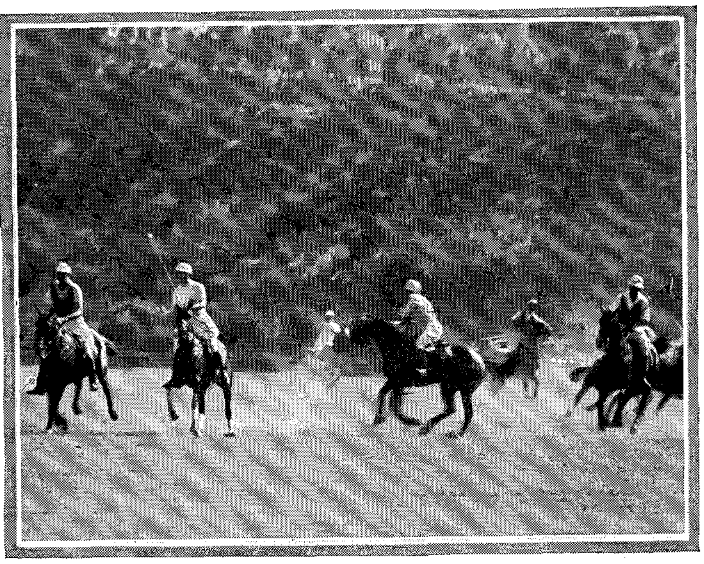
one requisite, though; there are others: sound ground strokes—Doeg hasn't sound ground strokes; good footwork—Doeg hasn't good footwork; a keen mind for the game, an intellectual appreciation of tactics which enables you to outguess, to outthink, and outmaneuver your adversary. Doeg has none of these qualities. He has a service; at times excessively good, at times mediocre. He has a volley; often good, often not so good. That is about all. No, he has one other thing, a rare quality, and one always found in great players. He is at his best in crises.

CONSIDER the field in the last National Championships: Tilden, who all summer beat every player, home and abroad, except Cochet; Borotra, the third ranking player in the world; Allison, a Wimbledon finalist; Van Ryn, Bell, and Mercur of the Davis Cup squad; Sutter, the new Intercollegiate champion; Hunter, who has so often been a finalist in this tournament; Vines, Gledhill, and the other stars of Western tennis—an entry list that no other meeting in the world could show in 1930. It was over this field that Doeg triumphed.

He was a little lucky to find Tilden not at his best either physically or mentally; he was fortunate to catch Shields tired after the latter's defeat of Wood the previous afternoon; he was favored by meeting Frank Hunter at a time when that player's forehand was less certain than usual. It was not luck, however, to save set points against Tilden with volleys that were unreachable; it was not luck to serve aces when Shields needed but one point to tie the match; it was not luck to pull up on Hunter when behind two sets to one. It was a firm hand, a staunch nerve which carried him through, a great fighting heart which gave him the title that dusky Saturday evening.

INCIDENTALLY, the Tilden influence was visible in many of our young heroes at Forest Hills. There was more cheap talk and exhibitionism indulged in than were ever to be seen at Roland Garros, on the courts of those talkative people, the French. "Gaw!" says the new champion, when he misses a shot, a sort of exclamation such as is used by H. G. Wells' new character, Mr. Parham. "Whops!" shouts Van Ryn. "Oh, Wood!" exclaims Sidney Wood when he tosses away a setup. "Yow!" hollers our George Lott as his backhand goes astray at a tense moment. Mangin





International polo stars in action . . . all winter sports

This winter vacation "has everything"

NAME the kind of play you want this winter . . . then come to Southern California and enjoy it, in company with others who have mastered the fine art of getting the most out of life.

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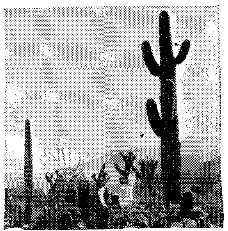
Have you yet to come under the spell of the winter desert? Travelers from all the world have made oases like Palm Springs their brilliant new rendezvous.

Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Ample accommodations. In fact, living costs here are less than the national average.* You can play all winter long and spend no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

We have prepared a suggested outline of a month's stay in California, including dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes and itemized cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

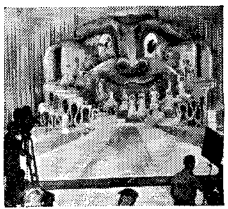
*Based on U. S. Gov't surveys for food, rent, fuel and light.



The desert near Palm Springs

Scenic grandeur

Foreign atmosphere



Movie making

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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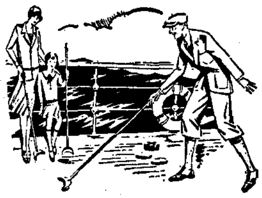

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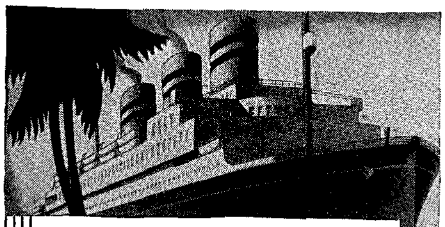
confines himself to admonitions: "Hit the ball, hit the ball."

Some of the young gentlemen also enjoy chucking their racquets, when an important point is lost, and the linesmen during the championships spent much time dodging missiles aimed in no particular direction. Maybe this sort of thing is a help to the game, and very likely it assists one's concentration; but I shall want some proof before I believe it.

ALL in all, however, it was a great tournament, the finest since 1926, when Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra, Tilden, Richards, and Johnston played together on the same courts. The crowds apparently knew a good thing when they saw it, for they came even during the early part of the week, and were rewarded with some fine tennis every day. They must have noticed the changes in American tennis that the championships marked so plainly: the definite passing of Tilden and Hunter from the picture, and also the no less evident failure of the generation that succeeded them. Except Doeg, none of the Davis Cup squad distinguished himself or gave any evidences of great improvement; Van Ryn, for instance, was playing Tilden in 1926 with the same scores that he got this year. Our tennis hope must come from another and still younger set of boys.

DOEG is national champion. To suppose, however, that with his uncertain ground strokes he will be able to stand up to Cochet and Lacoste is of course absurd. Nor can Shields, unless he puts more intelligence into his game, hope to cope with the Frenchmen. We have, however, several players who show promise of doing so at an early date: There is Sidney B. Wood, unquestionably the finest stroking player in the tournament, a boy with the refined touch of genius, whose defeat at the hands of Shields will hurt his career not at all; and there is another cool-headed youngster, who displayed a game built upon solid foundations, Clifford Sutter of New Orleans. I am convinced that these two boys, both under twenty, could take the present Davis Cup squad on and defeat them by a greater score than the French did in July. Shields is a fine player, Doeg is a magnificent fighter, and Allison and Van Ryn are two of the greatest doubles players in the world; but Wood and Sutter have the Cochet touch. Yes, and the Cochet brain, also.

—JOHN R. TUNIS



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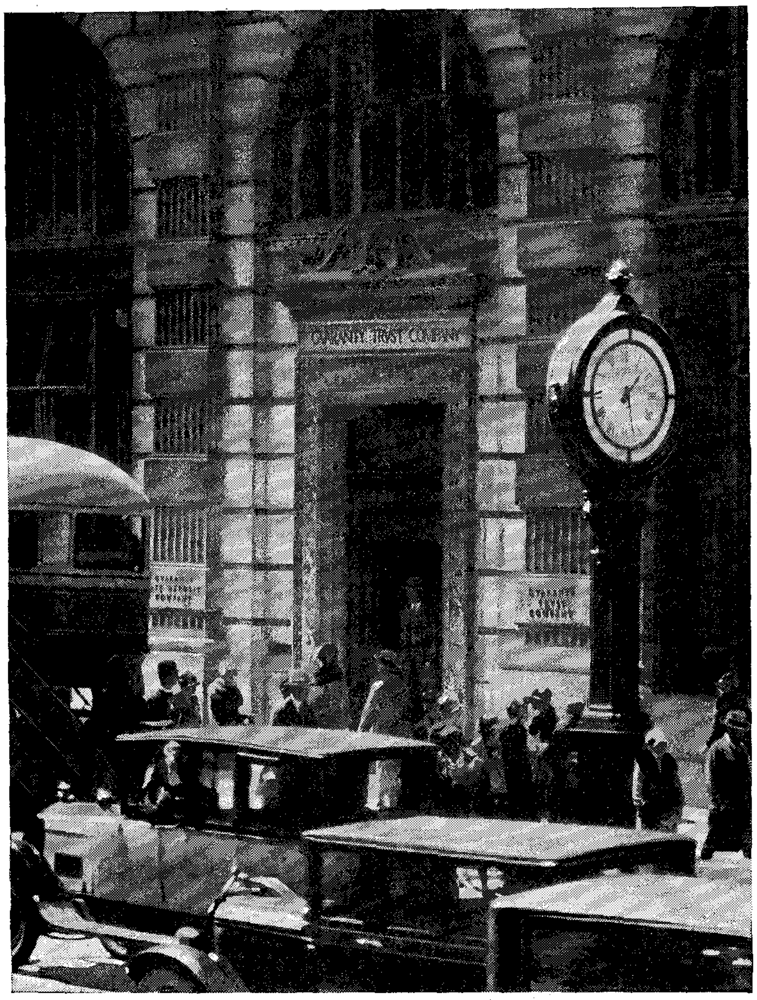
BOXING

Singer and the Harp—
Woe for Mr. Caplin—
McLarnin Needs a Title

WHEN you know how a fight has come out, it isn't hard to discuss in a superior way the fallacies that were current about it in advance. Just the same, we can't help taking up one point that Singer's friends miscalculated badly. They argued that Singer knocked Mandell out in a round, whereas McLarnin failed to knock Mandell out in ten rounds both times he met him. What they overlooked was that a fighter doesn't have to be knocked out to be beaten, or even crippled. The Mandell from whom Singer won his title had been weakened and robbed of confidence by the beating McLarnin had given him a few weeks before.

We have not decided yet whether the McLarnin-Singer fight was a great event or something that shouldn't have happened. It was certainly exciting. To see Singer doing his stuff for a round—stepping in and out and beating the Irishman to the punch just as he planned to—and then McLarnin weaving slowly closer, taking a round to get the range and another to put over his knockout—all of it, short as it was, made a lively evening. The result, of course, decided nothing at all. Singer was really taking a gamble with a welterweight in order to dodge a featherweight—Kid Chocolate. He knows Chocolate can beat him. If he had beaten McLarnin he could have argued that it would be absurd for him to fight below his class after having taken on the best of the welterweights. He would have stalled around, ignoring the good men in his own and smaller divisions, wrangling for permission to meet Tommy Freeman, the new welterweight champion. It is a good thing for the lightweight class that McLarnin's right fist landed where it did.

EVEN before the fight it was hard to figure why the corporation that owns Singer wanted it at all. Except for this lapse, and the evening when they exposed their capital investment to the right hand of Ignacio Fernandez, over a year ago, the Singer corporation has made few mistakes. It is a shrewd



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crowd. Every young fighter who gets to the top must have a crowd something like this behind him. Being able to fight isn't enough by itself. You have to get matches. You have to improve your technique, and have someone around who understands conditioning.

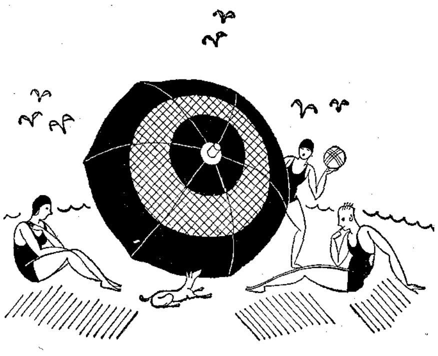
A champion's managerial syndicate is rarely composed of the people who discovered him in obscurity. Neither Hymie Caplin nor Yussel Levy knew Abraham Singer when he was mixing soft drinks behind the bar of his father's drugstore in the Bronx. Their realization of his possibilities came later, when he was making a reputation in the amateur clubs. In those days he was not infrequently beaten. Mr. Caplin felt this could be remedied. He brought in Mr. Levy to supervise Al's training. Luck favored them, and when Sammy Mandell wearily, and possibly by prearrangement, collapsed on the canvas at the Yankee Stadium, the firm of Levy, Caplin & Singer became one of the most prosperous in the business.

McLARNIN'S story is a little different. From his days on the West Coast as a flashy flyweight who could box but not hit, through his transformation into a cautious welterweight with a famous right-hand punch, he has been guided by Pop Foster, the gray-haired, gentle-looking old fellow whom you may have noticed in his corner during his fights. Several managers are called "Pop" for no good reason, but as applied to Foster the term is a legal definition. He has formally adopted McLarnin as his son. As a bargainer, Pop Foster is far superior to Hymie Caplin—almost the equal of Jack Kearns. Several times he has carried his art to the point of bargaining McLarnin out of championship matches because he refused to accept the prescribed challenger's cut—twelve and a half per cent of the gate receipts. Possibly now Pop Foster will realize that no matter how much money his boy can make fighting at catchweights, with no title at stake, he can make more defending a title of his own. —N. B., JR.

•

Pelham is having a mild attack of a racketeering group of individuals who have no code of business ethics, no sense of honesty, no appreciation of truth or distinction of right and wrong. They come from the Middle West.—*Pelham Sun.*

Well, it's great corn country, anyway.



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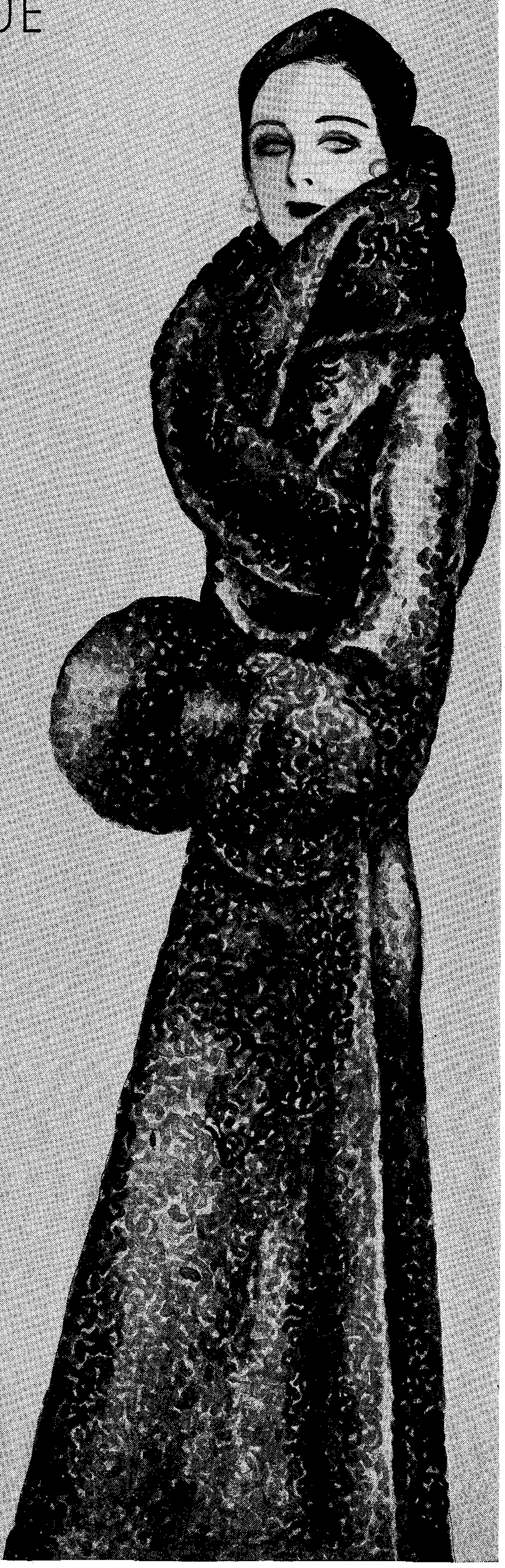
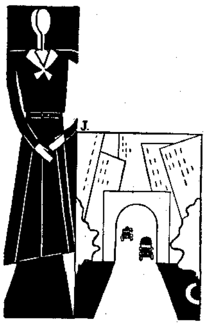


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



Having achieved something of a record for both continents as a fashion editor who went to Paris and didn't go to a single collection (when I go on a vacation, it's a vacation, so help me), I was as wide-eyed as a yokel about the French clothes that have been surging into the port of New York. My first attempt to catch up with the significant events of modern life took place at Bergdorf-Goodman, whither I fled, screaming for a sight of evening clothes for winter.

All right—the Vionnets, as usual, are divine, Mme. Vionnet having made it her policy for years to idolize the natural figure. All her evening things mold the body closely through the middle and have a way of attaining immense circular proportions at the hem, though this is not obvious until you move about. Look at one with a white crêpe-Elizabeth top and white panne velvet from the top of the hips down; at one of pale blue crêpe with the satin back composing the circular swirl of the skirt; at another of pale blue crêpe Elizabeth with sheer silver lame forming enormous circular pants that are not too panty to be seen out places. Then, there is a black sheer velvet dress, simple and slithery through the figure, with the sweep of the hem emphasized by a six-inch band of white ermine—one of those things you live in all winter. You must not wear slips with Vionnet evening clothes, even though they be of crêpe Elizabeth. My prediction of transparency up to the panties, which was made in a blithe unthinking way last year, is beginning to find some justification.

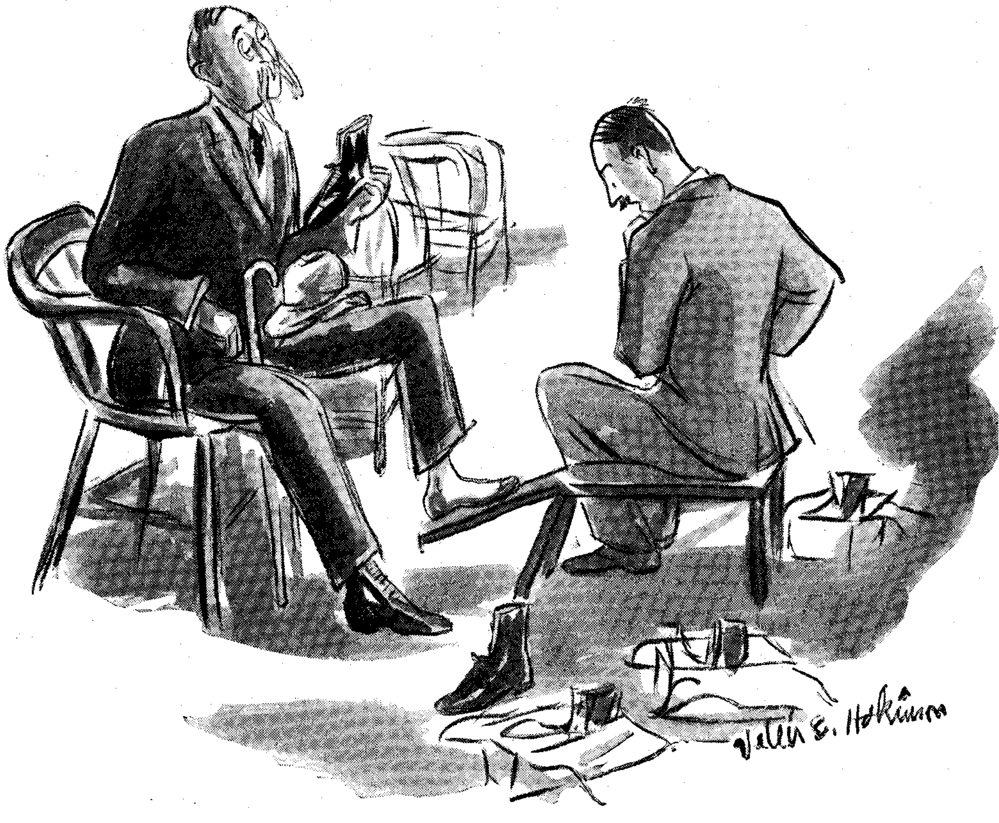
M. Paquin loves straight, simple, and clinging dresses with eccentric details. Witness the purple satin bow, splurging around under the arms, worked in below the deep V-décolletage of a midnight-blue satin evening dress; the sprawly red-velvet applications around the hem of a red crêpe one, otherwise unadorned; the deep gathered flounce below the hips in back of a heavy emerald-green velvet frock. *Quel homme, quel homme, ce Paquin!*

Schiaparelli, who exudes gay cockeyed ideas which derive only from her own mad brain, has two street costumes at Bergdorf-Goodman that are fun. One is a French Revolution costume—a black tweed skirt with a red sash, a full tailored blouse with a red tie around the throat, and a long black tweed coat with immense white Napoleonic revers. The other, a costume of infinite practicality, is made of a loosely woven black tweed. On the dress, the criss-cross business through the waistline, the collar, and the sleeves is of black crêpe de Chine; the tweed coat hangs loosely from the shoulders and is three-quarter length.

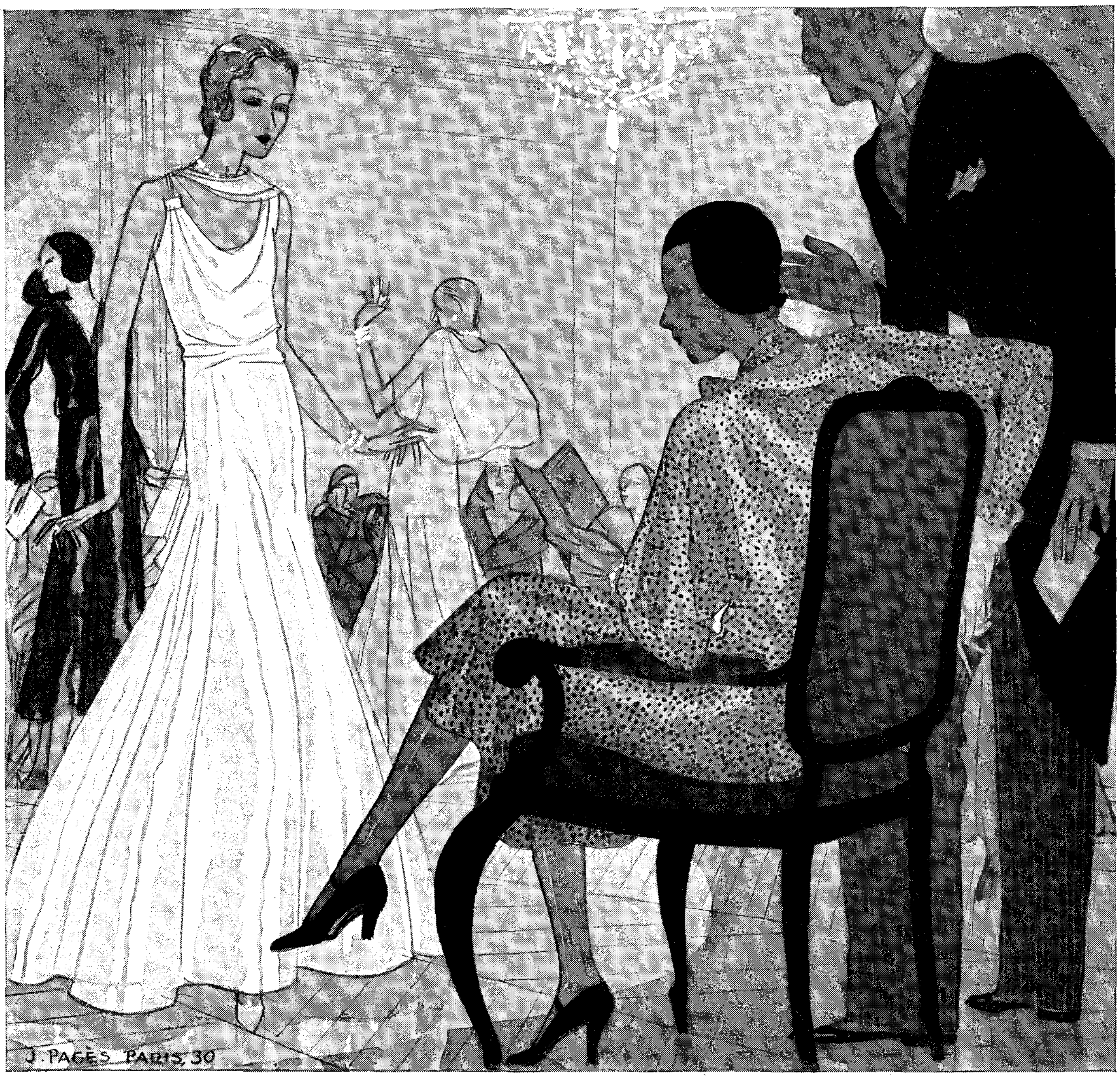
Look for Lanvin's three-tiered evening dress, the tiers close to the body at the top and flaring outward, of glistening black beads. You should take the black chiffon from the bottom of this—it spoils it. . . . Lelong has cut loose with a black velvet frock, very simple front and back, with the profile revealing a bow at the waist in back and an ascending flounce from the floor to the hips that gives an 1880 effect. . . . Also, if you are interested in country life, there is an exclusive sports costume at Bergdorf with a red tweed circular skirt and a close, neat, belted red-suede jacket, fastened all the way up the front with a zipper.

I FORGOT—I did see one collection in Paris. Molyneux went in lavishly for sheer figured lames for evening, for tight belts under the bosom, and for one or three-tiered skirts descending straight from there. Very Empire and very full. Dumpy women who like looking dumpier will yell for them. Molyneux's day clothes are still perfectly swell.

EVENING clothes were hurled in my direction pretty lavishly at Lord & Taylor, too. There is a group of Norman Hartnell dresses, for instance, of the type designed for *jeunes filles* and usually worn by languid blondes who have Seen Everything. You know—white net with silver-leaf embroidery, or pink tulle over pink net tucked in diamond patterns. One is all white net and tulle at the top and bottom, with chocolate-colored tulle, shirred and ruffled, through the middle of the body. This is appropriately called Chocolate and Cream. All of these dresses froth around the hemlines a good bit and have every kind of ruffle



"Sir, I hate to see you put an ankle like that into a high shoe."

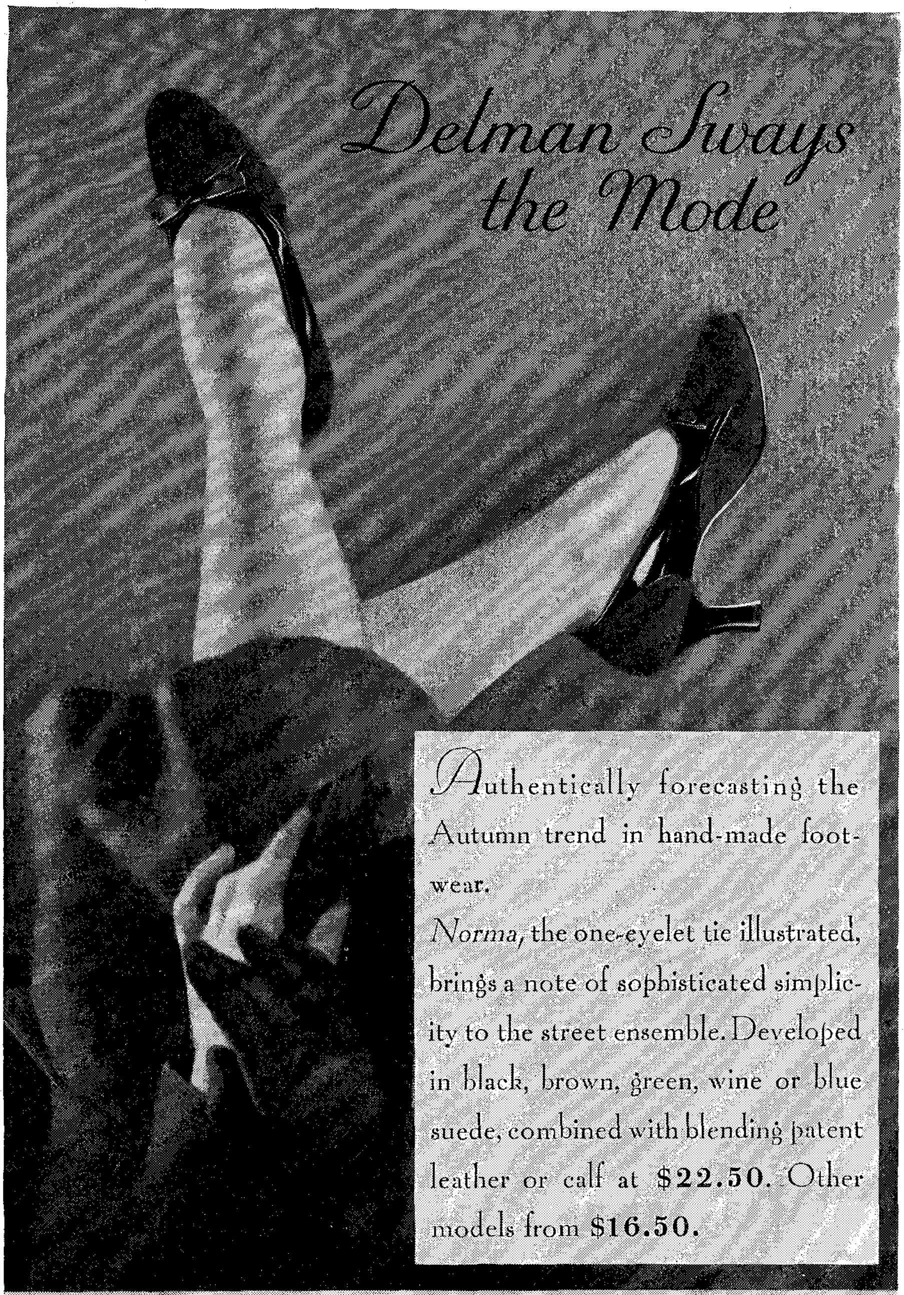


The Van Raalte stockings range in price from $1.50 to $4.00. They range in weight from the sturdiest of service weights to those wisps of ingrains that seem merely soft-colored peach down. The Flextoe is featured on the service stockings as well as on the sheer chiffons. At all the leading shops.

the well turned ankle

THE ANKLE has again become a thing of mysterious and glamorous beauty. So that now, as never before, it is necessary to be fastidious about stocking fit. To assure a perfection of fit such as you have never dreamed of, Van Raalte has made a departure in stocking design. . . . The Flextoe, a dainty mesh insert at the sides of the toe, eliminates the slightest wrinkle or discomfort, and assures a glove-like fit across the instep and at the sides of the foot. . . . In such an amazing variety of tones you are sure to find just the stocking to fuse the ensemble into a thing harmonious and complete. "... because you love nice things."

VAN RAALTE



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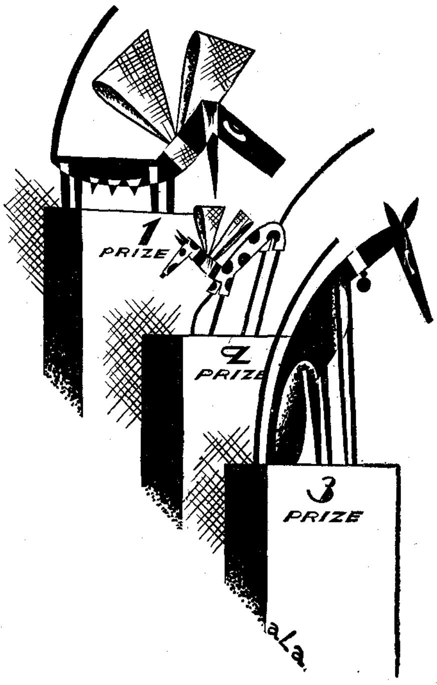
and shirring and tuck for lure. The sensation to me, however, is a model called Great Guns, of gun-colored sheer velvet (blue-gray black, which should be infinitely becoming). The dress slithers down the figure in a grown-up way, and the coat goes into a train on the floor, like a movie negligée. Lord & Taylor have also supplied a home for Be Careful, a silly black velvet short-sleeved bolero jacket with a ruffle all around. For youthful evenings.

Chanel, who is so adept with lace that she wisely refuses to relinquish it, is represented here by three particularly lovely gowns. One is of pink lace, with blue lace diamond things inserted, and black lace around the bottom. It doesn't look as eccentric as it sounds. This, like the others, has a way of going down the figure very simply, without too much indentation at the waist. It follows the curve below the hips a bit and then swings outward. There is a red lace dress, with the deepest décolletage possible—laughingly concealed for an inch or two above the lowest point by a bit of net—that goes into three tiers, pointed front and back, for the skirt. Another red lace affair has stitching, in horizontal bands in front and in diagonal lines in back, to insure perfect molding. In addition, there is a butterfly panel applied at the sides from the armpits down. If it were only fastened to your wrists, it would remind you of your children's-costume-party days. Ah, me! Thank God they are over.

Lelong, in a gracious white crêpe dress, manages to bring fullness down from the front and back and drape it in folds on each side between the hip and

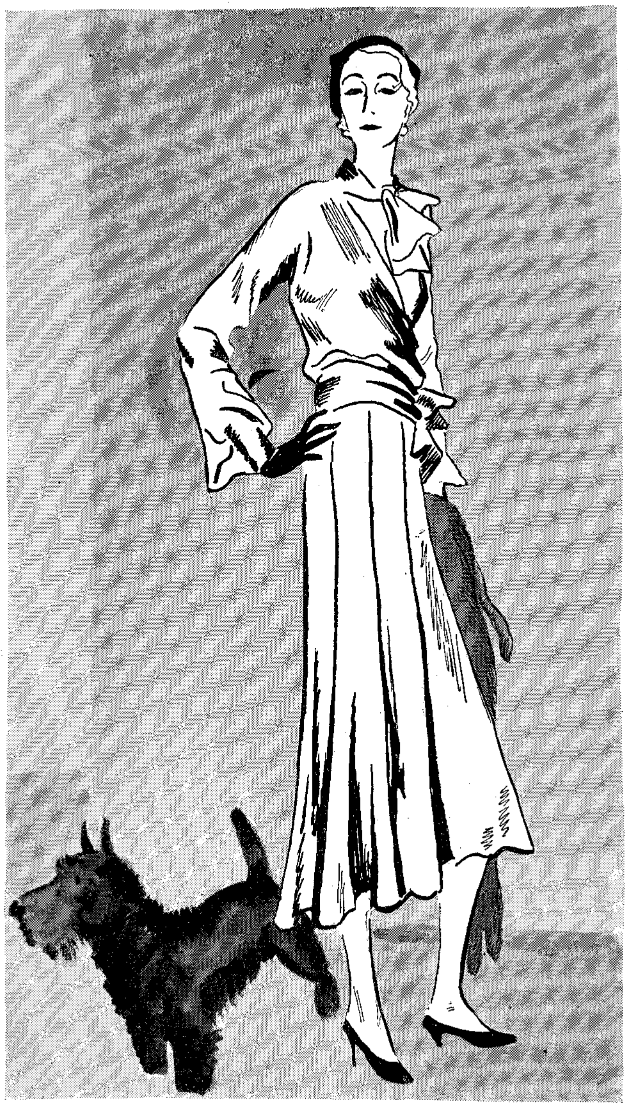


the knee, in an 1800-something effect. . . . Know ye that Vionnet has a black crêpe de Chine day dress, with white interwoven in a collar that descends to wrap around the waist. Everybody in town, by all indications, will have this, which shows that the taste of the public is improving. . . . Talbot does a little square-necked dinner dress, the top all diagonal pleats stitched down, the skirt three tiers of pleated chiffon. Then, going completely whimsical, she has a pair of hand-knitted pajamas (to be copied in machine knit). They have a sleeveless white sweater (fairly full), bright blue trousers, and a blue vest-jacket, buttoned down the front. College girls and open-space maniacs can skate in them if their living quarters aren't chilly enough.

Copies of all of these should be at Lord & Taylor in about ten days.

DEMENTED people who sprint regularly to the country for weekends during the autumn should consult Peck & Peck about a few little items they have hanging around the premises. The queen of them all, to my mind, is of a bright blue knit stuff with big white flecks. There is a circular skirt and sweater of this, the latter having a navy-and-white bow decoration around the neck. The beret to match has width at both sides and a navy grosgrain band across the forehead. The suit (in other colors, too) is $45 and the beret $12. Another costume, of a silky fine black jersey, has a black sweater with gray-and-white businesses making a plaid design all over it. The same plaid arrangement lines the revers of the collarless jacket. Peck & Peck also have a knitted Tyrolean turban that is a limp brown rag until you slam it on your head. The only decoration is a tiny orange feather peeking out from the back behind your right ear in the best Agnès fashion; and it all costs but $10. I'm glad I didn't get a wardrobe in Paris.

WHEN the question of hats is approached, Saks-Fifth Avenue can be counted on, every year, to go more than a bit mad on some pet notion. This time it is the 1830-1930 anniversary of *Romantisme* that has them going around in circles, gurgling faint cries. There are lots and lots of veils, sometimes just covering the nose, sometimes trailing about; lots of feather fancies, and an occasional outbreak of ostrich. The hats have a great tendency to perch. On one side, at least,



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they clear the widow's peak, and as they go back, shun even the top of the ear and only reach the hairline again at the centre-back. Saks insists that you wear your locks all curled up on the back of the neck for these. If you feel the way I do about this coiffure, which is that it is very nice to visit but not to live with all the time, Antoine will make you a cluster to match your hair which will anchor on the shortest bob with great firmness.

The most romantic hat of the lot is a marquise tricorne that is exactly what it sounds like. It has a veil, ignores the left ear completely, and is saucy beyond belief. Another tricorne, from Mado, is of black velvet, and cuts away behind the brown-feather fancy over the left eye. Mado also makes a hat of black velvet, speckled with white flecks on one side, that is long over one ear and flares out high above the other. If you want to make men chivalrous again, try a black felt hat with black ostrich curling around the narrow brim and descending in a cascade over your right shoulder. Or a black felt poke with a veil, trimmed with silver bands.

This year I have a hunch that evening hats, with which you can get just as wild as you like, will really appear in public in New York. If you want to be tempted, look at one from Lanvin that suggests Marguerite in "Faust"—a back-of-the-head thing of twisted silver threads, with turquoise beads ornamenting the points that approach the ears on each side. Lanvin also presents a black sequin beret for theatregoers. Another hat, pale green stitched velvet, sits on the back of the head all by itself, timidly approaching the widow's peak in a point in front, and, even more tentatively, going toward the ears. This has a flowing veil to polish it off.

It looks like a great year for the hairdressers. —L. L.

•

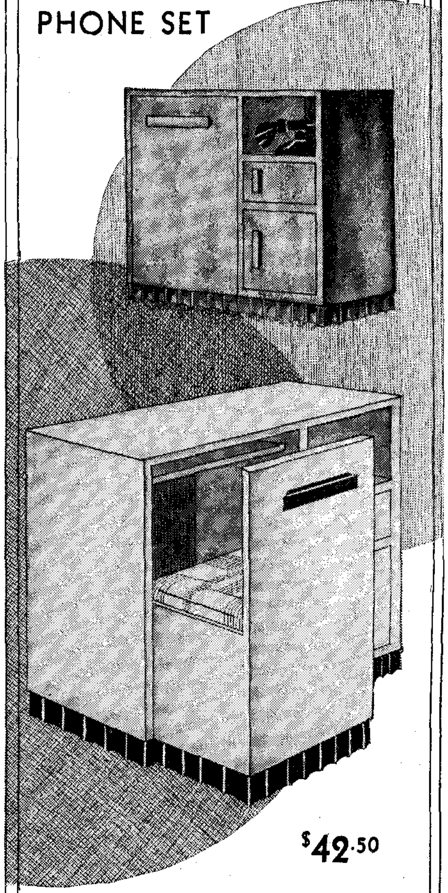
GENEALOGY

Her lineage seems to make the wrinkles
  darker
Than they have need to be upon a
  brow;
Her skeleton seems visible and starker
Than common vertebrae concerned
  with now.

She enters with a rustle of old bones,
Not hers nor anyone's; for out of place,
Denied their honest quiet under stones,
The dead go yet unburied in her face.

—WITTER BYNNER

MODERNAGE
OFFERS THE CONSOLE
PHONE SET



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The table has a place for the telephone and telephone books, as well as compartments for other things. The chair is substantial and comfortable.

The whole unit makes a decorative chest when not in use.

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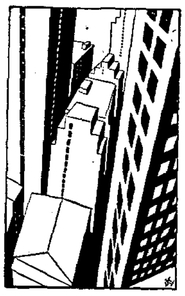
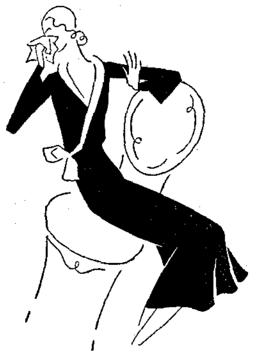
Country House in Town —With a Duplex View —A Base for Wanderers



WHEN your city life is such that you not only enter your yacht's dinghy from your own side door but also run your motor right into your own covered driveway, where can you be but on the East River? For these things can be done at 10 Gracie Square (the last limit of Eighty-fourth Street, with one limestone foot in the water), where you also imbibe plenty of sunshine, breezes, and pleasant river noises.

An orderly report on the floor plans of No. 10 is totally impossible, since the architects themselves have made each apartment different from the rest, but certain features are common to all. Every living-room, dining-room, library, and entrance foyer has a ceiling between eleven and thirteen feet high; their gracious character is accentuated by the absence of the "art" features found in studio apartments. Bedrooms have ceilings of ordinary height; and the resulting stagger system of floor and window levels is a problem for greater brains than this. Where apartments are not definitely duplex, three, four, or five steps lead to the bedroom sections from the main foyers, giving to all apartments the wandering character so often sought in country houses. Windows are very large—with panes, which might gracefully have given way to big spreads of plate glass—and are arranged in banks to take the greatest possible advantage of the view. Corner rooms have whole corners of glass with fixed windows; throughout the house the balance of doors, windows, and wall-space is unusually successful. Open fireplaces in all important rooms, and radiators that warm but do not show, are pleasing.

THE technical details of No. 10 have been well thought out. Kitchens are large, servants' halls more than passageways, and pantries generally square, which eliminates traffic jams in the service routine. All the closets in the bedrooms are very large, suggesting comfortable built-in draw-



Hawes, Incorporated weep wail and gnash their collective teeth over the average American woman who buys several inexpensive winter outfits so she can have variety in life—and merely succeeds in being banal in varying degrees and colors.

Take time • take the same amount of money • have fittings • get one costume which is well cut, well made, and individually designed—and you'll look really smart all winter—and probably next winter, too.

Naturally, along with every other shop in town, Hawes is firmly convinced that the best suits are to be found right here. Tweeds • not too tweedy to be worn in town • or to be good next year. The day of the loud tweed is past. Suits are more elegant. But not too elegant for the street, please. Broadcloth is good • Suits with short coats, if you are thin and want something which can be worn under your fur coat when the thermometer is at zero. A suit which looks like a cloth dress but opens to disclose a silk jersey blouse is one of our successes.

HAWES HAS A TUCK-IN BLOUSE WHICH CAN'T PULL OUT WHEN YOU RAISE YOUR ARMS. (Deserves capitals, don't you think?) Incidentally, speaking of hips, we do cater to ladies who are desperate about being forced into highwaisted Directoire frocks. There really are ways of indicating a waistline without fitting it in.

Hawes has evening clothes, too. In the daytime a woman has to be practical (come and see our suits!) but the evening is the one time to relax, swish a train, show a petticoat, be 100% feminine—dignified or ingenue as the case may be. Hawes particularly enjoys aiding and abetting that sort of thing. There's a special sort of dress, too, for dinner at home—the one and only chance to trail • or wear trousers. We'd like to help you about all these things.

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WHILE YOU SLEEP

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Holland Health Blankets have a cordial warmth, yet their weight is not oppressive. They are made in Holland in an extensive assortment of patterns and colors, and are shown by leading stores everywhere.

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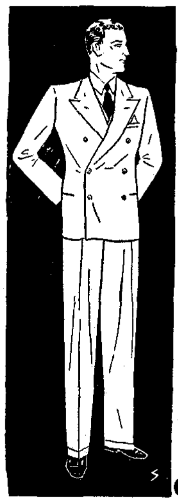

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ers and shelves; the baths are complete, though not of the maximum size; the laundries and storage compartments in the basement are partitioned with heavy glazed tile. Special Seeger refrigerators for kitchens and pantries will have Frigidaire cooling units; I know from experience that they are good. Pennington & Lewis (aesthetes), and Van Wart & Wein (technicians), collaborating architects, are recognized as designers of houses with unusual variety and charm, of which 10 Gracie Square has a major share.

One original feature of the house is the space taken by the Tide—a new club—on the two lowest floors directly on the river. Here are a dining-room, rooms for games and dancing, squash and ping-pong courts, and a terrace where you can eat in summer and have direct access to the yacht landing. The club's membership, incidentally, is not composed exclusively of residents of the building.

Among the available apartments (entirely coöperative, needless to say), you may have six rooms and three baths, for $30,500, and varying larger apartments up to a duplex of eighteen rooms and eight baths, for $115,000; or the south penthouse of twelve rooms and much terrace, for $120,000. Annual maintenance charges will be ten per cent; for the more involved details see John D. Kennedy, of 342 Madison Avenue.

The glass-roofed motor driveway, by the bye, with one-way through traffic and parking space, is worth inspection; so is the exterior of the house, particularly from a boat or plane in or over the river.

SOMETHING very interesting has gone up at 1220 Park Avenue, on the corner of Ninety-fifth Street: a cooperative of good sponsorship selling for fairly low prices. Rosario Candela and Joseph Paterno have produced another of their pleasant houses (distinguished by lovely doors and hardware), with intelligent use of space and one of the nicest small duplex penthouses I've seen. They have also taken full advantage of the location; from the higher floors you see the East River and Central Park simultaneously, and enjoy the benefit of the low Armory next door, which is not likely to be torn down for a long time. Casement windows have been used here with success, and details like separate glass-doored showers in the bathrooms add to the general comfort.

Four types of apartments are offered:

from seven rooms and three baths to thirteen rooms and four baths. (The prevalence of servants' halls is a gesture of civilization that might well be noted by builders of smaller houses.) Where kitchens suffer from reduced light on low floors, they are partitioned from pantries only by tile walls about four feet high, an economical idea, and practical. All the equipment is standard and tried: Vulcan and Smoothtop kitchen ranges, Electrolux refrigeration, and unobtrusive radiator enclosures. Only in the arrangement of the smaller apartments, where bedroom groups are placed alongside living-rooms (but never in connection) does the small space at the architects' disposal become apparent; the rooms themselves, however, don't suffer, being of good size and nice proportions.

The available apartments cost between $19,000 and $69,000; maintenance is about eleven per cent a year; Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought are the selling agents.

AT 50 East Seventy-seventh Street (adjoining the Carlyle Hotel) there is a housekeeping-apartment building quite ideal for people who come and go in pretty casual fashion. They can, if they choose, shut off their entire domestic machinery and be fed and watered by the hotel service. Seven or nine rooms, with properly numerous baths, are offered. The floor plans are intelligent (some of the living-rooms are dropped to obtain high ceilings), and the finishing details are attractive; the baths are tiled in a creamish yellow, and the closets are all good-sized. You get a very large entrance foyer in many of these suites, and nothing adds more to the character of an apartment. Fireplaces, of course, pleasant lighting fixtures, and interested consideration of your choice in wall-colors, are all features.

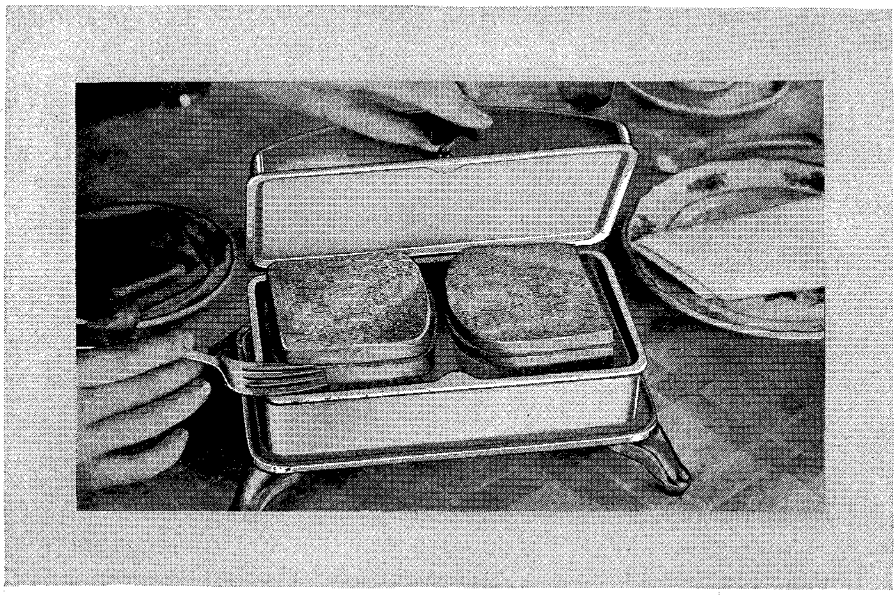
Rents run from $4,900 to $15,000 annually, the latter for a twelve-room duplex penthouse with two terraces, and very nice it is. Douglas L. Elliman is the agent. —PENTHOUSE

•

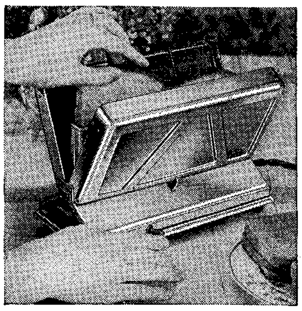
A YOUNG CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, living in the country, would like to meet a young Christian or church-going lady under 31. I have not got any car of any kind, but have a kind loving disposition. I prefer a lady that is good looking, attractive, with bobbed hair. She must be 5 ft. 4 in. tall and regular wht.—*Bangor Daily News.*

Regular wht?

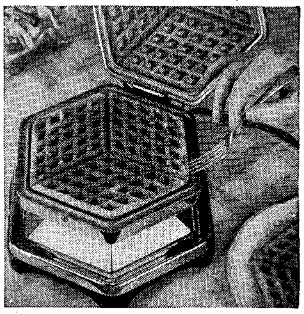
Thomas A. Edison *presents these new Edicraft Products to the modern home . . .* Everywhere they will add to the goodness of food—the simplicity of preparing it—the daintiness of serving it. Their sleek beauty will bring charm and distinction to the hostess' table. Their dependability will prove a boon to every three-meal day. Write for the booklet, "Table Cookery". Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.



The Sandwich Grill "toasts two". At the same time it warms the inside (ham, bacon, cheese or a combination)—toasts the bread—and brings all their flavors together in a delicious blended goodness. An extra-deep plate permits you to use the grill for steaks, chops, ham or just oodles of bacon right at the table. It's equipped with an Edison Birka Regulator which keeps the temperature constantly correct.



The Speed Toaster—toasts two slices on both sides at once. Already it has improved the toast—speeded up breakfast—in thousands of homes. The Edicraft is entirely automatic—browns toast to your own private shade—opens by itself when the toast is done—keeps it warm till you're ready.



The Waffle Baker—for waffles in a smart new diamond shape. It bakes three generous-sized, perfectly browned waffles—and not even the first one sticks. An indicator at the top tells when the iron is at the proper temperature—an automatic regulator keeps it there.

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Silk-Eze is economical and simple to use. One tablespoon will wash up to five pounds of garments without rubbing. You will enjoy the soft feeling that it gives your hands and realize why it is so kind to your garments.

Buy a package today. Use it tomorrow and you will find out to your own satisfaction that there is no other soap that will give the same results.

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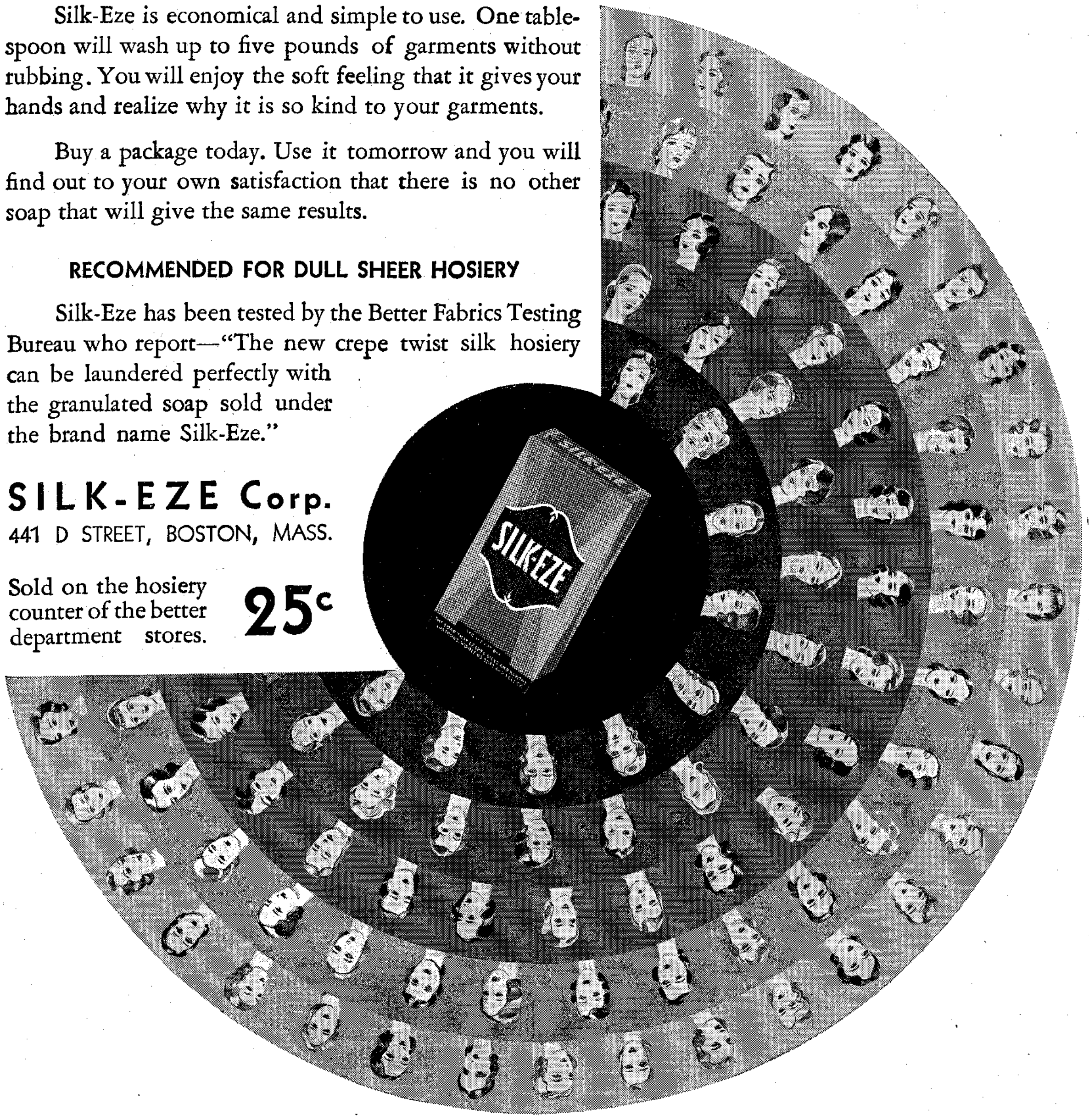


POLO

A Cup Takes an Airing—Captain Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.—Meadow Brook Memories

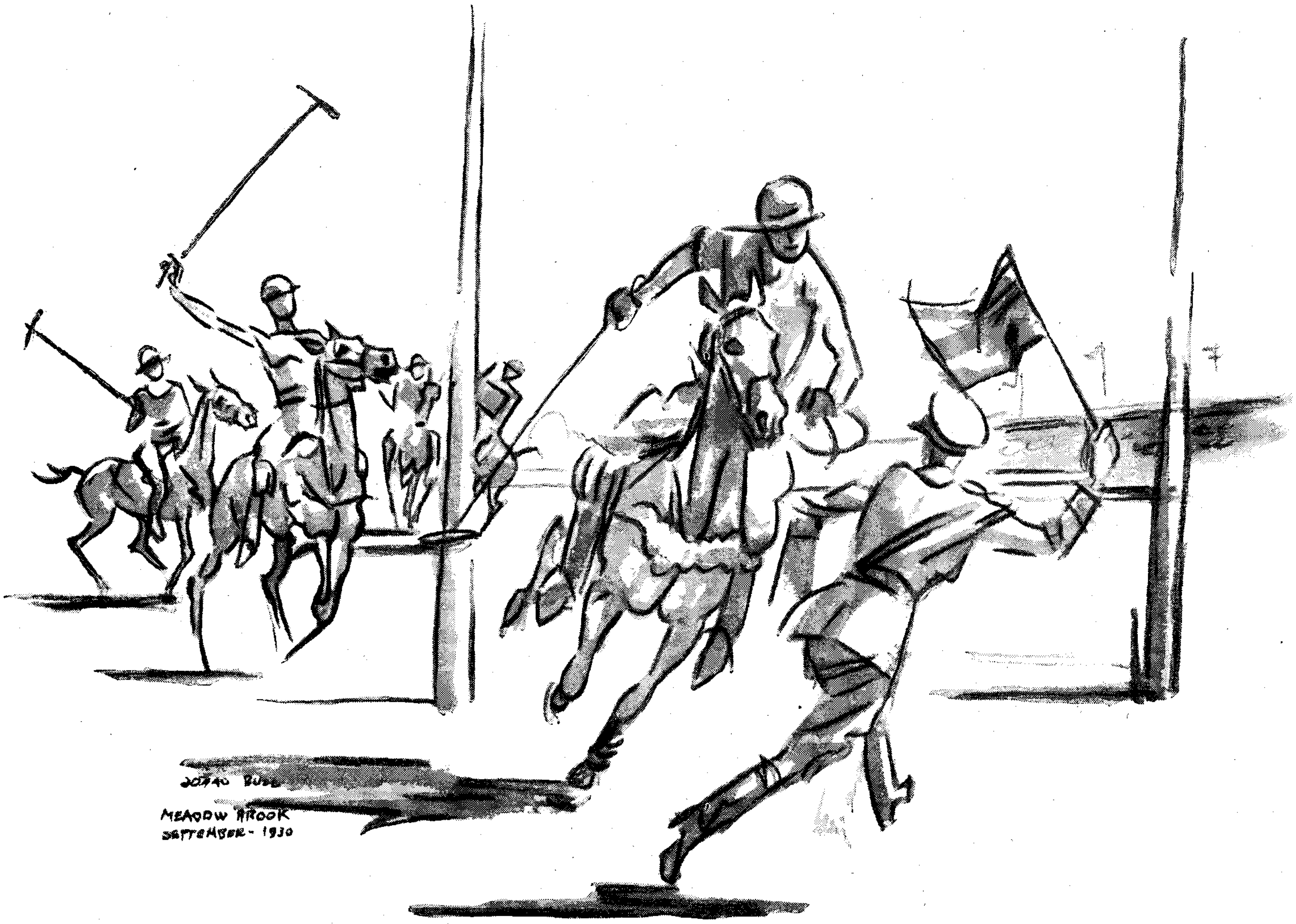
ONCE more the spoils of International polo have gone to the players of the United States. The cup has again been taken out of its safe-deposit vault, has glittered a while in the unaccustomed sunshine of Meadow Brook, and has been passed around by still another American team, before being returned to its seclusion.

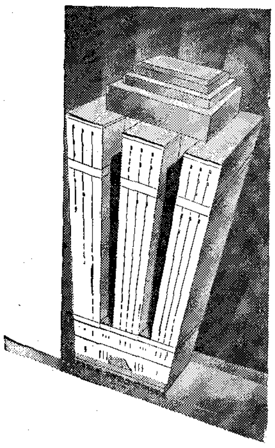
The American victory was a fresh tribute to the care with which our teams are formed and trained for these matches; but nevertheless there was comfort—particularly in the final game—for those who resolutely scorn the introduction of so much system into sport. For more than half of that game it looked as though the last laugh might be theirs. When two fine polo players, supported by two fair ones, proceeded to stand the American team on its collective head, the strenuous preparations which American teams grimly undergo in International years suddenly seemed useless. There wouldn't have been much point to all that labor, certainly, had the British managed to keep their opponents on the run. In the end, however, they failed; and it was that system and that training which won for the defenders.

It was a just victory, carefully and laboriously earned; but a British victory would have been a pleasant one. The sight of the colorful Captain Roark and the adroit Lewis Lacey winning even one game would have been welcomed by many a spectator. Anyway, Roark and Lacey have earned the thanks of the Meadow Brook crowds for the drama they injected into what threatened to be a drab walkover.

THE British might have done more than they did, they might even have won a match victory, if it hadn't been for the fact that Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., captains American teams and plays with them. Since 1921, America has been owing its International polo victories in great part to this remarkable player. To Eric Pedley went the distinction of alone scoring as many goals in that last game as the entire British team; to Winston Guest went the credit for a beautiful game at back; and to Earl Hopping full credit for playing a splendid No. 2. It was Hitchcock, however, who fused this team, and without Hitchcock it would have been beaten.

Until the final game of the 1928





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UNITED HOTELS

The ROOSEVELT

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Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York City

series against Argentina, Hitchcock was unquestionably the best No. 2 in polo. With that year's final contest, he began playing at No. 3, and this year he was playing that position better than any other man in the game. This meant an entire change of style for him. It meant that from being a scoring attacker he had to become a feeding attacker. It meant that instead of jamming goals through, he was to set them up for others. Beyond everything else, however, it meant that he had to form a perfect barrier of defence.

The sixth period of the second game of this year's International match won the series for the Americans, and in that period Hitchcock was forever on the ball, flailing it back every time the British, cornered at last, managed to slip a shot through from their own territory. Pedley and Hopping made the four goals that finally clinched the game, but the real star of the period was Hitchcock, on a gray mare named Katrina who travelled with the speed of a frightened jackrabbit.

Hitchcock was a great No. 2, but he is an even greater No. 3. He is more valuable to a team there. He is bound to have at least one period during the course of a game when he plays as no one else ever has been able to play polo. When he shows that form at No. 3, it means that the team against him simply cannot get the ball out of its own territory; and then goals for Hitchcock's team are inevitable.

THE season now drifts peacefully to its close in the Open Championships and the Monty Waterbury Cup games. They lack the tumult and the shouting of the International matches, but they often produce as fine a brand

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of polo. Without the lure of the International tag, the Open does not bring out the thousands who come to the big matches. Yet the same players are in action, and they are divided more evenly. For years attempts have been made to keep teams together for the championships, but they have always failed. It is more fun for the players to pick their own sides, so that they will be evenly matched, and certainly the result is much more fun for the onlookers.

INTERNATIONAL MEMORIES: Raymond Guest's amazing speed in getting on the field from the stands when his brother, Winston, fell in the second game. . . . The dramatic last-minute arrival (staged by Grover Whalen) of Coste and Bellonte, flags flying on their autos, police sirens shrieking. . . . Earl Hopping, Sr., Charles Schwartz, Jock Whitney, and Thomas Hitchcock, *père*, preferring the picket-line to their boxes while the game was on. . . . Captain Roark's superb horsemanship when his Joy Bells broke her pastern. . . . Watson Webb walking by himself behind the stands. . . . Ambrose Clark's gay four-in-hand. . . . Louis Stoddard consulting with the umpires on the boards. . . . The politeness of the special police, not certain whom they were giving orders to. . . . Printed slips being used as programs at the second game, the enormous attendance at the first having exhausted the original supply. . . . The uproar in the stands, which would almost have done credit to a football crowd, that kept up through both the games.

—MARTINGALE

•

MISERY LOVES COMPANY

She washed her stockings
And brushed her hair
But never a breath
Of a bedtime prayer
Did she murmur.
She went to sleep instead
The minute she tucked
Herself in bed.

At eight in the morning
She dashed for the shower,
Dressed, and was off
In half an hour.
And she smacked her lips
For the thought did strike her
That there were millions
Exactly like her.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, SEPT. 10

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winter's theatrical fare has just been made, and if even half the titbits promised are given, it will be almost too much of a good thing. The 1929-30 season was considered exceptional; the box offices, by and large, were generously well fed, and the really nourishing, intelligent quality of the three or four hits was far superior to the diet the boulevards ordinarily offer their guests. Judging, however, by this year's forecast, the season of 1930-31 is going to make last year, and, indeed, all other years, look lean.

FIRST in importance will be the opening of the new Théâtre Concorde, on the site of the old Ambassadeurs, with a play by Claude Anet dealing with the death pact of the Austrian Archduke Rudolph and his mistress, Baroness Vetsera. It will take its title from Mayerling, the hunting lodge which figured as the fatal love nest of the nineties. Next in interest will be the Théâtre de Paris's production of a new piece by young Pagnol, whose "Topaze" you already know. Bernstein has a new opus called "Le Jour," which will, of course, be housed at the Gymnase and will, also of course, star Gaby Morlay. Gaston Baty will start his new management at the old Montparnasse with "L'Opéra de Quat-Sous," from the German version of "The Beggar's Opera." Baty will also offer "Bifur," by Simon Gantillon, one of the brilliant young; "Café-Tabac;" and, lastly, "Nocturne," by Mlle. Duterme.

"Tess of the d'Urbervilles" has been arranged for the Théâtre Antoine, where later Alfred Savoir's less hardy "La Petite Catherine" will probably stand a better chance. The Théâtre des Arts will open with "Le Divin Arétin," and will have as its star Samson Fainsilber, one of the most talented of the new tragedians. The Pitoëffs are going to upset Shaw's "Apple Cart;" young Rostand has written, doubtless in verse, about a certain "Monsieur de Lexitière," which the Porte Saint-Martin is willing to try on its stage; Jules Romains has a new comedy made

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AVENUE

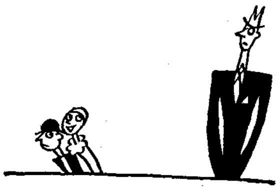
THE Apartment Hotel at Washington Arch... Eugene G. Miller, Manager
Telephone Spring 7000

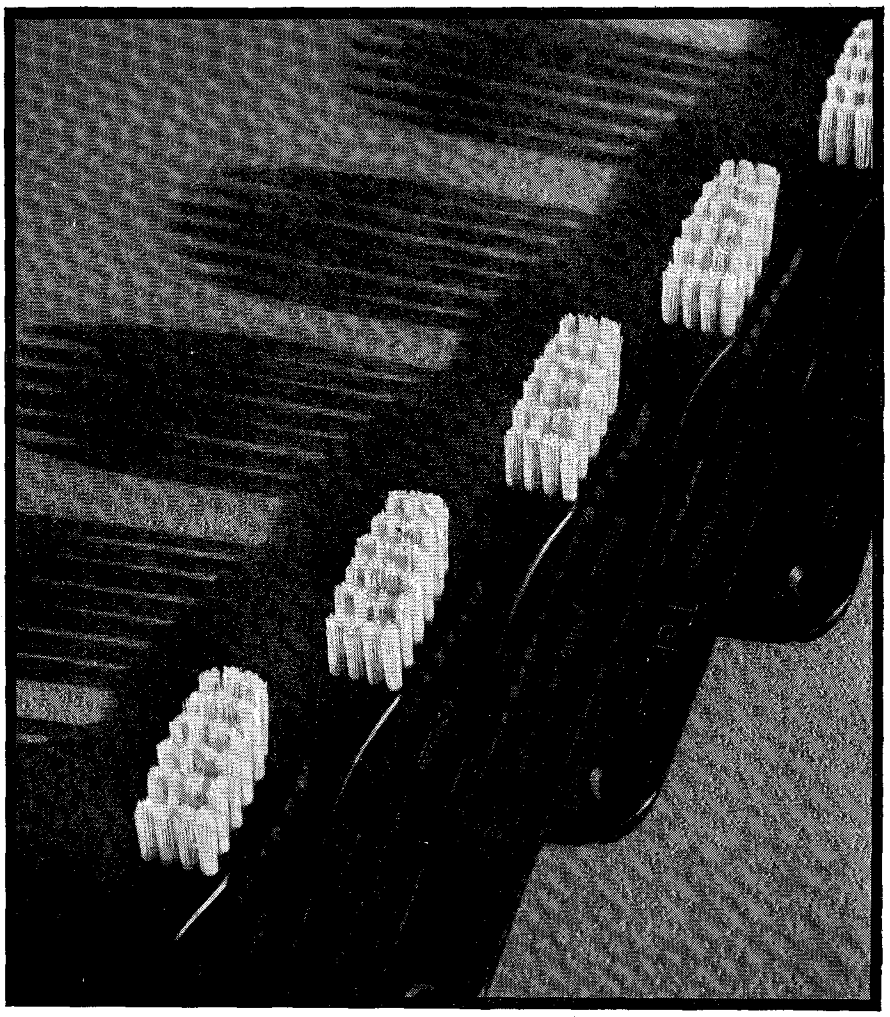
from his old book, "Donogoo Tonka;" and his superb "Knock," certainly one of the best plays of this century, will, Paris is pleased to hear, be revived by Jouvet, that fine showman.

Achard, one of the bright young people, has turned out a piece for the Palais-Royal, to feature Elvire Popesco and Signoret. In such a theatre, written by such an author, and with two such stars, it may easily prove to be the wittiest production of the year. The Guitrys will produce "Franz Hals," in which Mlle. Printemps, as usual, will probably come forward and sing a song as Alain Gerbault. Saint-Granier has prepared a new revue; Prince Bibesco, a new comedy. We bet on Saint-Granier. Tristan Bernard has a new comedy called "Un Ami d'Argentine;" and Duvernois, Descaves, and Porto-Riche all have new light pieces. Nozière, always to be relied upon, has fathered "Cette Vieille Canaille" for the Michel's box office.

These, outside of a dozen or more claptrap, conventional light fillers, constitute the bulk of the list, and remarkable it is. Indeed it lacks only the addition of a new piece, just finished last week by Alfred de Musset or Molière, to make it, in Parisians' eyes, quite perfect.

THE last of the Negro Gold Star mothers has been seen off at the Gare St.-Lazare by black bands from Florence's, from the Music Box, from wherever Mr. Noble Sissle and his noble saxophoners were playing when they were not tootling "Happy Days" and "Mammy" at the Gare St.-Lazare. Perhaps it is just as well for those who, not liking jazz much anyway, are prone to regard a cemetery tour, regardless of color, as serious business. Fried chicken and candied-yam dinners, doubtless delicious, were tendered the Negro Gold Star ladies by an ex-dining-car chef turned restaurateur in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais. Impressed, at close range, by the equality of the dead and faced by the inequality of the living, certain of the Harlem mothers expressed bitterness when old Jim Crow reared his ugly head. Yet the white Gold Star mothers, when they lusted for home cooking in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, had to





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pay for it, and not only did Mr. Sissle not bother to meet them at the train, but the only way they could even catch a glimpse of him and his tootling was via champagne bottles at the expensive Ambassadeurs' supper club. It would seem that if anyone should have protested, it should have been the white Gold Staresses—and perhaps General Gouraud, the local Grover Whalen, on hearing the rumor that the Gold Star fathers may be the next on the visiting list.

THE arrival of Coste and Bellonte at Curtiss Field threw Paris into a happy uproar. By eleven o'clock the crowds started milling around *Le Matin* to read the announcements pasted in the window; press correspondents had to have paths cleared by the police to get to their desks, where they telephoned their dispatches until dawn. By dinner-time, all the radio fans had been warned that midnight would be the zero hour; the coffee was put on to boil, the champagne brought out to cool. Loudspeakers were set up in the Place de la Concorde. At midnight started the hookup with London, effected on this side by the Paris-Radio and on yours, to judge from the racket and confused explanations, by the Something - or - Other - Pittsburgh - Westinghouse - of - New - York - American - National - Broadcasting - and - Elinor - Smith - Talking - Now amalgamation.

The result, for the most part incomprehensible and static, was utterly satisfactory; the American speakers said nothing anyone could understand, and if they had, it wouldn't have been appreciated by householders devoted to nothing but their native tongue. It was the first time that France as a whole, and with its champagne glass in its hand, had listened to the voice of its former ally, three thousand miles away. The cheers of the crowd at Curtiss Field, from which bedlam emerged two definite "Hooray for Coste"s, were thrilling and miraculous, an excuse for all the bad broadcasting programs all over the world. The brief speeches made by the two heroes were, unfortunately, almost incomprehensible here; but one phrase of Coste's came through distinctly—"*sommes arrivés.*" It was enough. —GENÊT

•

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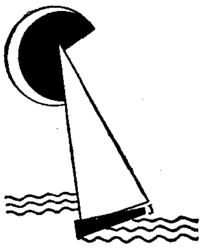
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Cup Racers at the Line—The Awkward Spinnaker—Heard versus Vanderbilt—Sailing for Tea



AN odd thing about yacht races is that they start before the signal gun is fired and usually end before the first boat crosses the finish line. No series has illustrated this better than the America's Cup races at Newport, yet few of the spectators peering through glasses on the excursion boats seemed to know it. Like most people who catch sight of a sail only when international combats lure them out, they did not have much interest in the two sloops until the signal started the actual racing.

Their indifference was natural, when you come to think of it. Horses at a barrier or crews waiting in the lanes are meaningless until they get in motion. It is hard to understand that yachts really begin racing the second the signals indicating the course for the day break out on the halyards of the committee boat.

THOSE minutes between flag and gun were important at Newport to other craft besides the racing sloops. The Coast Guard cutters delegated to clear the course could not start work until they read the signals, and then they had to move fast making a lane. It was no easy job, especially on the first day of the races, after the committee's long delay waiting for the wind to freshen enough for a windward beat.

The sloops that had been idling for hours with empty rigging in the fog, on the slow, discolored seas, began jockeying at the line. That was the time to have your glasses up and your watch out. The point and counterpoint of short turns about and abrupt-angled courses off the line, fencing for the right of way—nothing later in a race can compare to those moments for excitement. Enterprise was off first in the windward berth. So England had no chance after all! Somehow the few yards between the sloops, and the Vanderbilt boat's position, seemed to

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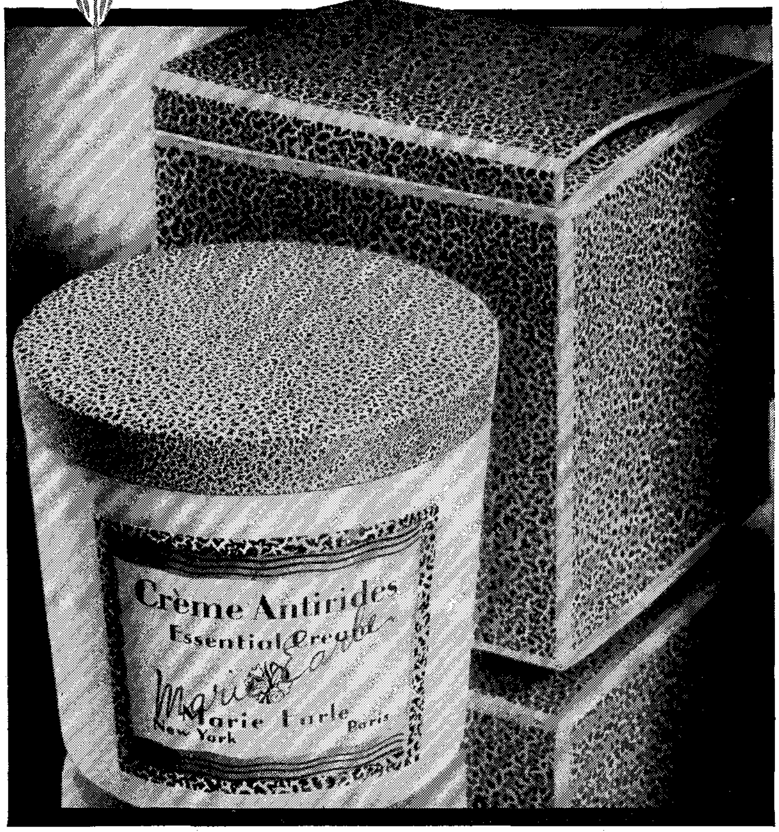

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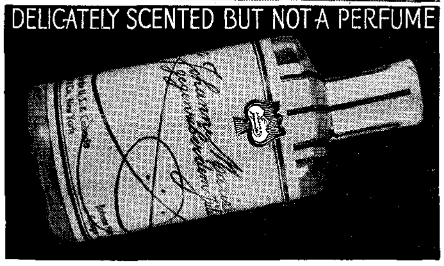
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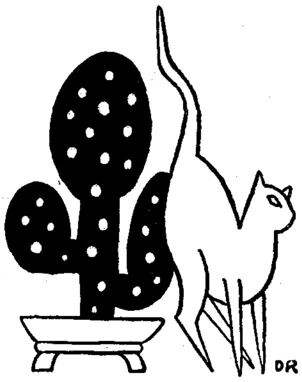
mean that—although they had thirty miles to go by sundown.

YOU did not have to have glasses to see the differences in their rigging as the two sloops dipped over the first leg. Enterprise's sails—the particular samples of her eight sets that Sherman Hoyt, of the afterguard, had picked as being proper for the wind that day—drew beautifully, but Shamrock's seemed heavy. Those wrinkles in the English boat's spinnaker meant she was losing power. The big sail wrinkled more as it caught seas that stained its lower edge.

Only one element of that first race could have been satisfactory to Lipton. His skipper, Heard, was beaten, but not outsailed. He had held his own with the smartest amateur in our country. This was surprising. Professional skippers seldom come up to the crack amateurs. Why should you expect them to? Few of them know much about anything except sailing, and they sail according to principle rather than the strategy of the moment. To them it is a serious business, like law or medicine; only doctors and lawyers, out for fun, sail with perfection.

Ned Heard is a good sailing master. Harold Vanderbilt is a pretty fair financier, a lawyer, a railroad executive, and one of the world's greatest bridge-players. He likes yachting better than anything else, has studied it hard, and, in the course of his life, has probably spent as much time at a yacht's helm as Heard. In any operation where quick thinking was important we would be inclined to bet on Vanderbilt, yet the fact remains that Heard, the Scotch sailing master, in a boat that was undoubtedly slower that day, stood after his opponent, caught up with him once, outmaneuvered him by staying on his starboard tack when Vanderbilt went over to port on the first leg, and then hit square for the mark and whirled around it in a perfect turn, with less than ten feet to spare, after Vanderbilt had overstood it and had lost distance



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and pace in the clumsy way he got around.

I DON'T think Heard would have been guilty of Vanderbilt's strange antics at the end of the first run. Actually, the race had been over for some time; Shamrock, half a mile behind, had had no chance for over an hour; yet there was Vanderbilt easing off the line as though inspired by some obscure interpretation of sportsmanship to lessen the emphasis of the British defeat. No harm in sympathy, of course, but the sportsmanship of showing a beaten opponent that you don't have to try hard to finish him off fails to make sense, at least as far as we are concerned.

Nothing new and fancy in the line of sportsmanship would be likely to surprise Sir Thomas Lipton, however. He has been exposed to all kinds; but this year, at least, there has been a semblance of fairness about the Cup races. The boats, for instance, were the same size, and raced without handicaps—an extraordinary departure in our method of Cup defence. The system which always proved reliable in previous trials was to build a faster boat than Lipton's and then handicap his entry so that even if it came in first it lost anyway.

Never imagine that the general American wish to see Lipton win was extended to any of the yachtsmen concerned in arranging or taking part in the races. Their partisanship ran as high as ever. They were probably as anxious to beat him as certain stockholders of the Lipton Tea Company were to see him beaten. This matter of the stockholders is curious, for Sir Thomas Lipton never failed in his active years to make money for them. He still, as we understand it, owns about a third of the voting stock, but when control passed out of his hands, a certain faction in the company did away with his advertising methods. All this has little to do with yachting, except that the most important and expensive items of his advertising program were the yachts he built to contend for the America's Cup.

Oddly enough, old Lipton was right all the time; as soon as his company cut down in advertising, sales fell away badly. —N. B., Jr.

•

Slowly he plunged his hands deep into the side pockets of his corduroy trousers and pulled his slouch hat sharply down over his face.—*Story in Young's Magazine.*

Many hands make light work.

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Tone with Valaze Extrait, amazing anti-wrinkle lotion. Lifts fatigue from face and eyes. 2.50, 5.00

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

For Family Men—The Battle of Smithtown—Fairfield's Shambles

THERE was something sad this year about the Mineola Horse Show. The entries were poor; the attendance was composed only of those actually showing, since the International polo at Meadow Brook had lured the entire sporting population away; and the general tawdriness and incongruity of the surroundings were pitilessly emphasized by the rows of splintery, empty benches and the circle of gaping parking spaces. With touching but fruitless willingness to please, an outside course had been put up for hunters, really a "family man's affair," with nothing over three feet, and lightly attached by a species of thumbtack at that. Gone are the days when the famed four-foot-six solid in-and-out brought havoc and destruction, and got blamed for the yearly falling-off of hunter entries. The Ferris wheel and the midway must pay for the horse show now, or it could never exist. The Charles F. Hubbses, who mostly breed their own horses, and the Preece family, sartorially resplendent on various importations, took most of the blue ribbons; but they weren't the wins you tell the grandchildren about.

TRULY horse shows have got into a parlous state this summer: lack of interest, monotony of classes, suspicion of decisions, want of hard cash, have all been detrimental. Now internal rows are causing bad feeling and uncertainty. Syracuse flew in the face of the authorities, and of all established precedent, by using Rochester's time-honored dates; and won out in the number and quality of entries, while Rochester, usually one of the Big Three, had a decidedly local flavor. Whether the Association of Horse Shows will outlaw Syracusan exhibitors, as it threatened, remains to be seen; if it does, there will be many a gap in the old familiar group of faces.

THE difficulties of the dissenting factions at Smithtown have harassed the courts, the august horse-

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show authorities, the postal service, and almost everyone on Long Island, for a month or more. The climax comes this weekend, when each side will stage a two-day show, backed by their respective writs, judgments, affidavits, and staunch supporters. That either can be a success seems impossible, but the chances for some real excitement seem prime. After wading through a mountain of literature on the subject, pro and con, it would seem that the law of the land is behind the Smithtown Club and Mr. Lawrence Butler, but the Association of Horse Shows, the United Hunts, and the Masters of Foxhounds are backing Mrs. Bloodgood and her perforce renamed North Shore Horse Show.

FOR no apparent reason, other than because it conflicted with The Futurity, the wrath of the gods also descended upon the second annual meeting of the Fairfield Hunt Club. It began as a pastoral scene, with a cluster of local vans, an improvised paddock full of friendly greetings, and a course which started off over the familiar small, but sturdy, Connecticut walls, disappeared for miles into the distance, and finished over three really tremendous post-and-rail fences.

There were three flat races, including one for farmers, with a blanket for each to finish a half-mile in a minute; but many a good, honest plowhorse would rather have stood rugless all winter than survive the flailing to which he was subjected. The real excitement, however, came in the three jumping races. The first, for a trophy given by Carleton Palmer, over whose land the race was run, produced a real shambles. The field came down to the first wall as though it were the Widener Chute; and Carroll Bassett, a promising amateur from the wilds of Jersey, came a most terrific pearler on his own horse, Clanricarde, which broke a bone in its fetlock. Carroll escaped with a badly cut face and probably the worst thrill of his life. Next the omnipresent Doc Henry, with his owner, Vincent Grace, aboard, took a nasty spill, considerably damaging horse's knee and rider's shoulder. The invisible distances hid a few more casualties. When the field came into the home stretch, James Hamilton, who

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ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
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New drama by KENYON NICHOLSON
"The most noteworthy offering of the new season. As I left the theatre they were standing in the aisles cheering."—*Robert Garland, Telegram.*
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

was trailing Alvin Untermeyer's Reynard closely, came a royal cropper over the next-to-last fence. The horse kicked twice and lay very still with a broken neck; its rider got off with a smashed hand. Reynard, the only fit horse in the race, came in alone, to be followed later by Jack Bowman's modestly unpedigreed Broomhill.

After an interval of dragging dead horses off the course and bandaging wounded jockeys, the heavyweight hunter race came on, four starting and running as two widely separated pairs once around. At the home stretch, the Garvans' Sea Plant, once successful in the show-ring as Blank Check, hove into view all alone, just as the heavens opened in a terrific cloudburst. There was a rumor that another horse eventually finished, but by that time everyone was cloistered in any automobile that came handy.

Finally the rain lightened to a brisk downpour, the top rails were removed from the post-and-rails, and some more victims went forth, this time treating the first fence with the greatest respect. The result was the best race of the afternoon, with the field staying well bunched the first time around, and four horses making a real contest of it. Thomas Durant's Barleycorn ran and jumped to a good victory over Fox Chapel's Merry Widow, with Randy Duffy pinch-hitting for James Hamilton in the saddle. Watson Pomeroy's grand young horse Bizarre ran third, and this race will do him a lot of good.

IT was certainly a murderous afternoon, a rather desperate way to begin an autumn of nice friendly sport over the obstacles. Everyone thought the date early for long post-and-rail races, but no one knew that so many people would be deluded by the seeming fitness of so many really soft horses. Every fall was directly due to excessive pace or to tired mounts. The rush will still be on, but the conditions will be better, when the jumpers go down to the first fence on Ambrose Clark's place for the Meadow Brook Cup next Saturday. Still, there's a certain happy-go-lucky charm about small-time early-season race meets that is never found when the big-time stars, properly seasoned, get into action later on.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIER FINDS HE HAS TWO WIVES—*Headline in Omaha newspaper.*

And maybe a girl in every airport?

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LADIES ALL
"Should endure until long after Christmas"—*Bide Dudley, Eve. World*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Hollywood Idea—Words and Music—East Side, Wild West

THERE is a bit of small talk going around town to the effect that the movie business is losing money. The gossip is persistent and some of us are beginning to feel a certain anxiety lest those cinema magnates should have to sacrifice luxuries to which they have, some of them, been accustomed now for a number of years. It is their treatment, however, of musical comedies which chills my own concern and makes me feel icily for a moment that possibly they deserve a little discipline. Especially since the advent of the talkies, the movies have hastened to exploit any musical offering which had any kind of success in Broadway. Their general method has been simply to use the title; as few as possible of the songs that made the show's reputation; and, for some curious, inconceivable reason, to seize upon the libretto, to expand its every suggestion, to treat it with deliberation, with reverence, as though the plot of a musical comedy were its heart and soul.

"FOLLOW THRU" is an example of the method. This little musical offering was a stage success, with lively songs and pretty girls. It was built up vaguely about the golf theme, with country-club sets, and so on. I doubt if anyone who saw it considered it a comedy of manners or a study of country-club customs. Probably half the audience forgot that there was any mention at all of golf in the production. They remembered, however, "Button Up Your Overcoat," and the third blonde from the right, and this dance and that song. In the movie, however, you know it's about golf. You know that if you don't know anything else. There is a full half-hour of talk about golf before there is the whisper of a song. I timed it. I know. Then in a very perfunctory, reluctant manner they throw a song at you, the touching "Overcoat" song to be sure, and then they hustle you back to the plot, as

setting 'em up

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the paramounts

where buddy rogers and nancy carroll "follow thru" for dear old paramount by holding over that epic of love on the fairways for the second week, with the aid of jack haley and zelma o'neal and the blessings of schwab and mandel—jesse crawford organs at new york—and, girls! rudy vallee is back in brooklyn

the rivoli—united artists

where brassies aren't the golfing kind and you get a keyhole view of "monte carlo" after dark, with lubitsch directing on one side of the door and jack buchanan and jeanette macdonald, er, on the other

the rialto

where everyone goes wild about "animal crackers" and the four brothers marx go even wilder in paramount's very wildest riot of all

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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though the ridiculous, tedious libretto had the value that an Ibsen script had to that playwright's contemporaries. The result is a good solid hour and a half of boring nonsense, in spite of the fact that both Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll appear in an agreeable light in the production.

"LEATHERNECKING" (from "Present Arms") and "Big Boy" (based on the play) are not such obvious examples of libretto-love as "Follow Thru;" they are only obviously mediocre musical movies. In "Big Boy," Al Jolson sings his crooning lays to a horse, and appears as a rather obese jockey riding, though in tears, the winner of the Kentucky Derby. This is his last picture for Warner Brothers, and is just a last-minute affair, anyhow, which doesn't amount to much. Neither does "Leathernecking" presume to any great lengths, in spite of the urbane presence of Miss Tashman.

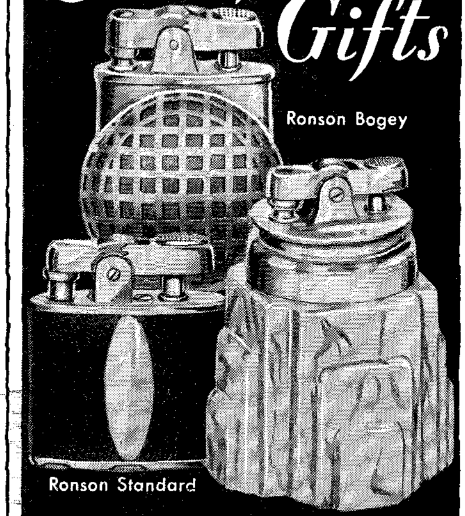
RAMON NOVARRO is about town again. His picture is entitled "Call of the Flesh." The directors are apparently uncertain what to do about Novarro, whether to stress his operatic abilities or that comic vein he has, and the result is that he appears as somewhat of a cross between John Boles and Buster Keaton. However, he is always sufficiently Latin to bestir those to whom the title of this picture would appeal as singularly beautiful and inspired.

IN "Last of the Duanes" there are good Wild West landscapes and some fine riding moments, a good deal of shooting, and one of those singularly pure and beautiful girls whose guilelessness and *noli-me-tangere* quality may explain the glad enthusiasm with which the members of the Rodeo apparently greet their annual sojourn in Eighth Avenue.

THE only picture of the week with quality is "On Your Back." A rather hack plot has been wound up in this chronicle of the rise of a dressmaker from the lower East Side to a place in the Avenue, a story of the ethical compromises required of the lady and their effect, at last, upon her son. Irene Rich plays the modiste, Raymond Hackett the son, but the value of the piece lies in the polish given the tawdry story, the neatness of the individual scenes, all due, certainly, to the direction of Guthrie McClintic.

—J. C. M.

Sure-fire Gifts



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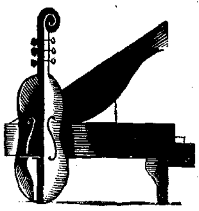
Our Incense Is The Best

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Few Old Familiar Faces That Are Gone



WHEN the new musical season gets under way, as it will in the next fortnight, things will not be so very different. A new guest conductor for the Philharmonic-Symphony, a few unfamiliar voices at the opera, an assortment of uncomfortable recital débutants, an occasional composition enjoying a first and probably a last hearing—the story will not be distinguished for its novelty, although it is perilous to assert that there will be no sensations. That assertion, however, is not so perilous as the dictum that there will be a succession of inflaming spectacles.

A change, nevertheless, will be perceptible in the human background—or foreground, if you prefer. Since the last important notes were sounded last season, we have lost a few habitués who were indeed institutions, and perhaps a passing remark will not be out of order.

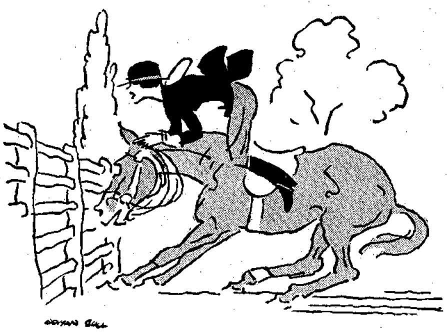
ONE of our most interested and delightful concertgoers was lost to us when Professor Leopold Auer died. There were few musical events of importance which Professor Auer did not attend; and he was to be seen at many which hardly were of importance. He was more than eighty years old—but those of us who used to see him at Carnegie Hall or the Town Hall envied him the pleasure which he derived from a concert. He had begun his musical career when Wagner still was battling for a hearing. He could tell you about historic first nights in which Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff participated. He knew at first-hand such almost legendary heroes as Rubinstein and Sarasate. But he was always eager to acclaim a newcomer on his own merits—and his enthusiasms were not bounded by his own brilliant line of pupils.

During intermissions, there always was a group about the little, bald, bright-eyed gentleman, who radiated genial observations between puffs of cigarette smoke. He always seemed to be having a good time, and I suspect that even the ultramodernists held a queer fascination for him. He didn't approve of them, but he wasn't afraid of them. One night I saw him coming down the stairs of Carnegie Hall while a cacophonous pageant was being unfurled on the stage. It was a big night, and Professor Auer didn't think it entirely proper to leave before the last discord had been detonated. "But," he said, with a happy wave of his hand, "I have a pupil playing tonight in Town Hall and I *must* hear him, thank God!"

ANOTHER gentleman whose associations were with the violin was Nahan Franko, one of the most familiar figures in the lobbies of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan. In the past few years, Franko was not happy. He had, in his time, been a conductor at the Metropolitan—the first native-born American to direct opera in that institution. For a while, it seemed that he was destined to occupy many posts of importance, but that destiny never was fulfilled. Franko did not yield to discouragement. He recalled that he had made his first success as a conductor by taking over a performance at the last moment, and he hoped that perhaps the Fates would once more thrust into his hands a baton with which he could lead his way to glory.

This year he was to have conducted a gala anniversary concert, at which, undoubtedly, he would not only have directed symphonic works but also sent his men through a Strauss waltz while he played the fiddle—for Franko knew the Strauss tradition from the great Johann. It would have been an interesting event.

Possibly Franko left some memoirs. He had known everyone and seen everything. "Much of it he was." He sometimes spoke of writing his reminiscences; if he never got around to it, we shall be the poorer for an unusual chronicle of musical life in America. We shall be the poorer, in any case, for the absence of a musician whose remarkably accurate memory ran back to the days when Europeans regarded the idea of a concert taking place in the United States as an anomaly; and we shall miss the colorful comments of one who, perhaps, might have been the subject of comments rather than the commentator if circumstances had been a trifle kinder to him.



THE Metropolitan Opera House will open for the first time in about four decades without Tom Bull in charge of the door. A few years ago, there was a dinner in his honor. There were speeches and a presentation, but the dinner was hardly necessary to demonstrate the affection which everyone had for the tall, white-haired gentleman who looked severely on trespassers and whose severity barely concealed the essential friendliness and kindliness that was Tom Bull.

It was said that Tom didn't care for opera, and he expressed a preference for fishing. Nevertheless, he was an uncommonly discerning critic of music and singers, and he knew what the public would like. He was not, as so many in his position have been, a "character." Tom had too much dignity to attempt to be good copy with wisecracks. He was a rare diplomat, a personification of all that a great opera house could possibly hope to have as its representative. And although he wore a high hat in line of duty, he never exploited it. —R. A. S.

•

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"Coney! Coney Island!
Bus is leaving!
Few seats in it!
And as I was sayin', Fred . . .
Sure, lady, starting any minute."

"Bus here! Bus to Coney!
Fastest service!
Listen, Freddie,
Out at Aqueduct, tomorrow . . .
Sit still, lady, we're all ready."

"Coney! Bus is leaving!
Starting out!
Yeah, that's his showing,
An' I tell you, Fred, that horse is . . .
Sure thing, lady, we'll be going."

"Coney! Coney Island!
What's that, lady?
Sure! To Coney!
Fred, the lady wants her fare back!
What she think this is—boloney?"

—BURKE BOYCE

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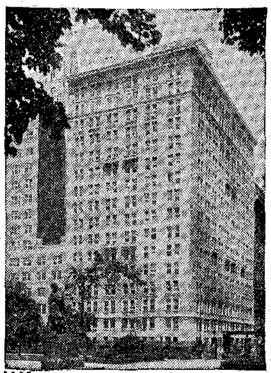

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complete maid service and electric light
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SO'S I was saying, will each of you write your name on the back of this card and under it your ambitions of the past, present, or future—whether it be wholesale, retail, specialty, or house-to-house selling.

As I told you before, I'm just doing this for my own convenience in knowing what kind of salesmanship to give you because, naturally, if the most of you have by this time made up your mind that you wanta be—oh, let's say wholesalesmen—why then, naturally, it would be a waste of time for me to teach you how to be house-to-house canvassers.

You see, each type of salesmanship requires a different technique and we mustn't get the techniques confused because naturally, if you walked into the office of a high-pressure executive to sell him a promotion scheme, you wouldn't use the same technique that you would in selling a housewife a Fuller brush, would you?

Now the new book we are going to use is the same as they are using at Harmouth. Yessiree, if you were taking this course at the School of Business Administration at Harmouth and paying a lot more money for it, you'd be getting the same course, exactly the same identical course. It will be absolutely necessary for each one of you to have one of these books here for the next class. They are sold in the business office downstairs for two-seventy-five, which is giving you the advantage of the discount.

SOMEBODY'S asked me about these courses that you see advertised in the magazines: "How to Be a Super-Salesman in Ten Lessons," "Be on Easy Street in Six Months," and so on. You know, you've all seen them if you look at the magazines at all. Well, I'm usually pretty careful what I say when I'm talking in front of an audience this way but I want to tell you, and I stand back of every word of it, that those things are a lotta bunk, just pure simple bunk! And I'll tell you why they're the bunk. I don't just make a sweeping statement like that and then not back it up; I give you the reasons why I say it.

Now the reason they can't teach you how to be an expert salesman is because a salesman has got to be able to size up each customer individually and then when he's got him sized up he got to get into his mind—his subconscious mind. A book can't very well tell you how to get into a man's subconscious mind, can it?

No, getting into a man's mind is a difficult scientific process and those fellows who peddle out those reduced-rate courses, what do they know about science? All they give you is just a few fundamentals on how to sell a man something he already wants anyway. Heck, there's no trick to that. Anybody can sell a man something he wants—but to sell a man something he don't want, something he never thought of wanting, and won't ever need—that's salesmanship. And that's the kind of salesmanship I'm determined to give you in this course.

NOW another thing I want to mention while I'm about it. It's this mechanical-salesman propaganda that you see so much about these days. You know—these machines that sell you anything from a collar button to a handkerchief. Well, I know this is supposed to be a machine age—but even so I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. If salesmanship was passing out as a profession will you please tell me why it is that seventy-three per cent of the help ads in the metropolitan papers are for salesmen? I don't know if you've noticed it or not but it's true—seventy-three per cent. Well, I'll tell you what the reason is. The reason is because good salesmen are scarce. So you all want to put some time on this course and study real hard and we'll try to fit you to take advantage of this golden opportunity.

—HAROLD BERGMAN

•

NOCTURNE

The black of night is palpable.
It must be late. I rise to see
If any window lights appear.
Is nobody awake but me?
The blazing, incandescent sky
Has softened to a lily pool
With mirrored underwater stars.
The alley looks like Istamboul.
I cannot see an owl or bat.
I would be startled if I should.
Dark jackals bring the morning milk
And leave it in the neighborhood.
With clinking bottles they depart.
The houses opposite are dead.
Since nobody's awake but me
I might as well go back to bed.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

LIBERAL REWARD

IT was just a small advertisement—three lines, in fact—that I sent to a morning newspaper the other week. It was to the effect that a tie-pin had been lost between Ninety-sixth Street and Penn Station. It gave my name, and—woe is me—my telephone number. It cost something between two and three dollars, but was worth—well, much more. Oh—the pin we found around the apartment, early in the day. But ah! the sympathy we had discovered in the meantime, and the feeling of importance which came with finding people by the scores who were interested, after all, in our obscure little tragedy—those were what made the cost insignificant.

MISS WESTLAKE was the first to phone, long before breakfast. She was so sorry about the pin. She wished she could do something to help. It hadn't been returned yet, of course? No, ads in the *Times* rarely did much. But now, if I really wanted results, well . . . Her paper offered an additional information bureau. If I would let her run the same notice for three days in her paper, I should have the service of the bureau free. That service was a bulletin which went to each police station in the vicinity, all the pawnshops and detective agencies in the greater city, and every garbage dump within scowing distance. Did I know that just a little while ago another gentleman had lost a watch fob and got it back through her service, in just a few days, from a pawnshop? I didn't want her to help me? I wanted to get the pin back again, didn't I? Why, why, she had never heard of such a thing as someone not wanting her help.

I HAD not yet dozed off before Mr. Knight called up. His voice suggested a sob majestically restrained. He had been horribly depressed to learn of my "misfortune." If there was anything he could do, I was to please call on him, and he would be glad in a minute to put the whole resources of his vast organization at my disposal. He had called to offer his services because, as I knew, nobody ever read a morning paper. But an evening paper—that was different. Thirty-two thousand, or was it a hundred and thirty-two thousand? Maybe thirty-two million. Anyway, an awful lot of people read his paper leisurely

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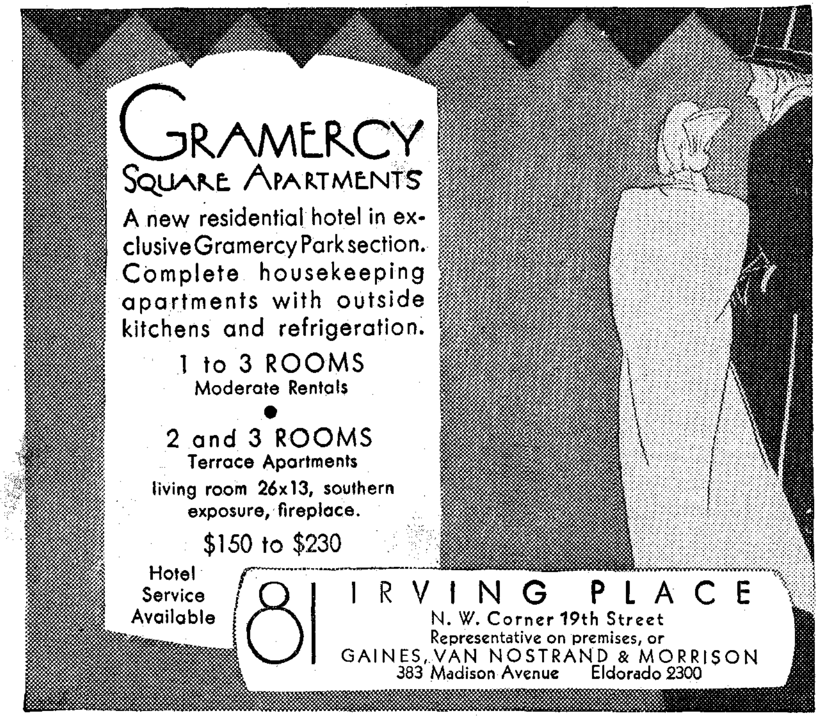

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They get the authentic style which is accepted by the kind of people who set fashions—style that may be imitated but never quite equaled; they get unmatched quality of materials and better workmanship; they get a hat which holds its shape and *continues* to look well—and they get the comfortable feeling of rightness which has come to be universally associated with the word "Stetson."

This new Stetson Homburg, known as the "Stetsonian," has caught the fancy of Wall Street. The jaunty curve and brim-to-crown proportion are so right that we won't even bother to feel flattered when copies appear. Suitable for the more formal occasions, its dressiness is accented by the welt-edge brim with three rows of stitching. $10. Stetsons now start at $8.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON CO., PHILADELPHIA

Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, panamas, leghorns, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Sold at the better stores.

LOOK AT YOUR HAT—EVERYONE ELSE DOES

in the evening, every word of it. Besides, the account of my misfortune that he wanted to publish would be right on the third page, next to a story of "Tot's Strange Death" or "Englewood Orgy." No, he wouldn't bury it under Automobiles and Apartment Houses and other classified calamities. I wasn't interested? Why, for goodness sakes. All right, I wanted to take a chance on the morning papers, did I? All right. Clack.

BEFORE I could even get back into bed, Miss Clyde, in hysterics over the catastrophe, was willing to move heaven and earth to locate the poor little lost tie-pin. She knew she could do it. Would I listen to this generous plan? Such an ad as the one of mine she had in front of her would cost only two dollars and fifteen cents a day in her paper—just think of it. And if I wanted to take advantage of a special rate, well, could I believe it (I could, but I hardly expect the reader to be as gullible), she would run the same ad on three consecutive days for six dollars and forty-five cents. I was overwhelmed.

THERE was really no use in trying to sleep longer. It was while I was dressing that we found the pin, and although I was seriously tempted to lead on the young lady who wanted to broadcast my loss over the radio, I could *not* conscientiously listen to the particulars from the four persons who called during breakfast. There was no chance of any of them finding the pin, but they did give me a magnificent notion. Like many other people, I have suffered from time to time from a feeling, if not of inferiority, at least of not being completely understood. I have felt that the world was paying less attention to me than it might have. Until today I accepted this with a certain amount of resignation as a condition of my life, but now I can see that everything is going to be different. The slightest depression, the least sensation of not being wanted, and I shall call up a newspaper—any newspaper—and put an advertisement in the lost-and-found column. I know that the benefit to my ego will far outweigh whatever expense is involved.

—M. BROOKS HOWELL

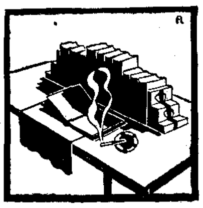
•

WILL BALDNESS FOLLOW BOBS?—*Headline in the Farm Journal.*

Yea, even unto the third and fourth row centre.

RECENT BOOKS

Allegory—Mr. Bennett—Movie Stuff—Sea Tale—All Sherlock Holmes



THE name of Franz Kafka is probably unknown to you. In 1925, this obscure German-Bohemian died and named his friend, Herr Max Brod, as executor of an estate that consisted principally of manuscripts, most of them unfinished. Herr Brod was ordered by the terms of the will to destroy all the manuscripts. Naturally and rightly, the executor did no such thing. An author, in judging his own works, is obviously of unsound mind.

So here, then, is "The Castle" translated into English by Edwin and Willa Muir and thrust into a world that will be baffled by its perplexities, touched and impressed by its sombre beauty and originality, and bored by that dullness which is the mark of unhappy genius. "The Castle" is an allegory of man's search for divine grace: a troublesome, complex puzzle of man's soul, which is constantly teased, thwarted, and fascinated by a supreme authority which must be placated and obeyed.

THE structure of the book is extremely fine and ambitious. A Land Surveyor is summoned on a mission to a village which is dominated by the Castle. Nobody wants him when he arrives, nobody has any idea of his duties, and nobody is willing to concede that he has any business being there at all. In a haphazard way, the Castle watches over him and, in just as irrational manner, it sets him at cross-purposes and chases him off on useless errands.

The Land Surveyor, of course, is a brother to John Bunyan's Pilgrim and a cousin to Peer Gynt. Mr. Kafka, however, while holding on to the necessary aloof atmosphere of allegory, has artfully and imaginatively made his Land Surveyor a modern figure. The hapless soul is tortured by strange telephone calls and is placed at the mercy of documents which are unaccountably mislaid in filing cabinets. The new routine of life complicates his ancient problems. God, in short, is everlastingly giving him wrong numbers.

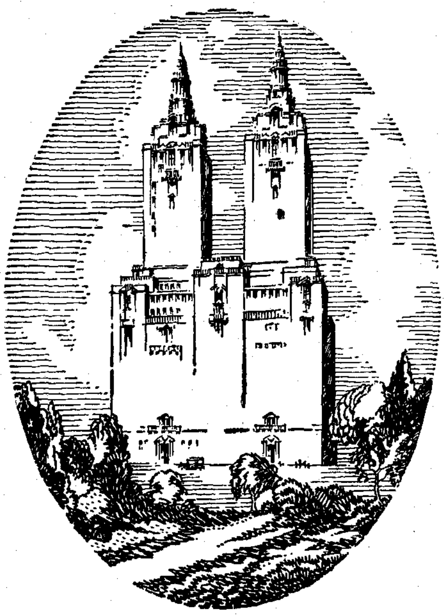
I warn you that the book is dull. I also warn you that the allegory is often obscured and fogged beyond all reason. And I again warn you that the work is unfinished and so you are not repaid for your pains, as you are with "Faust," by a triumphant chorus of angel voices at the end. Moreover, although Mr. Kafka tells his story with slow suspense, he has no brilliancy of words to light you on your way. Nevertheless, there hasn't been a book this season so prayerfully planned or so earnestly written.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT ought to be very angry with the person who wrote the blurb of the jacket for his "Journal of Things Old and New." The enthusiastic advertiser insinuates that Mr. Bennett may be, perhaps, the modern Samuel Pepys. Mr. Bennett knows very well that he is no such thing. These idle jottings of the life of a successful author during the year 1929 are pleasant, gossipy reading. We are flattered by discovering that Mr. Bennett is capable of very commonplace observations, such as that France should be barred to all Anglo-Saxon tourists but himself. We like his notes on the horrors of room service in seaside hotels. But simply recording what was served at dinner, or reminding ourselves that too many cocktails are not so good, is not being another Pepys.

Mr. Bennett's "Journal" lacks the one thing that every diary must have; it lacks candor. Mr. Bennett spares feelings. If Mr. Samuel Goldwyn feels confident of the success of one of his film ventures, Mr. Bennett mentions the name. If, however, a prominent Tory says something which Mr. Bennett considers foolish, he suppresses the name. Diaries, to be of enduring value, should not be edited. In the eyes of God or a good diarist, Samuel Goldwyn and a prominent Tory are equals.

THERE is real candor and fine honesty, on the other hand, in "As I Saw It," by Alden Brooks. There was, it seems, something to the war besides bloodshed, hysteria, drinking, and French girls. Back of it all, there were organized campaigns—and badly organized, too—and there were men who were trying to adapt the old military principles to modern warfare, and not doing it any too well.

Lieutenant Brooks has some shattering things to say about the battles of Chemin des Dames, Château-Thierry, and Belleau Wood. Glory came to those who grabbed for it and credit was handed out where, for propaganda purposes, it would do the most good, quite aside from the facts of the case.



FOR SMART
NEW YORKERS

SAN REMO
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Incidentally, Lieutenant Brooks writes very well, coolly but sensitively. He is too finicky to throw himself into a welter of realism, but he has a fine feeling for the countryside that was so grotesquely obliterated by the war machines.

IN "Twenty-Four Hours," Mr. Louis Bromfield goes the way of all flash. This is no novel; it is an extravaganza intended to be nibbled at serially and then destined to go hell-bent for Hollywood. Mr. Bromfield sets out to supply the demand for something snappy about New York. Here is Sutton Place tripping over bibelots; Park Avenue going in for love-nest murders, with Broadway and Bohemia leaking into the conservatism of old Murray Hill.

Mr. Bromfield's conscience doesn't entirely desert him. Under his magnificent exaggerations are glimpses of recognizable people; his story pushes forward at a great pace, and there are flashes of wit and discernment. But, oh dear, must he write of ladies whose evening gowns half conceal, half reveal their superb bodies? Must the muscles of powerful, brutal men ripple under the jackets of their faultlessly cut evening clothes? Must his millionaires be so outrageously rich?

The book will probably cause Mr. Robert W. Chambers to shed a few tears. It carries on, so audaciously, the old Robert W. tradition. Only Mr. Bromfield has gone much farther. In Mr. Chambers' novels, the characters only yearned voluptuously on occasions when it was perfectly natural to yearn voluptuously. Mr. Bromfield's moderns yearn voluptuously for things they have no right to yearn for at all.

"THE WRECK OF THE DUMARU" was written by Lowell Thomas from the narrative of Fritz Harmon, survivor of one of the most ghastly of all sea tragedies. It is, says the jacket, "a story of cannibalism in an open boat." Thanks for the warning. Your conscientious but chicken-hearted reviewer read the story avidly—for it is really swell—up to the point where the men in the lifeboat began to get dangerously hungry. There are some things I would rather not know about. But I suspect that this is the best horror story of the year.

THE title "Shrimps for Tea" may annoy you by its affectation. It is a collection of short stories by Josephine Blumenfeld, some of them very

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Superior quality in every detail — dependable 6-spring lever construction, light, durable, and unbreakable. *Will not tip* —most important! Tested with government weights. Weighs accurately from one pound upward, especially important where there are children. Occupies less than a square foot of space, and dial is *so* legible. Beautifully finished in durable enamel—your choice of four colors. $12.

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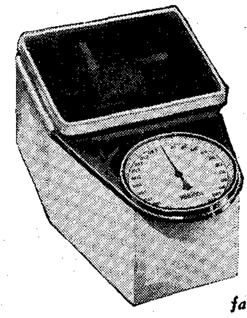

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good and others just what you would suspect. Miss Blumenfeld has a sensitive ear for small events and trivial emotions, and a neat way of placing them in the world to which they belong; she has a delicate style that verges on the mincing, but it is at least original, and her stories do not belong in the rut of magazine fiction.

GOOD news from Doubleday, Doran. You may now have the complete set of Sherlock Holmes stories in two volumes for $3.75, which will save you from getting all dusty in the attic hunting for the book that contains "The Adventure of the Six Napoleons." —A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE CASTLE, by Franz Kafka, translated by Edwin and Willa Muir (*Knopf*). A modern allegory of a man's search for divine grace told profoundly, originally, and with sombre beauty.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). New York extravaganza which is really Robert W. Chambers dressed up with new complexes and bigger-and-better scenery.

SHRIMPS FOR TEA, by Josephine Blumenfeld (*Doubleday, Doran*). Delicate short stories, some very good and others rather feeble.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

MAURICE GUEST, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A new edition of one of the few great modern novels.

JENNY HEYSTEN'S CAREER, by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Shrewd and bright story of theatrical life in Holland.

HER FATHER'S HOUSE, by Hilda Vaughan (*Harper*). Satisfactory novel in the countryside pattern. This time the scene is Wales.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick (*Dutton*). New collection of short stories for those who dote on Merrick.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA, by Polan Banks (*Cape & Smith*). A grandson of Ben Franklin, by the left hand, goes in for French romance. Pretty costume piece.

THE FAMILY, by François Mauriac, translated by Lewis Galantière (*Covici-Friede*). Really two novels: "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Genitrix." A work of enduring quality.

THE TRAP, by Delfino Cinelli (*John Day*). Adroitly written melodrama of the Tuscan hills.

STRANGERS MAY KISS, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). Love and its biological consequences set forth in a novel that is sometimes good and sometimes awful.

PARTIES, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). A good writer falls a victim of the speakeasy school of literature.

AMERICAN GIRL, by John R. Tunis (*Brewer & Warren*). Exploring the life of a wonder girl of tennis.

YEARS OF GRACE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). If you like the Gay Nineties background, you will find this story of a woman's life good reading.

NOT WITHOUT LAUGHTER, by Langston Hughes. (*Knopf*). Exceptionally fine novel of Negro life.

DOCTOR SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton (*Doubleday, Doran*). The drama in the day of a country doctor. Cheerfully recommended.

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A superior writer turns to the war and achieves one of the best war novels.

MITSOU, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). In which a great French novelist writes beautifully and truthfully about a war romance.

BUTTON HILL, by Gordon Stowell (*R. R. Smith*). The drama of Suburbia, wisely and amusingly presented.

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Thirteen sketches by one who needs no introduction. An indispensable book.

MYSTERIES

THE LION AND THE LAMB, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE BACKSTAGE MYSTERY, by Octavus Roy Cohen (*Appleton*). . . . I LIKE A GOOD MURDER, by Marcus Magill (*Lippincott*). . . . A-100, by Bruce Harrison (*Dutton*). . . . THE THRILL OF EVIL, by H. Ashton-Wolfe (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . A BOOK OF MURDER, by Frederick Irving Anderson (*Dutton*). . . . IS NO ONE INNOCENT?, by Milton Herbert Gropper and Edna Sherry (*Cosmopolitan*).

GENERAL

AS I SAW IT, by Alden Brooks (*Knopf*). An artillery officer writes about the war. Some new lights on the campaign of 1918, seen by a cool and able observer.

THE WRECK OF THE DUMARU, by Lowell Thomas (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a shipwreck that drove men to cannibalism. One long shudder.

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard*). A candid biographer surveys with awe America's greatest prince.

SAILORS DON'T CARE, by Edwin M. Lanham (*Cape & Smith*). What happens after the ship comes to port.

BARON FRITZ, by Karl Federn (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The adventures of a witty and intelligent German officer. An unusually good war book.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Exposing the soul of a politician.

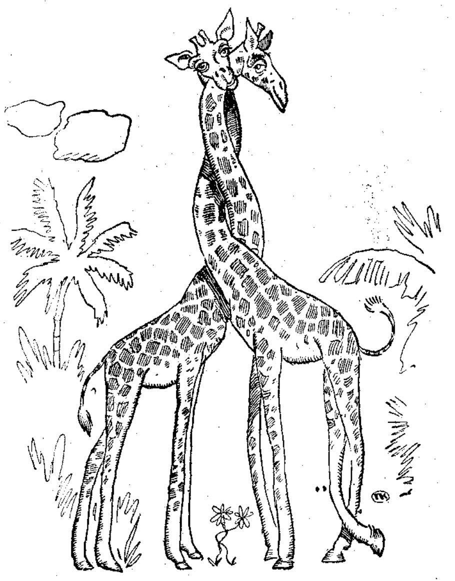
WATER AND GOLD, by Lewis Stanton Palen and Charles G. Hedlund (*Dutton*). Seafaring, and gold-mining in Africa, with adventures that are plausible but thrilling.

LONE COWBOY, by Will James (*Scribner*). The autobiography of a cowboy and artist. Recommended.

THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates (*Macaulay*). The art of murder and robbery on the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century.

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON, by Genevieve Taggard (*Knopf*). New and important facts about the poet. The book is exquisitely written.

ROOSEVELT: THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, by Owen Wister (*Macmillan*). A friend's wise and sympathetic study of a great man. With some new and unconventional anecdotes about the liveliest family that ever occupied the White House.



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Cassowaries are so casual . . . rhinoceroi are always horning in . . . stags get all the doe . . . lions are the mane squeeze . . . bald-headed eagles sit in the front row . . . chip munks play penny ante . . . leopards pay spot cash. Ain't animals got fun! Not as much as you . . . for the poor deers can't read . . . like you . . . with your twenty-five cents a week rent money . . . at Womrath's . . . for the newest, freshest fiction . . . mysteries . . . also biography . . . travel . . . history.

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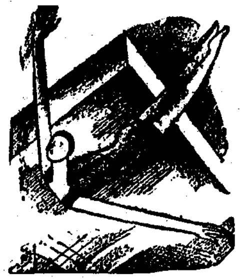

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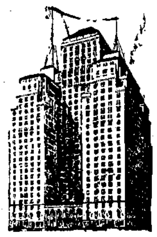

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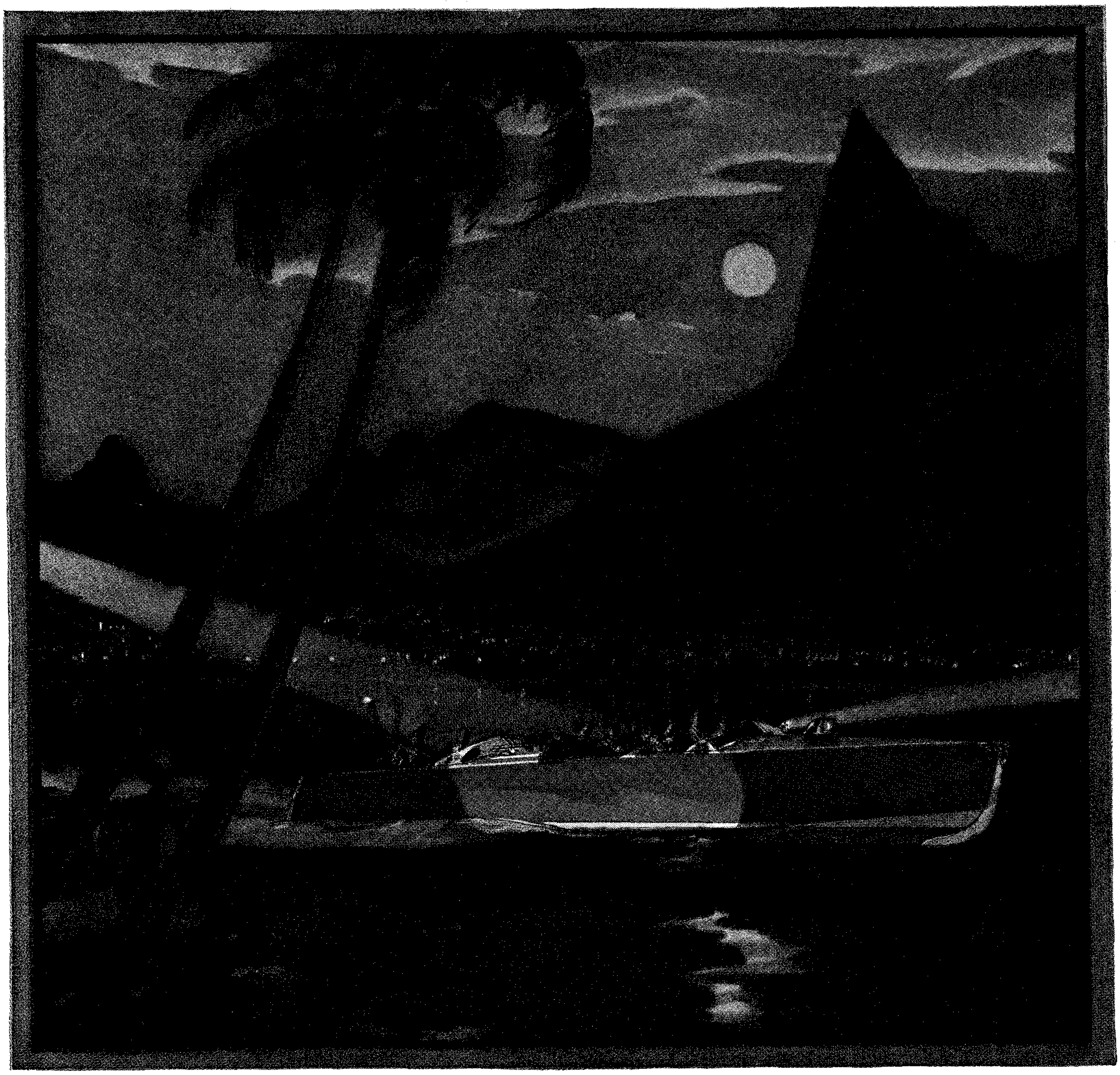

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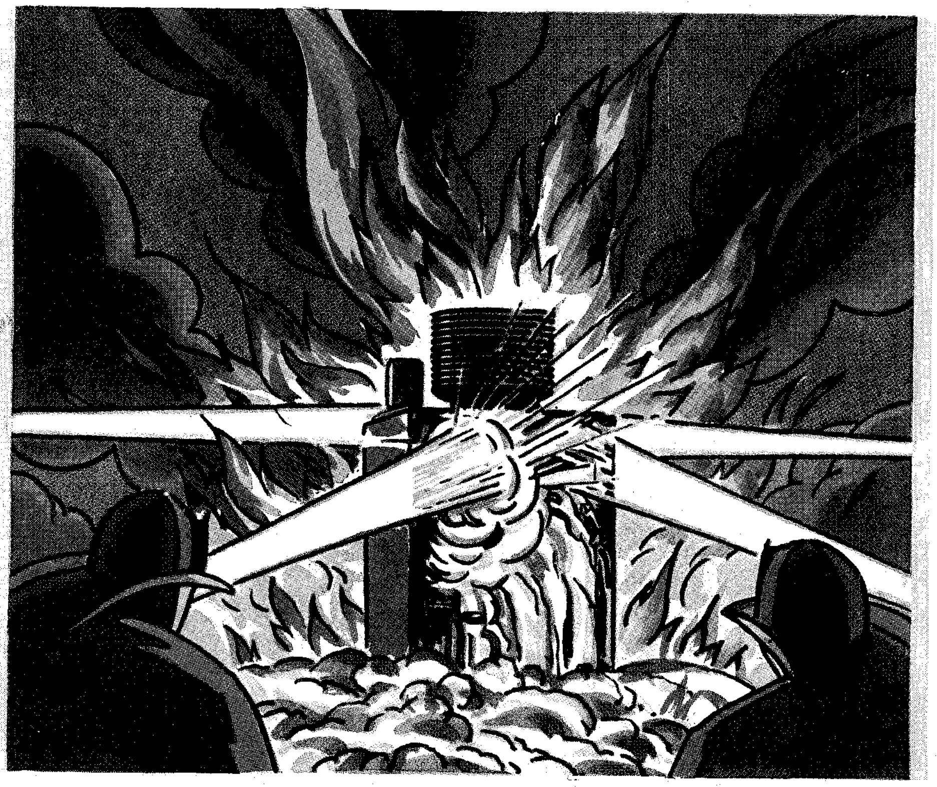

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No, lady—it takes more than a mere conflagration to fluster a chop in a General Electric Refrigerator. That's *one* reason why we think you'd like to own one. You don't like your chops flustered—*do* you?

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